

ESTABLISHED 1844

NEW SERIES

VOL. II. No 5.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

AND MONTHLY EDITION
OF
THE LIVING AGE

NOVEMBER, 1899.

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THE LIVING AGE CO.,
Boston.

E. R. PELTON,
New York.

Terms: Single Numbers 45 Cents.

Yearly Subscription, \$5.00

Entered at the Post Office at Boston as second-class matter.

Price Reduced: \$3.00 a Year

Office of Publication, Boston, Mass.,

Where all communications should hereafter be addressed.

THE
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AND MONTHLY EDITION
OF
THE LIVING AGE
FOR 1900

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ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

AND

MONTHLY EDITION OF THE LIVING AGE.

VOL. LXX.
NEW SERIES. VOL. II. }

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 5.

A WOMAN'S CRITICISM OF THE WOMEN'S CONGRESS.

There is a story that Roger Bacon once invented a Talking Head, which after a time chattered so incessantly and senselessly that in a fit of anger he broke it up. I do not suggest any application of this fable to the Talking Congress of Ladies which took place in Jul last, but I think it may have involuntarily entered the heads of some listeners, with the wish perhaps that the extreme remedy taken by Roger Bacon—but, as Mr. Kipling would say in his earlier manner, this is another story. Whether or no the Talking Head was secretly pleased with its own chatter I know not, but it is surely not unfair to assume that the Women's Congress was pleased and gratified at its own performance; and, far from carrying out the historical parallel, is already arranging to hold another Congress at Berlin next year! Now it is not to be expected that a year will effect any radical change in methods and views, and it therefore seems justifiable, in the midst of the eulogy and triumph which are sounding on every side, for the critic to raise an inquiry as to the value of a Conference consisting of an overwhelming preponderance of women, which modestly undertakes within the space of ten days to discuss the principal problems affecting the human race. The

radical defect of such a Conference, which included a heterogeneous mass of opinions, will be discerned at a glance, when it is understood that theories of a most startling nature, practically overthrowing present social conditions, were propounded from a purely feminine standpoint, and subjected in many instances to no sort of criticism or correction, each woman speaking her own words—sense in some instances, crotchets, crude ideas and philosophical nonsense in others—and giving her own suffrage to what seemed best in her own eyes, without any reference to what had gone before or was to come five minutes later. There may be discussions which confuse the human mind, throw it out of its bearings, and even for a time impede it in the employment of means for the ascertaining of conclusions and principles, without which the social fabric largely built up through the sound work of old-fashioned women now slumbering in churchyards, cannot exist; and if we examine in detail much of what was said at this Congress, we cannot, I think, if we are reasoning beings, accustomed to weighing arguments, escape from the conviction that the majority of discussions were of this futile kind, characterized by wild notions, cast about not by enthusiastic

young men, who have naturally and properly a rooted distrust of the fixed order of things, but by mature women.

The first impression which a person habituated to reducing, or to endeavoring to reduce, his ideas into some sort of unity derived from this Conference was its complete and fatal want of any central principles, without which all discussions are as idle as a lever without a fulcrum. I do not mean that we must demand a unity of opinion or even of conclusion, but that surely there are certain propositions and facts which either are or are not—they cannot be both; and the single value in this interchange of contradictory theories is to emphasize the truths underlying them which are important and essential, and bring them into relationship and unity. If any person found himself able to discover the fundamental principles (and by fundamental principles I do not mean the feminist bias exhibited by a large number of the speakers) of the Congress, he was more fortunate than the writer of these lines. You went into one section and heard that "Home-making" was the most beautiful and noble of functions for women, expounded, it must be admitted, in charming but wholly vague and meaningless language; you heard five minutes later in the same section the singular statement that in the homes of the future (as arranged by female American orators), "thanks to evolution, household duties would be no more a part of a woman's concern than they would be a man's. The woman, like the man, would be set free from household duties for higher things." You went into one room and you heard how women had been kept down by men for centuries, not allowed to "develop" themselves or "express" themselves, had been "veiled and sleeping" according to one imaginative lady; and you went into another room and heard of the

wonderful achievements of women in literature since the days of Sappho. You were frequently told as one of the strongest arguments for the admission of women into public life, of their altruism and their disinterestedness and self-sacrifice; and you had papers sketching the ideal family life of the future when the wife was to be *paid* for every service rendered to her husband and child; and a series of practical maxims from an experienced lady journalist who maintained that women reporters wishing to be successful must pursue their work upon the same "high plane" as the male reporter, who had no fine ideas of elevating his illiterate public. These instances might be multiplied to any degree, and they will suffice to show the irreconcilable standpoint of the members of the Congress. Indeed, it was difficult to free oneself from the belief, that the single point of agreement seemed to be in the universal satisfaction felt that women may now take part in the struggle for existence and fight and starve on precisely the same conditions as men!

[What exactly the emancipated woman understands by her generalizations upon a sex which has included such variations of type as St. Paul and Horace and Napoleon Bonaparte would be interesting to learn, and might, perhaps, be as definitive as the generalizations made about a "dumb downtrodden" sex which contained a Cleopatra, a Joan of Arc, a St. Theresa of Spain, and Catharine the Great. And a little accurate historical knowledge would perhaps restrain speakers from witticisms of a kind that are always popular with audiences of women, and especially so at Women's Congresses, as, for instance, that in "primitive ages the women did the work while men did the killing."]

It may be argued that while the effect of the Congress might have been confusing and contradictory, neverthe-

less it could hardly fail to have produced many valuable and practical suggestions in those special departments over which women have control. Let me examine the sections which were concerned with subjects of which I know something from study and experience, viz., the Domestic Servants, Journalism and Wage-earning (this latter I shall only consider so far as it touches the middle-class woman, standing in a different position from the industrial worker, whose wages and work require an expert knowledge of economics I do not profess to have). Now what practical suggestions were offered to those of us who had eagerly hastened to the "scientific" treatment of domestic servants, hoping to find in the collective wisdom of women the solution of the problem with which the individual woman householder is struggling all over this country? The panacea offered to us by the first speaker was the Day Servant. What a chill must have fallen upon the soul of the housewife, of small means, as she listened to this scheme, or rather airy set of suggestions, for how the thing was to be accomplished the speaker did not explain! The wages of a girl who has to find her own sleeping accommodation must be at least 5s. weekly added to present wages (for most every house, however small, has a servant's bedroom which can be assigned without extra cost to her employer), and how this could be achieved by the average middle-class householder in the present high state of wages, had clearly not caused the reader of the paper an instant's consideration. Then see the unworkableness of the scheme in a general form, the difficulty of insuring punctual attendance, and the impossibility of ensuring cleanly sanitary lodgings, to which the servant girl could return at night.

Then followed another lady who explained the general conditions of

things which we all knew too sadly from experience; and another, who advocated the establishment of housewifery schools (which exist, if only ladies would go to them), so that the mistress might see how household work should be done—a perfectly sensible proposal, of course—and also learn how to "administer the needful reproof with tact." After this valuable item of education, which shows a refreshing hopefulness of human nature, a most interesting paper, having, however, no sort of connection with domestic service, followed on "People's Kitchens in Germany;" then a pretty and graceful paper of a poetic and visionary nature, suggesting that there should be two classes of workers: those to do the rough work, who evidently were to be servants; and refined ladies, who might otherwise be High School teachers, who would carry out the decorative, ornamental part of domestic service and "render loving service." Probably this pretty idea was intended, not for a rough world as it is, but as it would be if society were constructed on the scheme of "Unitary Homes" the details of which were expounded by the next speaker, with no faith in fathers and mothers, but much in committees, who, as well as the rest of the world, were to live in "Associated Homes," where, so far as I could gather—but I do not profess to know precisely what the lady was talking about—things would be arranged after the style of Plato's Republic. This was the last paper, and I appeal to experienced housewives to decide whether in these pearls of wisdom they can find one grain of common sense or practical help.

Not a single speaker had the courage or insight to point out where the root of the servant tangle is to be found. Servants hate and despise domestic work, not, as one lady pointed out, because their fathers, brothers and lov-

ers look down upon household duties, but because better educated women do, and show they do, by their writing and speech and actions: until they cease to do so, until the present divorce between the service of mistresses and servants ceases, so long will the present problem remain unsolved. All our teaching to-day—it permeated the Congress from beginning to end—is to deride the homely, sacred, and dignified labor a woman pursues on her own hearth, around which the sweetest and most sacred memories of the best men and women have ever been hallowed; and why the servant should be expected to do work which her mistress regards as contemptible and degrading, with any feeling of its utility and beauty, it is difficult to see. Perhaps the servant has her own ideas of what she would prefer to be doing: she would prefer to be bicycling, or reading some of Mr. Mudie's novels, or examining the shop windows, or making calls; and it seems strange that the maid should be expected to show all the good sense (for the work must be done somehow) and conscientiousness, and sense of duty, which are not expected in her mistress, according to modern gospel. Then, again, I was struck by the fact that the radical defects of most households, and the causes of much of the servants' endless labor and overwork, were never so much as referred to. I mean the necessity for a time-table ensuring orderly routine, instead of the slovenly muddle that is usual; and the building of houses which save the domestic's time and labor and strength, instead of wasting them by planting a coal cellar underneath the basement; by the existence of kitchen ranges with their senseless flues, and other similar stupid contrivances for giving trouble. I think it must be admitted that the Women's Congress has not done much to elucidate the Domestic Servant difficulty, one of the few ques-

tions which lie wholly within the province and control of women, and with which iniquitous men have little or nothing to do.

Let us now examine another section, the ethics of Wage-earning, which included a useful and concise account of the experiment, successfully working in Melbourne, of a minimum wage for various trades, read by Mr. Sidney Webb, and another brief contribution, also by a man, on the "Living Wage." The "Unpaid Services of the Housewife" were dealt with by two ladies, one of whom I will not criticise, as an imperfect knowledge of the English language may have been responsible for her want of intelligibility and coherence. The other calls for a word of comment; for the position taken up by the speaker, in which she contends that the wife should be paid in cash for her services, seems to me as illogical as it is repugnant to all the fine and delicate sentiment which should enshrine marriage. After drawing an eloquent picture of the large army of "middle-class martyrs" who are "dependent upon the doles of their husband," the speaker said:—

Take the average young couples of the middle class. Angelina wants a new rug: Edwin prefers to plant cabbages: or the baby isn't well and Angelina wants the doctor, while Edwin thinks it a foolish expenditure, and is willing to lay ten to one it's only teething. And so it goes on till Angelina begins dimly to realize the important part played by her own little income in saving the situation, and enabling her to remain the devoted wife she always was to her beloved Edwin before those little matters of the doctor and the cabbages ever came crowding in between. But unless we suppose Angelina to have independent means, would the sequel be the same? Unless Edwin were an exceptional character, he would fail to see Angelina's side; the cabbages would be planted, the floor and its mistress would wait (perhaps indefinitely) for their rug, the doctor would not be sent

for, and, yes, it is even possible that the baby might die.

With the view of preventing this catastrophe, which it is to be hoped, notwithstanding the speaker's pessimism, is somewhat unusual in ordinary English middle-class homes, also with the object of rendering the "economic position" of wives and daughters more attractive, the lady suggested that there should be legislation compelling niggardly men of the order described above to pay their wives and daughters for their services; the wife, for instance, "to receive at marriage a contract bestowing upon her a certain allowance to be based upon a reasonable proportion of her husband's future income." What it is meant that this allowance should cover I cannot understand. It cannot mean simply personal needs; for in this case the baby would die just as surely as under the old régime, unless the marriage contract specified that the wife was to pay the doctor's and chemist's bills out of her private means. But I maintain that under present conditions, speaking generally, the wife is paid: the husband feeds and clothes and shelters her, and allows her the control of a certain part of his income for house-keeping and her personal expenses. How much better off would the wife be if these latter were rigidly fixed at marriage? One supposes that the man would have some voice in the settlement of the amount; and if he were "mean and niggardly" he would not only exercise these qualities in this settlement, but be protected by law henceforth from increasing the amount, whatever the circumstances. How would the arrangement work in the case of extravagant or careless women who find themselves habitually unable to keep within the income assigned to them? But let us look at another aspect of this question. Supposing the

husband in addition to feeding and clothing and sheltering his wife, were compelled by law to pay for her services, would he be able to compel her to perform them?—if not, why not? In the present state of the law a man must maintain his wife; but there is no legal measure of which I know that can be enforced to oblige a wife to look after her home in a proper and competent manner. She can hire an incompetent servant who is unable to cook, she can leave her children to a nurse-girl whilst she is shopping or sitting on parish councils; and Edwin, who is tolling all day and would like comfort and a well-cooked dinner when he returns, has no remedy: and on each side there is ordinarily compromise and indulgence, for happily, at present at least, the cash relationship which is here and elsewhere suggested is not the one that prevails with wives and husbands. You can no more logically pay a wife for her services than you can pay the husband for being the wage-earner, and unless the most sacred of relations, those of wife and husband and parents and children, are to be converted into a stock-jobbing transaction, we had better not talk of the "payment" of the services rendered to each other for their mutual benefit and happiness. Yet this vulgar sordid idea, that a woman's services in this world are of no consequence or happiness to her unless she is paid for them in cash, is gaining ground, and shows itself frankly in the utterance of another speaker, a popular American platform orator, whose astonishing paper, nothing less than a complete social revolution, was taken with perfect complacency by the immense audience, mainly of women, to whom she gally and glibly expounded her theories.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson's remedy for the grievances of the married woman is "economic independence."

Here again, as no explanation was offered of this expression, I cannot pretend to accurately define its meaning; but, if it means anything at all, it must mean, in this sense, the earning of wages for labor performed. But in what way is this "economic" or any other kind of independence? The woman teacher, clerk, or nurse who is dependent upon her employer for wages is no more "independent" economically than the wife or daughter who has no means of her own—or, for that matter, than the average man who is in the employ of another and receives wages. In what other sense the clerk or teacher or nurse, or any other kind of woman worker is independent, I am again at a loss to understand. She is as much subject to the will of her employer as regards her wages, hours of work, quality of work, and the rest, as the woman mated to the most tyrannical of husbands. Of this glorious "independence," this permission to be wage-earners, to struggle and starve like men, to spend our best years in an unavailing effort to provide for old age and sickness, we have heard somewhat too much during the last ten years; but till recently it has been persistently preached as the duty of all *unmarried* women. It was reserved for the Women's Congress of 1899 to apply the doctrine to women with homes and families; and we find one speaker expressing the following doctrines amidst cheers. I will quote the speaker's own words in full, because although the plain man of sense, used to the employment of direct and intelligible language, may exclaim impatiently that there are sentences wholly meaningless, yet it is perfectly easy to understand the main drift of the theories and their ultimate end and effects:

(She (woman) feels personally the injustice of being paid less than a man for the same work, but that personal injury does not fully convince her that

it is one common to her class, and only to be removed by combination. But while even men, with all their centuries of economic experience behind them, are still so slow to grasp these great principles, we must be patient with the differently reared women, and rather note how wonderfully they have done some things than how naturally they failed to do others. And, above all we should hail her entrance upon economic independence and social relation as being the largest hope for social progress. Her long restriction to solitary and personal labor has been the continual renewal of our narrow, short-sighted self-interest; all men being born of women, and all women, speaking roughly, being confined to narrow individualism. [The meaning of these last statements is beyond my intellect and I can only assume that something necessary for sense and intelligibility has been omitted.]

How can we expect women to rise at once to an organized demand for equal pay, for equal work, when heretofore they have been perforce content with doing all the work of which they were capable for no pay at all? The habit of working alone because one must does not develop far-seeing, self-respecting, co-operative independence. I speak of those women who work at home, unpaid, unrecognized, but still laborers, and who contribute to the world the habit of submissive industry, asking nothing for itself and caring nothing for its neighbors. Their influence direct and transmitted is one strong force in retarding industrial development. How much worse is the influence of that class of women, all too large, who do not work, even for their own families, even for themselves, and who are content to be served by the labor of others, and to contribute nothing of their own to the world's wealth. If they are incapable of any form of labor, they should be placed in asylums where they could be maintained at less expense to those who do work.

And so on till we arrive at the new law laid down with the most positive certainty, that a woman ought to follow her own profession after marriage under precisely the same conditions as a man; that is, practically devote her whole life to it; for you cannot pursue

an arduous profession and at the same time sedulously attend to your home. So that when you strip these statements of their phraseology and get down to the naked gospel, it comes to this—that unless you are performing “work” in this world for which you receive an adequate market wage, you are a disgrace to mankind and ought to be in a lunatic asylum.

You may be a woman with that intense abiding sense of duty which women have constantly shown for the effectual advantage and progress of the race to which they have contributed as largely as men; you may be the center of sweetness and light and tender love; yourself an equable spirit directing and even performing the homeliest duties, unseen by the world, yet not unwanted or valueless; you may be fulfilling one of the highest ends of human existence, that of being a source of happiness to yourself and to those around you; you may be healing, consoling and inspiring; and rendering visible in the eyes of men the beauty and joy of the world; and yet, according to the doctrine of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, you are not fit to live. You are following no profession or occupation, you are receiving no wages, and this, then, is the gospel actually being preached in this era of enlightenment!

Meanwhile, putting aside sentiment, let us consider the affair from the plain practical side. Marriage under present conditions ordinarily means child-bearing; it means, therefore, for two or three months in the year that a woman is incapacitated. How about her profession during this period; and is the husband who will be set free from the obligation of ordinarily maintaining his wife expected to do so at this time or not? But, assuming that the lady speedily returns to her profession, whose business will it be to administer to the needs of the unfortun-

ate infant, while papa and mamma are both abroad attending to their professions? Perhaps the County Council will oblige, and undertake the suckling and rearing of the children, while the maternal parent can pursue her profession untroubled. The County Council will have other functions; for while Mrs. Jones is away sitting on municipal councils, it will be busy settling the question of her dust-bin-refuse with her cook. Why, might one ask, is it noble and intellectual to be educating other people's children, or prescribing for other people's babies, and contemptibly “narrow” and selfish and “personal” to be carrying out the same functions in your own home for your own children? Why is it excellent and praiseworthy to sit upon a vestry board and decide upon the knotty questions of paving and draining (for my part, however, I think energetic ladies had much better be doing this than overthrowing the Constitution and Society), and despicable to concern yourself with these matters in your own house?

Does Mrs. Perkins Stetson affirm that a street full of quiet, orderly sanitary homes directed and controlled by the sense and knowledge of women is of no value to the world, or of any less value to the world than a street occupied by lady doctors and lady lawyers? Does she seriously maintain that the work of the Telegraph girl involves the possession of finer intellectual and moral qualities than those of the most homely housewife who endeavors to master the fine art of housekeeping—an art which calls into play qualities of tact, experience, organization and resource, with which the average woman worker under orders has no concern? I must leave this paper to note that of another speaker, a woman who defended the “pocket-money wages” taken by well-to-do women on the ground that they required the extra

money for travel, luxuries, and the giving of presents; and also because such criticism was not directed to the men who participate in this practice—an odd argument to be used in an assemblage of women and in a debate headed "Ethics!" One statement Miss March Phillips made, I feel bound to refute in the strongest manner. Her assertion that there is plenty of room for the competent skilled worker is misleading and incorrect: there may be room for the heaven-born nurse or exceptionally gifted newspaper writer, it is true; but wherever the average competent worker turns to-day—to teaching, journalism, nursing, and the rest—she finds the field overcrowded with well-equipped applicants.

The limitations of space prevent more than a passing word to the section on Journalism. Here, if anywhere, we hoped for a protest against the silliness, frivolity and vulgarity of the women's journals and women's columns with their tittle-tattle and extravagances in dress and illiteracy of tone. Yet one successful American journalist frankly stated that the women who entered this trade must not attempt to "mould" or elevate or adorn; they must simply enter it as men do, and be the exponents of the ideas of the public. "It will be noted that I am speaking here only of the practical journalism of America, which does not attempt to mould, but is satisfied to be the exponent and the follower of public sentiment. Scores of women have made efforts at the other sort of journalistic enterprise, particularly efforts to educate people up to woman's suffrage, but most papers started for that as well as for other reforms have been flat failures, whether men or women have been in control of them. Devotion to all sorts of reforms is very well in its way, but it brings neither subscribers nor advertisers and it is pretty nearly as fatal

to success in journalism as to success in poetry." [What this means again I cannot explain. Does it mean that the "success" of "Paradise Lost" is due to the capital business capacity of the publishers in securing paying advertisements of soap, candles, etc.?]]

After drawing a pleasing picture of the life of the woman reporter, "who has no time that can be called her own, and must be out in all sorts of weather, meeting all sorts of people," the speaker puts the last touches upon the suitability of the calling for a lady, by remarking that "she must sink her personality and leave affronts to an editor to avenge." Now note the irony of the position. Here is a purely commercial statement of the functions and methods of the newspaper woman, which have no more idealism or disinterestedness or culture than those of her male rival. But no paper in this Congress which does not assume or express woman's superiority to man is in order; and at the end of this contribution we find the following peculiar sentiments, revealing that in matters of taste, at least, the woman reporter in America has nothing to learn from her male colleague. "In matters involving taste and matters involving conscience, as journalism does, the learning of a Gladstone, the originality of an Edison, the philosophy of a Spencer, may well take lessons from the spirituality of a Frances Willard, or from the delicate, tactful womanhood of a Lady Somerset or a Countess Aberdeen."

Let the average person of sense, to say nothing of the sense of humor, read this nonsense and ask himself whether Women's Congresses are not a lamentable waste of energy and a painful exhibition of ignorance and folly. And a second speaker, after purring about the nice career of journalism for women, had the coolness and ignorance to declare that newspa-

pers owed their lightness of tone to women; before they appeared on the scene papers had been "weighty and dull!" I do not know if the speaker has ever heard tell of one Addison; but, if not, she may be recommended to a course of the "Tatler," where she will learn it is possible to be lively without being vulgar and silly and illiterate.

I do not deny that there were many useful and even admirable contributions to the program of the Congress. The words of the president were set in a high key, and one wonders with how much satisfaction, pleasure and sympathy she can have listened to the reading of a large number of papers. In the Handicrafts section there were some useful practical papers, one specially valuable from Mr. Lethaby: and I think no one can have listened to Mrs. Sidney Webb's admirably and moderately expressed arguments upon restrictions in women's labor—in singular contrast to the prejudiced views of some other speakers upon this question—without a feeling of gratification in her sense, judgment and expert knowledge. But these admissions do not, I think, in any way affect my unfavorable estimate of the Congress. The general effect of the Congress was misleading and mischievous because it was not representative and impartial; in the professions the experiences of successful women only were given: the life of the average journalist or actress, with its struggles, its sordid anxieties, its overwork and underpay, was never referred to, there being a universal conspiracy to represent woman's wage-earning work as wholly desirable and beneficial. Because also large statements about woman's equality, equal pay, and so forth mean nothing at all unless they are carried to their

logical conclusion, and tested by their practical and permanent effect upon Society. So that to know whether wage-earning is desirable for married working women, we ought to have the joint testimony of working men and women as to whether present experiments in wage-earning of this kind are satisfactory; and to know where the practical difficulties of the servant question lie, we ought to have the views of persons actually concerned—of fathers of the working class, who prefer their daughters going into factories, of servants themselves, and of middle-class householders of small means.

The tendency of such Congresses is to foster an enmity between two sexes who are part of the human race and who, with peculiar qualities and characteristics fitting each for diverse service in the world, have hopes and feelings and aspirations which are common to both, making their interests and happiness interdependent on one another and identical with each other: and any attempt to achieve the welfare of one without regard to the race at large is mischievous. And furthermore, their main tendency to rate the worth and value of a woman's services to the world according to the market rate of wages she earns, to confound the art of living with "earning a living," to exaggerate the importance of a woman's work in activities which are adequately accomplished by men, and to underrate all the simple homely duties which have been dignified and rendered lovely by myriads of noble and cultured women, and instinctively consecrated by the wisdom of generations, is wanting in breadth, insight, and loftiness, and productive of unnecessary confusion and chaos.

Frances H. Lou

THE HIDDEN HISTORY OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.*

It is a relief to turn from the dust and heat of controversy, from the slander, the meanness and the ignorance of religious debates of the hour, to a book like this, with its record of quiet country life and unaffected piety. But the book is more than a mere relief from the atmosphere of "Secret Histories of the Oxford Movement" and Albert Hall gatherings. Its pages not only breathe the scents and music of the country; they are deeply instructive. Miss Yonge has done more than write in her easy and attractive style "the record of a thousand peaceful years" (p. vi) of the history of two Hampshire parishes. She has thrown, we think, valuable sidelights on the great Church Movement of our own country. John Keble, vicar of Hursley and Otterbourne from 1836 to 1866, was the acknowledged founder of the Oxford Movement, and his retired uneventful ministry in his country cure was really a very important factor in that Movement. It suggests lessons which are of real importance to any one who wishes to form a calm judgment as to what manner of men they were who led the van, and what the principles which guided them. We are deeply grateful to the gifted authoress, who, in the evening of her long and useful life, in re-editing, as she tells us in the Preface, an earlier attempt at a history of these parishes by a former curate, has added so much of her own. Her work has all the

charm of simplicity, sympathy, and loving personal reminiscence. Its chief fault is its brevity. Some slight literary blemishes disfigure it¹ which may easily be removed in a later edition; but the matter is gold. A beautiful portrait of Keble from an original drawing, good type and paper, and several interesting photographs, form a worthy setting to a book which ought not to be overlooked in any collection of the literature of the Oxford Movement.

Quite apart, however, from its ecclesiastical interest Miss Yonge's book seems to us to illustrate two important facts. First, it bears witness to that unfeigned love of the country which we firmly believe to have been one of the sources of strength of both the gentry and commons of England. It was this which saved the former, as De Tocqueville has shown us, from ever falling into that fatal isolation from the laboring poor who tilled their estates, which was the ruin of the old French *noblesse* and led directly to the Revolution. We would fain believe that this characteristic of the English landowner still continues. With the poor, however, we fear it has become very different. The thirst for excitement and supposed higher wages is still drawing the rural population to swell our already over-grown cities. Be that, however, as it may, Miss Yonge's book is marked by a careful loving observation of country sights and coun-

* John Keble's Parishes: a History of Hursley and Otterbourne. By Charlotte M. Yonge, an Old Inhabitant. (London, 1898.)

¹ We have noted the following obvious mistakes. On page 4, "Oynegils" for Cynegils. "Dr. Rowth" for Routh (p. 23). On p. 27 Merdon is spoken of as having belonged to the see of Winchester for 1,300 years, in Bishop Gardiner's time! The date of William Yonge's marriage is given on p. 90 as 1822! "St Magdalen College" (p. 163) is hardly a usual designation

of Waynflete's great foundation. Occasionally the grammar is somewhat alllphabod: "The vicar of Hursley at this period were John Hynton, &c." We notice, moreover, that there is a little obscurity in the earlier part of the book. It is not quite clear in places of which parish or hamlet the writer is speaking. This may partly be due to the difficulty of re-editing some one else's work, as Miss Yonge has done; partly to her own failure to make clear to others what familiarity has rendered clear to herself.

try folk. Chapter xiv., entitled "A Survey," is a charming description of the scene of the book as it now actually exists. Take, for example, the following little picture, worthy of Richard Jefferies:

Smooth and level, the river is still an unfailing source of enjoyment in the walks along the towing-path, when moorhen are swimming, and dipping on a glimpse of the spectator; when fish are rising, or sometimes taking a sudden "header" into the air and going down with a splash; when the water-vole rushes for his hole with head just above the water; when a blue flash of kingfisher darts by, and the deep-blue or green dragon flies sit on the sedges, or perhaps a tiny May-fly sits on a rail to shake off its last garment, and come forth a snowy-white fairy thing with three long whisks at its tail (p. 165).

The next chapter contains an interesting collection of country words, phrases, and customs. The following cure for ague would, we should think, be extremely effective: "To be taken to the top of a steep place, then violently pushed down!" The Christmas "mumming," which we are glad to be told is not quite extinct, is well described (pp. 176-181); and it is pleasing to find that Keble himself re-wrote the traditional May Day song for the village children (p. 182).

The book concludes with a chapter on "Natural History," and a list of local birds, plants, and flowers. We found the list of birds peculiarly fascinating, as almost every one mentioned is honored with some few words of comment, sometimes very felicitously expressed.

The second point which is incidentally brought out in Miss Yonge's book is this: careful loving study of the records of country villages however unknown to "fame" they may be, will usually reward the searcher. It is so in the present case. "The writer is

aware," says the Preface, "that there is no incident to tempt the reader—no siege of the one castle, no battle more important than the combat in the hay-field between Mr. Coram and the pe-nurious steward, and, till the last generation, no striking character." But on looking into the history that lies before us we find that there is much that was really worth recording. If Hursley and Otterbourne do not lie on the high road of English history, and never heard the tramp of armies, nor witnessed the gathering of Courts, yet at least some of the pleasant byways pass through them, and they have their connection, even though only a homely one, with some of the great names of the past.

The two parishes lie on the western side of the River Itchen, about five miles south of Winchester, and eight miles north of the sea. The parish of Hursley is the ancient manor of Merton, granted to the Bishops of Winchester by Cynegils, the first Christian king of Wessex. It remained in the possession of the see of Winchester until the Reformation, when it was first taken from the great Gardiner, then restored to him at his plea before the bar of the House of Commons; then again taken away in 1550, restored at the accession of Mary, and finally alienated from the see in 1558. Among the residents in Hursley during these troubled times was Thomas Sternhold, who began that version of the Psalter afterwards completed by Hopkins and Wisdom, the attacks on which have been so quaintly described by Fuller.

Some have not sticked to say "that David hath been as much persecuted by bungling translators as by Saul himself." Some have made libellous verses in abuse of them, and no wonder if songs were made on the translators of the Psalms, seeing drunkards made them on David the author thereof. But let these translations be beheld by impartial eyes, and they will

be allowed to go in equipage with the best poems in that age. However, it were to be wished that some bald rhymes therein were bettered; till which time, such as sing them must endeavor to amend them by singing them with understanding heads and gracious hearts, whereby that which is bad metre on earth will be made good music in heaven (p. 29).

It is interesting to note that this favorable judgment of Fuller's was endorsed by the high authority of Keble himself, who held, we are told, Sternhold's version "in much respect for its adherence to the original" (p. 104). The one vivid incident which Miss Yonge mentions in her Preface as breaking the monotonous calm of parish records, is the rebellion (a truly Saxon one!) of the copyholders of the manor of Merton against the victuals provided for them by the lord of the manor, Sir Thomas Clarke, when they were performing the accustomed service of reaping and housing his crops.

"Another time" (says Richard Morley in his manuscript), "upon a hay dobyn-day" (320 or 340 reapers) the cart brought afield for them a hog's-head of porridge, which stunk and had worms swimming in it. The reapers refused to work without better provisions. Mr. Coram of Cranbury would not suffer them to work. Mr. Pye, Sir Thomas Clarke's steward, and Coram drew their daggers and rode at each other through the wheat. At last Lady Clarke promised to dress for them two or three hogs of bacon; twenty nobles' work lost" (p. 34).

"No doubt," adds the authoress, "such stout English resistance saved the days of compulsory labor from becoming a burden intolerable as in France" (p. 35).

But by far the most interesting of the ancient residents at Hursley is Richard Cromwell. He was married at Hursley on May Day (this date must surely have been a Puritan oversight!)

² Explained as a corruption of "haydogtime," and meaning a country-dance.

1649, to Dorothy, daughter and heiress of Richard Maijor, a friend of the Protector, and lord of the manor of Merton. Here he lived peacefully with his wife and father-in-law until the Restoration, when he fled to the Continent under an assumed name. He returned to live at Cheshunt in 1700, his son, Oliver, inheriting the Hursley property. On the death of the latter, Richard's two daughters endeavored to wrest the manor from their father, who should have succeeded to it. The case was brought into court, given against the daughters, and Richard Cromwell, "the phantom king of half a year," died peacefully in his possessions in 1712. A few reminiscences of this interesting period still survive: some letters of the great Protector, in one of which he says he is glad that "the young people have leisure to make a journey to eat cherries" (p. 44); the lime-trees round the churchyard, said to have been planted by Richard (p. 51); a village tradition that the Protector sank his treasure in an enchanted iron chest at the bottom of Merton Well, which could only be drawn up if the drawers kept silence (p. 46); and lastly, a hideous monument erected by Richard's undutiful daughters in 1718 before they sold the estate (pp. 49-50).

The adjoining parish of Otterbourne was united to Hursley in the beginning of the fourteenth century by Bishop Pontissara, or Points, of Winchester. The circumstances are interesting, for they illustrate the fact that the present abuses of tithes are largely due to the high-handed proceedings of mediæval prelates. Bishop Points took away the great tithes of Hursley to endow St. Elizabeth's College at Winchester. Then, finding the small tithes insufficient to support the vicar, he united Otterbourne with Hursley. It is needless to add that at the Reformation the great tithes of Hursley did not find their way back to their original pos-

essor. Otterbourne remained without a resident priest until 1832, and without a vicar until 1875—"Sir William Heathcote having arranged the means of undoing Bishop Pontissara's injustice" (p. 147).

"The Golden Days of Hursley," to use Miss Yonge's beautiful phrase, are associated with three names. Sir William Heathcote came into the Hursley property in 1825; three years before that, William Crawley Yonge, the father of our authoress, had married and settled in Otterbourne; and in 1836 John Keble became vicar of Hursley on the presentation of Sir William Heathcote, two years after he had preached his famous sermon on "National Apostasy." He was already a marked man; for Robert Francis Wilson was told, and the prophecy proved true, when offered the curacy of Hursley, "Now, remember if you become Keble's curate, you will lose all chance of preferment for life" (p. 98). There could hardly be a greater rebuke to the conventional sneer at "squire and parson tyranny" than the plain record of the labors of these three families in Hursley and Otterbourne. The first Sunday-schools, and practically the first week-day schools were established by the Heathcotes at Hursley and the Yongs at Otterbourne. Of the latter place we are told, "The only week-day school was on the hill, kept by a picturesque old dame, whose powers amounted to hindering the children from getting into mischief, but who—with the instinct Mrs. Charles describes—never forgave the advances that disturbed her monopoly" (p. 95). Besides the schools a new church was built at Otterbourne, and consecrated in 1838; a new church at Ampfield, a hamlet of Hursley, in 1841; and Hursley Church was practically rebuilt in 1847-8.

The most interesting of Miss Yonge's reminiscences centre round this work of church-building. Otterbourne had

been made the property of Magdalen College, Oxford, by Bishop Waynflete in 1481. "The venerable Dr. Routh," we are told, "who . . . used yearly to come on progress to the old Manor house, the Moat House, to hold his court, took great interest in the project, and the college gave an excellent site" (pp. 99-100) for the new church. Church-building in those days was almost a forgotten art in England; and a singular charm attaches to those first essays of the Tractarian times in restoring the ancient glories of Catholic architecture. Certain well-marked features, deeply suggestive of the spirit of the workers, mark the new churches of that time, such churches as those of Littlemore; St. Saviour's, Leeds; St. George's, Oxford. Windows of dark and crude, but really devotional stained glass; open pews, where kneeling was a much more comfortable posture than sitting; a general atmosphere of severity, mark them, not as places of Sunday comfort, but as houses of prayer and worship. The men who built these churches,

Where love and terror laid the tiles,

knew little of architecture, but their feelings and sympathies were in accord with those of older days, and their work was true in spirit. Of new Otterbourne Church, we are told, "many of the drawings of the details came from Mr. Yonge, who started with merely the power of military drawing (acquired before he was sixteen years old) and a great admiration for York Cathedral" (p. 100). "For the stonework, Mr. Yonge discovered that the material chiefly used in the cathedral was Caen stone, though the importation had long ceased. He entered into communication with the quarrymen there, sent out a stone mason (Newman) from Winchester, and procured stone for the windows, reredos, and

font, thus opening a traffic that has gone on ever since" (p. 102). The cost of a school in connection with this church was partly defrayed by the profits from "Charlotte Yonge's first book, 'The Château de Melville,' which people were good enough to buy, though it only consisted of French exercises and translations" (p. 103).

Mr. Yonge was also the architect of the second church, at Ampfield. He had profited by the experience gained at Otterbourne, and aimed "at Early English rather than Decorated style" (p. 105). At the consecration of this church were present the Rev. J. H. Newman, with his sister, Mrs. Thomas Mozley, and her husband, and the Rev. Isaac Williams.

The rebuilding of Hursley Church is especially connected with the publication of the "*Lyra Innocentium*." The children of the Rev. Peter Young (who, it will be remembered, was refused priest's orders for holding the teaching of the Church of England on the Holy Eucharist), and the children of Dr. Moberly, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, had suggested unconsciously many of these truly beautiful poems. "Mr. Keble thought of putting them together for publication, being chiefly impelled to do so by the desire to improve Hursley Church, the eighteenth century arrangements of which really prevented the general inculcation of the more reverent observances which teach and imply doctrine" (p. 109). Lovers of the "*Lyra Innocentium*" will read with deep interest the few pages in which Miss Yonge has collected memories of the occasions which gave birth to some of these poems:

George Herbert Moberly . . . was unconsciously the cause of the poems "Loneliness" and "Repeating the Creed" for Easter Sunday and Low Sunday. Frightened by unwonted solitude at bedtime, he asked to hear "something true," and was happy

when Mrs. Keble produced the Bible. He was a boy of beautiful countenance, and his reverent, thoughtful look as he repeated the Creed, delighted Mr. Keble (p. 111).

"More Stars" (All Saints' Day) and "Wakefulness" (the Annunciation) are reminiscences of Charles Coleridge Pode, a little nephew of Mr. Yonge, and his ecstatic joy on the first night of being out of doors late enough to see the glory of the stars. A few months later, on a sister being born, he hoped that her name would be Mary, "because he liked the Virgin Mary." And when, only a few days later, his own mother was taken from him, he lay awake and silent, night after night (p. 113).

We pass over the details of the work of rebuilding Hursley Church, which was undertaken entirely at Mr. Keble's expense; but there is one memorable and pathetic incident which occurred during its course that we cannot pass over, the secession of John Henry Newman. Keble was cheered in this central sorrow of a life partly by the innocent subjects of the "*Lyra*," and partly by the recovery of Mrs. Keble from a dangerous illness:

Words spoken in the immediate prospect of death, by Mrs. Keble, strengthened her husband's faith, and made him more determined to hold fast by the Church of his fathers; and the thankfulness and exhilaration caused by the improvement in her health carried him the better over the first blow, though he went out alone to a quiet, deserted chalk-pit to open the letter which he knew would bring the final news of the reception of his friend into the Roman Church (p. 114).

The period of building was a time of enjoyment to Mr. Keble, for it was symbolical to him of the "edifying" building up of the living stones of the True Church, and the restoring of her waste places. When the workmen were gone home, he used to walk about the open space in the twilight silence, in prayer and meditation . . . The sermon at Evensong on the day of consecration was preached by Mr. Keble himself, in which he spoke of the end of all things; and said the

best fate that could befall that new church was that it should be burnt at the Judgment Day. He thought, probably, of the perils of perversion from the true Catholic principles which the course of affairs in those days made him dread exceedingly, and held himself ready to act like the non-jurors, or the Free Kirk men in Scotland, who had resigned all for the sake of principle. "Nevertheless," he wrote, "I suppose it is one's duty to go on as if all were encouraging" (p. 122-4).

What a touching comment are these simple memories upon the Prelude to the "Lyra Innocentium," where the author asks for the prayers of his readers:

Pray that the mist, by sin and shame
Left on his soul, may fleet; that he
A true and timely word may frame
For weary hearts, that ask to see
Their way in our dim twilight hour:
His lips so purged with penance-fire,
That he may guide them, in Christ's
power,
Along the path of their desire;

And with no faint nor erring voice
May to the wanderer whisper,
"Stay,
God chooses for thee, seal His
choice,
Nor from thy Mother's shadow
stray;
For sure thine holy Mother's shade
Rests yet upon thine ancient home;
No voice from Heaven hath clearly
said,
'Let us depart;' then fear to roam."

Pray that the Prayer of Innocents
On earth, of Saints in Heaven
above,
Guard, as of old, our lonely tents;
Till, as one Faith is ours, in Love
We own all Churches, and are own'd.--
Pray Him to save, by chastenings
keen,
The harps that hail His Bride en-
throned
From wayward touch of hands un-
clean.

The record of this time of Church history at Hursley is so gracious and pathetic that we have tried to let it tell its own tale. In conclusion, we will try

to gather up the general impressions which we think this book will leave upon those who come to the study of the Oxford Movement with open minds.

In the first place there is to be noted the contrast between *hiddenness* and *secrecy*. The Oxford Movement and its results have been charged, even by bishops, with "secrecy." No charge is more likely to be popular with the vulgar. So indeed it has ever been since the days of the persecutions, when the secret gatherings of Christians begat charges of foul rites and cannibalism. The charge of "secrecy," to the average Englishman of to-day, seems to connote something underhand and unfair, which at once rouses his suspicions. And still more fatal is the accusation when it is cunningly used to arouse the prejudices of the mob, when

The base man, judging of the good,
Puts his own baseness in him by default
Of will and nature.

But there is a "hiddenness," we will not call it "secrecy," which is characteristic of the realm of the Spirit. It is this of which we read in the Gospel: "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." And it is this hiddenness which seems to have been the characteristic of all true religious movements. We mark it abundantly in the origins and the progress of the work of Keble and his successors. He has hinted at it himself in that exquisite verse:

Thine too by right and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that
brace,
The love that shines serene;"

or again in the "Christian Year:"³

³ Hymns, Ancient and Modern, No. 143.

⁴ Third Sunday after Epiphany.

For ever when such grace is given
 It fears in open day to shine,
 Lest the deep stain it owns within
 Break out, and Faith be sham'd by the
 believer's sin.

It was, we believe, this spirit of retirement and inwardness which has led the religious revival of our own days to gather its adherents quietly together in associations of prayer and worship, rather than of noise and self-assertion; which has led them to suffer persecution rather than to seek to inflict it, and which has won and is still winning the Beatitude of the meek.

This spirit of hiddenness is abundantly illustrated in the book before us. We are shown, by one who knew him exactly as he was, John Keble, the brilliant Oxford poet and scholar, "burying himself," as men say it, in a quiet Hampshire village, teaching rustics, and studying little children. What the nature of his pastoral work was has been described by Miss Yonge in one exquisite paragraph:

Throughout the vicar was the personal minister to each individual of his flock—teaching in the school, catechising in the church, most carefully preparing for Confirmation, watching over the homes, and, however otherwise busied, always at the beck and call of every one in the parish. To the old men and women of the workhouse he paid special attention, bringing them little dainties, to brighten their dull minds as a means of reaching their souls, and endeavoring to raise their spirits to higher things. One who had been removed to another Union, when asked how he liked Hursley, said, "It seemed as if they were saying 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' all day long" (p. 140).

There was surely no praise that Keble himself would have desired so much as that. And his hidden, sincere, and thorough work in his country parish was a pattern of the true spirit of the Oxford Movement, nay of Christianity itself, and the earnest of spiritual suc-

cess. One more illustration of this we select from Miss Yonge's record. The font in Hursley Church was given by the Rev. William Butler and Emma, his wife, and the clergy and sisters of Wantage. A Latin inscription is given (p. 116) which was to be carved on the base of the font commemorating (not by name) the donors. This inscription, we read, was "to be entirely hidden," and so "whether the whole was actually cut out on the under side of the granite step must be uncertain." "Which things are an allegory," the names and the ways of the workers are hidden, but their work is the regeneration of the Church of God.

The second general impression which this book leaves on the mind is that from the beginning the Oxford Movement was never, as its opponents assert, an exclusively clerical one. In Miss Yonge's simple story of the revival of Church life in Hursley and Otterbourne the layman is quite as prominent as the priest. We have had occasion already to speak of the work of William Yonge and his family. The noble figure of Sir William Heathcote is well worthy of study. He himself presented John Keble, his old Oxford tutor, to the living of Hursley, and co-operated with the vicar in all his labors. And these laymen were not priest-ridden fools. William Yonge was an old soldier who had fought in the Peninsula and taken part in the final charge at Waterloo. His daughter writes of him with a reserve which has the mark of truth. All that he did

was done in a spirit of thoroughness that never rested till perfection had been attained as far as possible. His own parish of Otterbourne had felt his influence and was noted for good order and improvement. Both Otterbourne and Hursley had land in allotments from at least 1830, long before the arrangement was taken up by Government. Mr. Yonge's strong Churchmanship and deep religious feeling told on

all around, and there was a strong sense of his upright justice as much as his essential kindness (p. 131).

Sir William Heathcote was a First Class man and Fellow of All Souls'. To him we have the testimony, not only of the authoress: "Few men have earned by a lifetime so much honor, gratitude, and affection as he by one consistent, upright course of life, or have left a nobler memory" (p. 133); or of John Keble, who said, "coming away from a long talk with him, that it was like holding intercourse with some old Christian knight" (p. 129); but also of such men as the late Earl of Carnarvon and Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. From the graceful and pathetic "appreciation" of the last we will quote only a few words:

Inflexible integrity, stern sense of duty, stainless honor—these qualities a very slight acquaintance with Sir William Heathcote at once revealed. But he had other great qualities too. He was one of the closest and keenest reasoners I ever knew. He was a man of the soundest and strongest judgment, and yet full of the most perfect candor and full of forbearance and indulgence for other men (p. 129).

It was such men as these who set their mark upon the beginnings of the Oxford Movement, a mark of truth and reality, loftiness of purpose, width of sympathy and logical grasp, which we trust it will never lose. These are not the qualities which appeal always to the narrowness of Puritanism, or Romanism, nor ever to the baseness of a Protestant mob; but they are qualities which last and which conquer.

The end of these men was as lovely as their lives. Of John Keble, who fell

asleep on Maundy Thursday, 1866, Miss Yonge writes:

It was on a beautiful day, with the celandines shining like stars on the bank, that we laid him in his grave, a concourse of sorrowing friends being present, who could look to him as having awakened and cherished their best aspirations, and those who had come under his personal influence feeling that a loved father had been taken away (pp. 143-4).

Sir William Heathcote had the gift of suffering in his youth and the additional gift of poverty in his old age:

The joyous genial days at Hursley Park had passed away, and the days of agricultural depression had set in, causing trouble and anxiety, with alterations met with simple bravery and cheerfulness according with the character that could bear adversity as nobly as prosperity (p. 148). He was taken to his rest on the 17th of August 1881, leaving to all who knew him the precious recollection of emphatically "a just man," serving God in his generation (p. 149).

Since then Hursley and Otterbourne alike have passed into other hands. Miss Yonge, the "Old Inhabitant," as she styles herself, ends her reminiscences with an affectionate survey of the spot as it is to-day. Though much is changed and changing, the birds and flowers and the beauty of the country, in which Keble saw so many "celestial sacraments," still remain. And there still remain the gracious memory, the subtle influence, and the powerful intercession of him to whom the Church of England owes so much. Little or nothing of earthly reward, as men count rewards, she gave him; but

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

When Napoleon said that reading Madame de Sévigné was like eating snowballs, when Horace Walpole worshipped, as it were, at the shrine of such a grace, softness, and delicacy, when old Mary Montagu characterized the whole correspondence as "always tittle-tattle," and My Lord Chesterfield deigned to admire its "ease, freedom, and friendship," each critic had no doubt a little right on his side, and the truth lies somewhere between them all.

Marie de Rabutin Chantal, who is to this day a religion among all Frenchmen, and is herself French, not only by birth, but by very instinct and quality of her character, is born on a certain day in February, 1626. Her father dies when she is a baby, her mother when she is only seven years old, so that the little creature knows nothing in her own childhood of the maternal affection which she is to turn hereafter into a fine art, and which is to make her a name forever.

Her uncle, Abbé de Coulanges, brings her up in the country quiet of his Priory at Livry. What a fresh breath of spring this gay, soft, quick, bright little French girl must bring into that studious atmosphere of mystic piety and to the grave Jansenist philosophers, my uncle's companions! She has Ménage and Chapelain for her tutors. She learns Latin, Spanish, Italian, and wears the weight of learning now as she wears it all her life, "lightly like a flower." She is only sixteen, with the innocence of that calm life still upon her, when she is presented at the brilliant Court of Anne of Austria and received with a truly Gallic transport and enthusiasm. She has those "yeux bleus qui rêvent en regardant." She

has "cette fleur printanière de teint." She has the sweetest brightness, naturalness, charm. She is so fresh and so gay, so kind, happy, and girlish. All her biographers are in love with her. They would not be French if they could refuse to adore such a divinity. It is only one of them who suggests that she can need anything to complete her perfection—and that the deepening touch of sorrow.

It comes to her—do not all the worst troubles of life come this way?—through herself. She is not yet two years away from her Priory, when she falls quite romantically and absorbingly in love. She has a very pretty *dot*,—but then she has such a pretty wit and such a pretty face that she does not need its superfluous attraction. Monsieur de Sévigné is brave, handsome, a soldier, and at the moment himself delightfully in love. Does any one whisper to Marie his character of "amant volage?" Perhaps. Can't one fancy the charming indignation with which she repudiates such a calumny—and, if the *convenances* permit the lovers a little more intimacy than is permitted French lovers nowadays—her going to him and telling him and listening to him and loving him and believing in him a thousand times more than ever? One may be quite sure that Marie's passion is not the less blind because she is a clever woman. Her uncle, too, approves of the match. Everybody approves of it. The sun shines on it with that cloudless brilliancy that comes before the rain. And they are married.

For a year or two perhaps, Madame—such a girlish Madame—finds, if not the complete realization of her dreams, at least, one hopes, that happiness

which is the perpetual possession of being well-deceived. Monsieur introduces his wife into the Salon of Madame de Rambouillet, and the young pair move in a world lit by such various stars as Bossuet, Molière, Pascal, Corneille, Fénelon, Boileau, Racine, Rochefoucauld, and Bourdaloue. Marie, indeed, who is familiar with the works of Ariosto and Tasso, has tasted Virgil and Homer, and listened from a child to Chrysostom "with his glorious mouth of gold," is no unfit companion for the immortals. Her learning, one may be quite sure, does not make her dull and pedantic. She has the exquisite taste, the perfect tact, the *esprit* and the *spiritualité* which make a cultivated French woman the most delightful woman in the world. If the immortals do not yet recognize a peer, they are all more or less in love with such a charming personality. They write her sonnets and worship her. They take the little, fair, kind hand and kiss it, as it were. Her name is on all lips. It is only the scandals of a scandalous age which contain no mention of her; for the girl-wife looks over the brilliant world at her feet at the husband of whom it is said, "Il aimait partout," and still loves and believes in him.

She is a little bit glad, perhaps, all the same, when he leaves Paris—and temptation—and takes her to Les Rochers, his seat in Brittany. Madame has a taste, most unfashionable, for country sights and sounds. The sombre garden, with its long avenues of old trees and dark hedges of holly and thorn, does not seem dismal to her. She invests the solemn house, with its long silent salons, with the charm she brings everywhere, with gaiety even. Here at least Monsieur is all her own. They are retrenching their expenses, which is just as well, and shows how happy one can be modestly and simply. A tender hope is dawning

in her girlish heart, which finds realization when a little son lies on her breast. A year later, her daughter—"the unique passion of my life," the child more beloved than any child in all history—comes to crown her blessings. One likes to think of her thus—with her husband faithful, or at least not known faithless, with the babies getting more and more wonderful and intelligent every day, with the gardens blooming with summer life, with the world lying fair before her. Her happiness does not last very long. Is it in the nature of such happiness to last? One must be thankful to have even sipped the cup. Monsieur is called to his regiment by the war of the Fronde, and Madame comes back to Paris—to its brilliancy and its dangers, to its lightness, passions, temptations—just as the boy Louis XIV. is entering it in triumph with his mother and Mazarin.

It is in Paris that Madame meets again Bussy Rabutin, her cousin, and that Monsieur falls under the spell—a spell all Madame's girlish charms cannot break—of Ninon de l'Enclos. Count Bussy has made before this the finest protestation of love for Marie, it seems; and has been laughed at a little; so that it is not very wonderful that he now feels it his duty to acquaint her with her husband's unlucky infatuation. She receives the news with not a little dignity. If Bussy hopes she will now lend a more ready ear to his own vows and fervors he must be very much disappointed. In an age when gallantry is the mode, this woman's character is always in the pure air beyond suspicion. There is, indeed, no higher tribute to it than Bussy's own malicious account of his cousin in his "*Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*." The defamer can find nothing to defame.

Madame takes Monsieur's madness in silence. Does she suffer greatly? Who knows? She acts at least with a

judgment and sanity that not one woman in a hundred would display in her circumstances; and only leaves Monsieur presently through the urgent advice of her more than father, the Abbé de Coulanges. She takes the children back to Les Rochers and is not, one hopes, all unhappy. As she plays with them in the summer gardens, ugly rumors of her husband must, indeed, too often disturb her peace. At length comes the news of another infatuation; of a duel; of a mortal wound; and Madame writes to the man who has wronged her that letter with a cry in it—that letter of “sorrow, despair, and pardon”—and finds herself a widow at five and twenty.

She spends the next three years in retirement with her little son and daughter. They live in the greatest simplicity to repair the fortunes Monsieur has ruined. The Abbé helps Madame a good deal and she stays with him often. She administers the estates of Bourbilly and Les Rochers with that shrewd and practical common-sense, which in Frenchwomen, and in very few other women in the world, is compatible with all the most unpractical of graces and charms. And then she reappears at Court.

It is an epoch. She is not yet thirty years old. If she has lost something of the dewy freshness of the girl—only her biographers say that she never loses it, but remains softly young forever—she has gained in wit, in confidence, in sympathy. She has further cultivated her mind in the long solitudes at Les Rochers. She has suffered. She has had much to forgive—and has forgiven. There is no trace of bitterness in such a nature. She still loves life and wants to enjoy it. She is ready to begin the world again with the happiest zest. She takes the newest naïve delight in the balls and parties. She knows everybody once more and everybody wants to know her. De

Retz, the Duc de Rohan, the Prince de Condé, Montrose (afterwards the Martyr), Madame de la Fayette, are among her friends. If the King for a while looks coldly on her, those great spirits which make the King's Court the most brilliant in Europe can't but do homage to such a cultivated womanly intelligence. Madame bewitches the grave Bishops, very likely, with the exquisite “drollery” which captivates staid Fanny Burney more than a hundred years after. She moves from one great light to another. She always says the right thing—and says it perfectly. She dances—gracefully one may be quite sure as she does everything. She is an amateur actress of not a little ability. She makes the acquaintance of the Arnaulds, the great fathers of Jansenism. She goes to the fashionable sermons in the intervals of the fashionable parties and is moved to the softest emotion by those burning discourses. Conti and great Fouquet (with a crowd of lesser lights long forgotten) are in love with her. Of her own feelings to Fouquet it has been said that she is less than lover and more than friend. She follows his trial at least with a breathless anxiety. She comes to Paris before its close that she may hear the best—or the worst—at once. “L'espérance m'a trop bien servie,” she writes at the last minute almost, “pour l'abandonner.” Her gentle sanguineness lightens indeed this trouble for her as it lightens all the other bitternesses of her life. If any man again ever touches her heart, that man is Fouquet no doubt. But he has a rival too powerful for him, a rival to whom all Madame's gentle soul has been long given, on whom every hope and desire of her life is fixed—the little daughter growing to womanhood at her side.

It must be a pretty picture when Madame presents “la plus jolie fille de France” at the French Court. The

mother has no thoughts but for the child. Her own fascination and beauty are nothing to her. She can't think of anything but of Mademoiselle's loveliness, which is in point of fact exquisitely regular and uninteresting. One cannot find out, indeed, what there is in this girl, with her tepid disposition, her dull, exact little mind, to inspire an affection which in all the history of the human heart has scarcely a parallel. "Au premier moment," writes Mademoiselle herself, with a delightful naïveté, "on me croit adorable et quand on me voit d'avantage on ne m'aime plus." There is, indeed, no reason why one *should* continue to love her. But the maternal passion requires, it seems, very little from its object. Perhaps Madame's heart set itself so upon this child when the husband of her youth betrayed her. It may be so. The date and reason of the origin of that supreme attachment matter after all very little. It has become immortal.

Can't one fancy how fondly and anxiously the mother watches the daughter at those fine fêtes and masquerades? She is not a bit pleased when the great people flock about *her*. Perhaps some of her admirers find out that the way to gain Madame now (Madame is exquisitely human and has hitherto liked flattery and admiration a little on her own account) is to admire her daughter. One does not know when the mother first finds out—or if she ever finds out—that Mademoiselle has judged herself rightly, and that her dull beauty soon bores people, and that, though she attracts admiration, she can't keep it. It is certainly not very long before Madame is wondering over "la bizarrerie du destin," in the difficulty of marrying the prettiest girl in France. Is it because the noble houses are afraid of making an alliance with a family not in too good favor with the omnipotent King (one

must remember Madame's firm friendship with the disgraced Fouquet); or because the mother's gentle sensibilities have been too much attracted by the unpopular Jansenism; or because only of the "télédeur naturelle" of Mademoiselle's disposition? One may be quite sure that the last is not the reason Madame assigns for her disappointment.

The pair go into the country presently; and then are recalled to Paris by the gorgeous fêtes given to Madame Montespan after the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The morality of the age is such that the most careful of mothers would not hesitate to introduce the most innocent of daughters into society which is not questionable, because of its evil manner of life there is no question at all. When the King discovers Mademoiselle's beauty and dances with her, can Madame help being flattered? The admiration is only a pretence, it turns out, to cloak a real passion for the Montespan; and it is not very long before the Court hears one morning that Mademoiselle is to be married to a Comte de Grignan, who is rich, forty years old, and has had two wives already.

It is not a love match to be sure. Has Madame's own experience of love matches been so happy that she could wish her daughter to follow her example? Since one must marry, it seems, or be buried alive in a convent, the Comte is, everything considered, as good a *parti* as Mademoiselle is likely to get. Most of his relations have obligingly died, says Madame gaily in a letter, which is really most good-natured of them. The Comte is well off. Mademoiselle is quite passive and indifferent. And—and—Madame has every reason to hope that her son-in-law may obtain an influential post at Court and that she may keep her daughter with her in Paris.

It is to the death of that hope that

one owes one of the most famous series of letters ever written.

Madame has been a correspondent of some little repute before this. Her letters to other persons have at least traces of the carefulness which is characteristic of an age when letter writing is a fine art. But in the letters which have made her celebrated forever she has no thought of celebrity. It is the mother talking to the child. It is the intimacy of the fireside—of the most simple and domestic of all affections, "Madame cause."

She writes from "chez Monsieur Rochefoucauld," or from Vichy, where she is taking the waters. She writes night and morning that there may be no post which does not bring a letter from her. Can Madame de Grignan be a hundredth part as eager to hear from her mother as her mother is eager not to miss a single chance of writing? She writes to-day in May time from the garden of Uncle Coulanges at Livry to the music of nightingales; from the "coin du feu" in winter at Les Rochers; from her dearest friend's, Madame de la Fayette. She goes straight to her *escritoire* (and the "ebony cabinet for pens and paper," which Horace Walpole cherished long after as a memory of the most delightful woman in the world) when she comes home from a Court ball, "at five o'clock in the morning." She is never too tired or too dull to talk a little with that dear daughter. As her easy pen runs over the paper, the distance between them dwindles into nothing. The mother sits again with her fond hand upon the child's—with her fond eyes looking up into the girlish face—"Madame cause."

She writes about everything—and about nothing. About the balls and the comedies at St. Germain; who has asked after Madame de Grignan and has praised her beauty and her disposition. Here is a little criticism of a

modish poet or painter and half a page about Madame de Grignan's health. "Votre maigreur me tue," says the mother, and "Conservez-vous, c'est ma ritournelle continuelle." She has a charming little Court scandal to tell her daughter the next morning; or an account to give her of La Vallière at the Carmelites. She confesses to her with a most bewitching humility her passion for "les vieux romans." She is "folle de Cornelle," she says. She has been to hear a "delicious" sermon (the adjective is perfectly characteristic) of Bourdaloue's this morning, and to Court at night. She has a little argument with her daughter about faith and philosophy—the mother being all for faith, blind, complete, devoted, and the daughter all for independent and reasonable thought. Here she is writing of Madame de Maintenon's unique position—"Il n'y en a jamais eu et il n'y en aura jamais;" or reading St. Augustine "with transport." Now she is laughing softly over the peccadilloes of her scapegrace son; or describing the death-bed of the Princess de Conti. The daughter writes solemn maxims on hope and patience and sends them to her mother, and the mother, who, to the end of her life, is much the younger of the two, writes back to lightly chide the daughter about neglecting her dress and appearance. Of Rochefoucauld's maxims, says Madame, "Il y en a divines;" and also wants Madame de Grignan "to put her nose a little into the Book of the Predestination of Saints." And then, again, she is talking just as she must have talked in life, of nothing, nothing, nothing; of trifles lighter than air; of things that were great then, or great to her, and are less than trifles now, with an immortal name shining here, and just once or twice a priceless glimpse of history—and again nothing, nothing, nothing. "Madame cause."

It is this nothingness which makes Napoleon say with perfect truth that one is no further on when one has read her. But it is also this nothingness which has endeared her to many generations of French people, and by which she still makes her appeal to the heart.

Madame writes, in fact, in the "little language" of love. She speaks to her daughter about home and children, the trifles of everyday life—and behold! It is what the simplest mother among her readers might say in substance, though not in form, to her own child. Madame's fears for her daughter's health and safety are only the echoes, after all, of anxieties every human being has felt for some one dear to him. In her partings, one re-lives one's own. The desolation of those good-byes, the hopelessness of the long outlook when they are said, the trembling anticipations of re-union (trembling for fear Fate should be too cruel, and one should meet no more), is there any one so happy—or is it so miserable?—that he has not known these things as she knew them? Does she write of the narrowest coterie only? Does she write pages and pages of the "tittle-tattle" of "a fine lady" or an "old nurse?" Does she write a great deal too fast (her pen has always "le bride sur le cou," she says), as well as much too often, and never re-read what she has written? If she had soared to the finest flights of eloquence, if she had only told what would be valuable to the historian and the biographer, if she had omitted volumes almost of her tender feeling for her child, and put in a fuller account of those great spirits among whom she lived, she would have been a much greater genius and much less beloved. Her sensibilities can't but interfere a little with her wit. A great attachment is not with her, any more than with any other woman, a stimulus to great enterprises. She rests in it and is content.

Her letters have been, indeed, well called the "Book of Repose." It is into the quiet place of the most natural of all the affections that she leads one through a vicious society and a vicious age, and in the most charming, simple, easy manner imaginable. It is the classic "des portes fermées," which she has written, the classic of that "home" for which the Frenchman has no word and such an infinite devotion. Does her soft delicacy bore one now and then? Do those pages of graceful trifles become occasionally a little monotonous, and the easy writing almost irritating in its dainty perfection? It is to be supposed that at times most readers have felt this. And there come other times when that soft and limpid French, when the charm of the writer's personality, her gentle sprightliness, and above all her one long, fond, supreme affection, make the book into a friend who lives.

How many years does Madame continue writing those letters? Monsieur de Grignan is made Vice-Governor of Provence, and presently Madame has little grandchildren to think about and to love. Her son falls a victim to the charms of the same siren who bewitched his father; and Madame takes his follies with the softest gaiety and nonchalance. He only "amuses and interests" her in fact. She has not room in her heart for a second great passion. She is a little bit vexed with him when he cuts down the timber at Buron; and, when he forms a fleeting attachment for La Champmêlée, she speaks gaily of the actress as "ma belle-fille." She must be still more softly amused when "mon fils," having sown so plentiful a crop of wild oats, settles down, marries an heiress, and becomes *dévo*t and austere extremely.

In her own later years Madame herself falls more and more under the sway of the quiet fatalism of the mys-

tic Jansenist religion, to which she was first drawn as a girl. She forms a great friendship with Corbinelli. When she is *dévôte*, he is mystic. One can't imagine that her devotion can ever prevent her being a charming social power—bright, tactful, and sympathetic to the last hour of her life. When does she find out for certain, or has she been always sure, that she is not exempt from the fate of almost all mothers and has cared for her daughter a thousand times more than her daughter has cared for her? She is seventy years old when she comes to nurse Madame de Grignan through an illness. One is glad to think she is not eating her heart out in a piteous anxiety hundreds of miles away; depending on undependable posts, and waiting—with that cold dread which such a waiting brings—for the worst. Her tender nursing restores her daughter to health. Then she herself catches a virulent smallpox. Could she have chosen, if she might have chosen, a better death than to die in the service and by the side of the child she has so abundantly loved?

The passion for Madame de Sévigné is, at least among the French, a passion for the woman as much as for her works. And indeed one knows no more lovable person.

To think of Madame is to think of a fascination beside which beauty leaves one cold. This is the woman who always knows the happiest thing to do, and does it delightfully. She has brilliancy which never offends other people's dulness; and learning which never makes the stupid feel ignorant. She will sympathize with one divinely over a lost toy or a lost hope. She can't help laughing just where she ought to laugh; and dissolves into the most bewitching and the most natural of tears when dull persons read her their dull tragedies. She is so human too—so exquisitely human that when

the King dances a minuet with her she immediately discovers him to be the best of monarchs and of men. Wouldn't one like to have met her; to have talked with her, to have looked up into that soft, sparkling face, to have been admitted to that kind intimacy, to that impulsive, faithful friendship? There have been greater and better women, no doubt, but in the whole world not one so delightful.

Is Madame profound? By no means. She is light, says one of those biographers who loves her, in all her emotions, save one. She takes her religion even—and she takes a good deal of it—lightly. It affects her sensibilities rather than her soul. She finds, as one has seen, the most awful denunciations of the old preachers "*délicieuses*," life sometimes rather "*désobligeante*," death yet more ill-natured, and ends "*Mais parlons d'autre chose*." That is her philosophy.

As for the vice of the times, through which her own fair virtue passes unstained, she accepts its existence with the same gracious tact as she accepts the existence of other foolish fashions. Madame only laughs a little at failings, even in her own son, now considered more or less serious. If she is in many respects superior to her age, she has no uncomfortable airs of superiority. When the other women of fashion flock to see the loathsome end of the poisoners, La Voisin and De Brinvilliers, Madame goes too; blithely writes an account of the scene to her daughter and feels, it seems, for all those tender susceptibilities, scarcely a touch of pity.

Neither are her writings the writings of the woman who takes deep views of life. "*L'excès de la négligence étouffe la beauté*," says she. "*La grande amitié n'est jamais tranquille*." "*Les longues espérances usent la joie comme les longues maladies usent les douleurs*." She has hardly a profound-

er saying. But how many people, after all, have room in their hearts for more than one great feeling at a time? Madame's is, for her child.

To recall her after more than two hundred years is to recall the perfume of garden roses, or the melody of the most delicious drawing-room music. On every page of those old letters she

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has left the scent of her robes and the magic of a sweet presence. As to her genius there may be many opinions; but as to the woman, French of the French, true daughter of that delightful, bright, kind, witty, tactful, and lighthearted nation, there can be but one.

S. G. Tallentyre.

SHAKESPEARE AND MOLIERE.*

Morning after morning, whenever I betake myself from my dwelling to the theater of the Comédie Française, I pass by a statue which stands erect at a corner of my boulevard, and by another seated in front of the fountain that adorns the Rue de Richelieu. The first is the statue of Shakespeare on foot and, actor-like, grasping a scroll, upon which, it may be assumed, one of his favorite parts has been inscribed; the second is that of Molière, thoughtful and contemplative in aspect and bearing. It seems to me that these two statues have set me the task which I undertook to fulfil when—at the instance of the organizers of this *matinée*—I consented to address you on the subject of the Great Tragedian and the Great Comedian.

I deem myself honored, ladies and gentlemen, highly honored, by the request preferred to me; but the honor thus conferred upon me is one fraught with strenuous danger, and I should almost regret its acceptance were I not assured of your proverbial courtesy and your absolute good will. Unquestionably it may appear somewhat audacious that a French man of letters should discourse of William Shake-

speare to a British audience. Even in speaking of Molière he is perhaps overbold, for I surmise that if, as is but natural, you know and understand Shakespeare better than I do, most of you know and understand Molière at least as well as I do. I should therefore scarcely venture to address you did I not reflect that I am not only a lecturer to whom you are good enough to listen, but a guest whom you have kindly welcomed among you; and that in free and generous England the chivalric virtue of hospitality has been a national quality from time immemorial.

I am reassured, moreover, by the presence here of many personalities particularly sympathetic to me, and by the proximity of the delightful friend and truly great artist, whose presidency of this meeting to-day will henceforth rank among the most gratifying memories of my life. I confess that I would only too gladly hold my peace, leaving to Sir Henry Irving the task of speaking in my stead about Shakespeare, as he has already spoken with captivating eloquence. By this substitution we should all be gainers, for your admirable tragedian knows how to furnish you with twofold explanations of Shakespeare; that of the commentator, and that of the actor. The

* A lecture delivered by M. Jules Claretie, Academician, at the Lyceum Theatre, on July 13, 1890.

latter, indisputably, is the most admirable of all critics. It is the comedian who makes men of the characters in the play—men who live, speak, weep, suffer and die. Instead of listening to me, with Shakespeare for my theme, you would have done well to lend your ears to Irving, his ablest interpreter. The best lectures on Shakespeare are his leading parts, as rendered by the great artist whose friend I am proud to be; and I cherish the hope that I shall one day hear the admiring acclamations with which he will be greeted on the other side of the Channel, should he consent to play Shakespeare in Shakespeare's vernacular on a Parisian stage.

For, in order that Shakespeare should be understood and admired according to his deserts—that is, infinitely, unrestrictedly, as the universe itself may be admired—it is essential that he be studied in his own tongue. To translate Shakespeare in all his power and grace, would require a dramatic genius no less remarkable than his own. We Frenchmen possess too, really superior translations of Shakespeare; those of Emile Montégut and Francois Victor Hugo. But, frankly speaking, to render Shakespeare adequately the French language is lacking in mystery. Moreover, as Alfred de Vigny remarked when he was translating "Othello," a translation can only be to the original what a portrait is to its living subject. The truth is—despite the admirable translations of Shakespeare's plays into German—that music alone can convey to us the especial charm, the poetry, and the terror of Shakespeare. Victor Hugo, who cared nothing for music—and many a poet is no less indifferent than he to the Divine Art—opined that a Rossini could doubtless effectively set to music a witty and brilliant play like the "Barber of Seville," but that the musical composer, face to face with a psychological drama such as

"Hamlet," cannot but recoil, acknowledging his impotence. "I cannot," he added, "conceive Hamlet figuring as Amleto! Amleto would be perfectly ridiculous."

Not so ridiculous; for, I say again, music—the divine and universal language which gives speech to the soul—has furnished the best interpretation of your incomparable Shakespeare's poetic predominance.

How should one speak of Shakespeare—of the poet who, as Dumas the elder aptly said, was the greatest of creators except God? He who, defining Shakespeare as the incarnation of drama, and Molière as the incorporation of comedy, should claim to have put forward a new idea, would only be re-treading a beaten track and re-editing that which criticism has written throughout past ages; for it may well-nigh be asserted that in that vast world of poetry, caprice, terror, love and grief which is Shakespeare's achievement, there are no unknown nooks, no *terra incognita*. All in it has been explored, discovered, studied, and a few fresh flowers can be gathered now-a-days upon that beaten track. Nevertheless, in works of genius, no less than in nature's landscapes, each man sees what his soul bids him behold. A forest path assumes an aspect of mystery or sadness in conformity with the hour at which one strays along it, or with the humor for the time being of the passer-by. The sun may light up the recesses of the woods as brightly as he will, if the wanderer be of melancholy mood, all the golden sheen will only bring him increase of sadness; while to him whose soul is joyous, an autumn landscape, gloomy and cold, as Millais has painted it, will appear almost smiling and seductive. It is from his inner self that a man derives his judgment of works and actualities, which he lauds or condemns, not always in just proportion to their

true value, but in accordance with his own humor.

Similarly, successive generations, each in turn, see in the creations of genius that which their momentary passions compel them to see; consequently they either admire or depreciate the works of their forbears, for reasons that often differ and are sometimes diametrically opposed to one another. Genius appraised by the fashion of the hour, serves as a convenient text for all sorts of commentaries, just as landscapes, according to the time of day, afford different motives to painters. Works of art have their dawn, their high noon, and their gloaming.

It is Shakespeare's unique privilege to be admirable at all times. The man of the Elizabethan age is a man of all the ages. Henri Heine discovered in him "a lunar grace," and the other day while glancing over some of Alfred de Vigny's papers I came across this deeply thoughtful sentence written *à propos* of Shakespeare's Brutus, and of the remorse experienced by the murderer of Cæsar: "The word remorse is nowhere pronounced, and yet remorse is everywhere. Great poets are masters of the secret of suggestion." And de Vigny was right: to suggest a drama is to heighten its effect tenfold. Suggestion foreshadows action. The Night is a great poet, and also suggests (*laisse deviner*). In her suggestions lies the "lunar grace" spoken of by Heine. Balzac, the author of the "Comédie Humaine," said one day of Victor Hugo, "Hugo is a great man; let us say no more about him." Of Shakespeare and Molière it might also be said: "Ce sont des grands hommes; n'en parlons plus." Listen to them; admire them; that is the best way to appreciate and honor them. They were judged long ago.

Hence I would fain compare these two great geniuses as simply as one and the other of them have understood

certain characters and certain vices common to humanity at large—peculiar to no race or country in particular, but of all times and nations. As Shakespeare and Molière have designed and depicted the jealous man and the miser, the misanthrope and the hypocrite, so would I essay to set forth careful studies of these admirable dramatists.

Comparison, always somewhat arbitrary, do what one may, cannot of course be sustained with respect to any two complete works of these men. There are certain general types which here and there are utilized alike by the author of "Hamlet" and the author of "Tartuffe." But many of Shakespeare's plays—to wit, his admirable historical dramas—admit of no parallel; they are purely English, personally, I may say, as well as nationally. They belong to your records just as the exclusive satirical plays of Molière—studies of the manners of his day, criticisms of the jargon of "Les Précieuses Ridicules," or of the grimaces and costumes of fashionable fops—are chronicles of the Louis-Quatorze epoch, and appear to be aimed at certain follies of the Court, and affectations of "polite society." Which is as much as to say—not as the discovery of a novelty, but merely as a statement of fact—that each of these geniuses seems to wear two faces; the one essentially national, the other absolutely human. Shakespeare and Molière are of their time and race, respectively, because there is something actual in all their work. They belong to all countries and ages in virtue of I know not what, superior, indefinite, eternal, which renders certain geniuses comparable to those stars at which so many human beings of various nations gaze simultaneously, recognizing in them the same luminous poesy and lucidity.

M. Paul Stapfer, in his excellent work dealing with Molière and Shakespeare, tells us that, about the commencement

of the present century, John Kemble, the actor, your illustrious fellow-countryman, came to Paris. His comrades of the *Comédie Française* entertained him at a banquet. The conversation at table turned upon the tragic poets of both nations. With lively eloquence Kemble pointed out that Shakespeare was manifestly superior to Racine and Corneille. Under the influence of politeness—maybe of conviction—the French comedians were gradually giving way to him, when Michot, the actor, suddenly exclaimed, "So be it; we are agreed; but what do you say to Molière?" Smiling, Kemble replied, "Molière? That is another question. Molière was not a Frenchman." Those present protested vehemently. "No," continued Kemble, "Molière was a man. One day it pleased the Almighty to permit mankind to taste, in all their perfection and plentitude, the joys of which Comedy is the source. Forthwith He created Molière, and said to him: 'Go, depict men, your brothers, and amuse them; if you can, make them better than they are now!' Then He cast Molière earthwards. On what part of the Globe's surface would he fall, to the north or the south—on this or that side of the Channel? Chance allotted him to France; but he belongs as much to us as to yourselves. No people or age can claim him as its own; he belongs to all time and to every nation." You may be acquainted with this just and humorous judgment, pronounced by Kemble, but you are probably unaware that our celebrated historian Michelet cherished a theory of his own in relation to Shakespeare. Did he record it on any page of his published works? I doubt it. But one day he told me—and I quote this opinion of a gifted writer as a paradox—that Shakespeare, by his mother's side, was Welch—that is to say, partly French—and that, as all children, especially of the male sex, take after their mothers, the Welsh-

woman's son inherited from her the French temperament and genius. I well remember the vexation of Victor Hugo when our friend Castelar, proud to recognize the Spanish inspiration in "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas," said to him: "Dear master, you are a Castilian genius!" Hugo replied: "I do not know that I am a genius; but I do know that I am a Frenchman!" In the land of Shadows, Shakespeare may have replied to Michelet: "I am an Englishman—deeply and essentially an Englishman!"

It is precisely one of the glories of his work, to have placed among his studies of the human heart—of jealousy, love and hatred—and among his fairy-tales, his delicious journeys in the Realm of Fancy and in Dream-land, those admirable historical frescoes which revive, with all their tragic heroisms, the picturesque, sanguinary, and thrilling chronicles of old England. It is his glory to have blended with the following of his kings, barons, and knights—the Tudor Henries, fourth, fifth, sixth, and eighth of their House, the dukes, cardinals and lords by whom they were environed—the heterogeneous throng of burgesses, falconers, apprentices, soldiers, peasants and people of no account, which classic French Tragedy has banished from her marble palaces; that throng which is the cement of glory and the nameless backbone of battle. All these dialogued chronicles of Shakespeare teem with valiant, persistent and noble patriotism—patriotism that is steadfastly and exclusively English.

Had I the time I could pause a while before these superb historical dramas, the value of which cannot be compared with that of our tragedies; assuredly not with any of Molière's plays. It is in certain episodes of those inimitable dramas that the true greatness of Shakespeare manifests itself to me most saliently. The love of Romeo, the

jealousy of Othello, the remorse of Macbeth, the doubts of Hamlet abound in long-admired beauties; but the familiar talk of two sentinels chatting about war, the meeting on the battlefield (Henry VI.) of a son who has slain his sire, and a father who has killed his son, these, in my opinion, attain the topmost height of sublimity, and I can discover nothing comparable to them in tragic horror, save certain humorous and genial conversations which took place in the pages of Aristophanes, between pacific citizens and bellicose Athenians. Shakespeare's war pictures teach us to hate war. Appeals for mercy seem to issue from the gaping wounds of the corpses which he piles up on the fields of carnage. The old soldier who has slaughtered his son exclaims:—

"O pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!"

Molière seems to have seen nothing of Louis XIV.'s battles. They are echoed in the writings of Madame de Sevigné; not in those of Molière.

Let us leave aside history, which Shakespeare's genius has vivified forevermore, and turn to the consideration of man, generally speaking, and of what may be termed "The Human Comedy."

Men have two ways of looking at the incidents and accidents of life. Have you ever seen a passer-by stumble and fall down in the street? The luckless wretch runs the risk of breaking his leg or splitting his head open. Nevertheless the spectators of his mishap are differently impressed by it, according to their respective temperaments. Some seeing him fall exclaim, "Poor fellow!" while others ejaculate, "Stupid fool!" The former, moved by a feeling of pity, perceive something dramatic in the

trifling, commonplace, every-day occurrence; the latter only see its ridiculous side. Taking these two diverse temperaments into one account, we may sum up the totality of dramatic authors on the one hand, and of theatrical spectators on the other.

Ever since the world has existed, mankind has worn two different masks wherewith to dissimulate or express, as it may be, the feelings that move him; and the theater, which symbolizes every kind of sentiment by one or other of these masks—the mask of tragedy and the mask of comedy—has thus in some sort materialized the two eternal forms of passion. The fundamental law, the absolute *mot d'ordre* of the theater is to make people laugh or cry. This is an æsthetic truism, repeated and insisted upon ever since Molière, in the "Ecole des Femmes," and Goethe, in the prologue to "Faust"—the dialogue between a theatrical manager, a dramatic poet, and a casual wag—established the only immutable rule of dramatic art, viz., to please. One may give pleasure, be it remembered, by striking the spectator's soul with terror. Schiller, in his essay or dissertation "On the cause of the pleasure we derive from matters tragical," observes that "the sufferings of a scoundrel are not less replete with dramatic charm than those of a virtuous man." In Shakespeare we find "that majestic sadness, which constitutes the whole pleasure of tragedy," as Racine has admirably said; and even in Molière we experience an analogous impression, thus characterized by Châteaubriand: "Molière's humor, by its extreme profundity, and—if I may venture to say so—by its sadness, keeps touch with tragic truth." "The world," said Horace Walpole, "is at once a comedy and a tragedy; a comedy for the man of thought, a tragedy for the man of feeling."

Let me turn to one of Molière's mas-

terpieces—in my opinion, his absolute masterpiece—"Le Misanthrope," which I might compare with "Timon of Athens," but that it seems to me more closely to resemble "Othello;" for Molière's Alceste was devoured by jealousy before he lapsed into misanthropy. How does Alceste reply to Célimène when she makes mock of him, asking, with a gay smile:—

"Et que me veulent dire et ces soupirs
poussés
Et ces sombres regards que sur moi
vous lancez?"

His answer is more tragical than comical:—

"Que toutes les horreurs dont une âme
est capable
A vos déloyautés n'ont rien de compar-
able:
Que le sort, les démons, et le ciel en
courroux
N'ont jamais rien produit de si mé-
chant que vous."

And, in cursing the coquette, this comedy-character rises, or, rather, is raised by indignation, to the lofty region of tragical morality:—

"Mals d'un aveu trompeur voir ma
flamme applaudie
C'est une trahison, c'est une perfidie
Qui ne saurait trouver de trop grands
châtiments,
Et je puis tout permettre à mes ressen-
timents.
Oui, oui, redoutez tout après un tel out-
rage;
Je ne suis plus à moi, je suis tout à la
rage,
Percé du coup mortel dont vous m'as-
sassinez.
Mes sens par la raison ne sont plus
gouvernés;
Je cède aux mouvemens d'une juste
colère,
Et je ne répons pas de ce que je puis
faire."

Do we not find in the Shakespearian tragedy the same feeling—expressed almost in the same words—of frightful

jealousy which drives Alceste to despair and Othello to crime? Does not Desdemona take note of Othello's "gloomy glances," just as Célimène observes the "sombres regards" of Alceste?

"Desd. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither."

Desdemona is not Célimène; the simple, loving girl is not the accomplished coquette who plays with the misanthrope as she would play with her fan:—

"Desd. I understand a fury in your words

But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?
Desd. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself,
Lest, being like one of heaven,
the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee;
therefore be double-damned,
Swear—thou art honest.

Desd. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven knows that thou art false as hell.

The two scenes are practically identical. Desdemona and Célimène question their jealous lovers in similar terms. "Quel est donc le trouble où je vous vois paraître?" asks Célimène. It might be Desdemona. And Alceste, the hero of comedy, replies almost as tragically as Othello, the hero of drama. Passion and pain cause almost the same words to spring from their burning lips. Othello speaks of hell, Alceste of demons. Both are convulsed by the same terrific rage. In his fury Alceste raises his hand against the smiling coquette, exclaiming:—

"Et je ne répons pas de ce que je puis faire!"

Transform the Louis XIV. salon into "a room in the castle of Cyprus," place the damascened ponlard of the Moor of

Venice in the hand of the French misanthrope, and who knows that Alceste will not exclaim like Othello:—

"O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak, for my revenge!"

The only difference between them is the courtly politeness which stays the threatening hand of Alceste and the savage brutality which arms the Moor with a trenchant dagger.

Now let us enquire why one and the same feeling, which attains a highly tragical development in Othello and Alceste, is deeply lowered in tone—becoming comical after having been intensely painful—in Sganarelle? This tormented being is another jealous husband, incessantly racked by delusions, who when jealousy prompts him to pick a quarrel with the gay spark whom he suspects of being his wife's lover, is suddenly baulked in his fierce purpose by a singularly practical prudence, by which neither Alceste at Versailles nor Othello in Cyprus could ever have been restrained from action. Sganarelle yearns to strike his rival; but, should he do so, he will have to take to the cold steel. This contingency causes him to ponder, and nothing can be droler than his reflections:—

"Je hais de tout mon cœur les esprits
colériques,
Et porte grand amour aux hommes
pacifiques.
Je ne suis point battant, de peur d'être
battu,
Et l'humeur débonnaire est ma grand
vertu.
Mais mon honneur me dit que d'une
telle offense
Il faut absolument que je prenne ven-
geance.
Ma foi, laissons-le rire autant qu'il lui
plaira
Au diantre qui pourtant rien du tout
en fera.
Quand j'aurai fait le brave et qu'un fer
pour ma peine

M'aura d'un vilain coup transpercé la
bedaine,
Dites-moi, mon honneur, en serez-vous
plus gras?"

He finds consolation in the thought that, after all, it is not such a very great misfortune to be deceived by one's wife:—

"Quel mal cela fait-il? La jambe en
devient-elle
Plus tordue, après tout, et la taille
moins belle?
Peste soit qui premier trouva l'inven-
tion
De s'affliger l'esprit de cette vision,
Et d'attacher l'honneur de l'homme le
plus sage
Aux choses que peut faire une femme
volage!
Puisqu'on tient, à bon droit, tout
crime personnel,
Que fait là notre honneur pour être
criminel?"

I have quoted these lines in order to exemplify the different views taken of jealousy by two men of genius. Let me here repeat that every human situation has two aspects, the one tragical the other comical. Othello crumples up the handkerchief which he believes Desdemona to have given to Cassio, and, recognizing it, roars with fury like a wounded lion. Sganarelle snatches from his wife's hands the portrait of Lélie, which Célle has let fall, and which he believes to have been presented to his spouse by her lover.

But in the reasons for not fighting, which Sganarelle lays down himself, do you not recognize the identical arguments put forward by fat Jack Falstaff?

"Dites-moi, mon honneur, en serez-vous plus gras?" says Sganarelle, shaking his head; and Falstaff, declaring that "the better part of valor is discretion," takes the same view of honor as that entertained by Sganarelle.

"Can honor set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in

surgery, then? No. What is honor? A word. 'What is that word, honor? Air. Who hath it? He had died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore, I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism."

In the case of Falstaff, as of Othello, or Alceste, or of Sganarelle, nature claims her rights in drama and comedy alike, and it is so absolutely true that laughter and tears are close neighbors, so undeniable that drama and comedy alike influence human action, that I have heard an eminent comedian declare that such and such a Shakespearian monologue—for instance, the famous "To be or not to be" of Hamlet—may be spoken either in the tragical or comical tone and spirit, retaining in both cases its admirable dramatic and human character.

The comedian in question was a brilliant but incomplete man of genius. Georges Sand was very fond of him, and even wrote expressly for him a sort of adaptation of Shakespeare's "As You Like It," which was performed at the Comédie Française. His name was Rouvière, and he played the part of Hamlet in 1847, when Alexandre Dumas and Paul Maurice produced their translation of the immortal tragedy at the Théâtre Historique. Rouvière was short, slender, and fragile, but full of animation, and, as it were, consumed by an ardent inward heat. As he could not make a living as an actor, he took to painting, and his pictures were not devoid of merit. We have one of them in the Museum of the Rue Richelieu. One evening, I remember, at a dinner-party of friends and comrades—Léon Gambetta was one of us on that occasion—Rouvière maintained that Hamlet's soliloquy could be spoken in two ways, comically and tragically. "Always the two masks!" In

compliance with Gambetta's request, he recited "To be or not to be" with extraordinary effect, firstly, in the pensive, melancholy, anxious manner, and, secondly, in the light and airy tone of comedy. Rouvière, I must add, had discovered a third way of interpreting the immortal monologue. "Would you like," he asked Gambetta, "that I should show you how—leaving the theatre aside, and altogether irrespective of the dramatic and comic points of view—I can render the 'To be or not to be' of Shakespeare?"

"I should indeed, my dear Rouvière," replied Gambetta.

And I must confess that the actor's third recitation was altogether incomprehensible, being surcharged with epileptic gestures, exasperate exclamations, fury and madness. "To be or not to be!" said Gambetta; "Rouvière has changed the venue. It is the monologue itself which *ought to be*, and is *not!*"

The interpretations of poets by comedians are subject to essentially personal variations. Diderot quotes a saying attributed to Garrick: "The actor who is capable of rendering Shakespeare to perfection has no understanding whatever of Racine." Nothing is more incorrect than this *dictum*. Within the limits of a single week I have seen Mounet-Sully play in "Hamlet" and in "Iphigenia," as much at his ease with the quiver and darts of Achilles as in the pourpoint of the Danish Prince. But the actor who interprets the special methods of the creative author must strive to render them in the spirit as well as the letter, just as the etcher of a picture must endeavor to reproduce with his graver the color as well as the design of the painter.

Here arises once more the eternal question of translations and translators. Frenchmen have been accused of an incapacity to arrive at a perfect understanding of Shakespeare. Do you

remember that exquisite page, winged and tuneful like a singing-bird, which Henri Heine, the German Parisian, wrote one day *à propos* of the comedies of your inimitable poet? He reproached us Frenchmen for not comprehending "with our small ratiocinating heads," the delicious poetry of those fairy-tales which impart a special charm to Shakespeare's works—the language which sounds like a fluttering of wings: the idiom which, he says, can only be learned by dreamers. In that rare page, which characterizes two races as well as their two most eminent representative men, in relation to whom I am addressing you to-day, Henri Heine says: "Frenchmen understand the sun, but are incapable of understanding the moon."

The saying is not absolutely correct, but it is altogether beautiful. As a matter of fact, the moon seems to envelop and bathe in its floods of light Shakespeare's most fanciful works, to which we may give the name of "mystery." Mystery is one of the greatest poets with whom I am acquainted; it is he who, with his silent and shadowy hands, opens to us the gates of the Infinite. But it is not fair to assert that Frenchmen have no understanding of Shakespeare's delicious fancies. The other day I recognized the seductive grace of the personages who figure in Shakespeare's comedies while listening to the Alexandrines of Corneille's "Menteur," the rhymes of which pick up the verses much as a chiselled sword hilt raises a fold of a velvet cloak. And in our eighteenth century has not Marivaux, the author of so many miniature *chefs d'œuvre* of sentiment and grace, shed upon the satin coats of his marquesses and the white caps of his soubrettes some reflection of the poetic Shakespearean moonlight which so delighted Henri Heine? Paul de St. Victor justly remarked that the doors of Marivaux's

boudoir opened upon Shakespeare's forest. And Musset—our Musset—the Musset of "On ne badine pas avec l'amour," of "Les Caprices de Marianne," and of "Carmosine"—has he not dreamed under Shakespeare's moon, the moon that his Lorenzaccio execrated, reviling at as "a livid face?" If the French love brightness, light, and the sun—as Heine says—are not their nineteenth-century poets votaries of Chimæra and of the moon? Have not Théophile Gautier and Théodore de Banville, for instance—the former in "Le Baiser," the latter in "Le Pierrot Posthume"—asked "l'ami Pierrot, au clair de la lune," to lend them a pen wherewith to write delicious verses? This love of phantasy incarnate in the Pierrot of pantomime, is Shakespeare's own humor equipped in French guise.

"Nature, nature!" exclaimed Molière; and the great comedian's ejaculation is also Shakespeare's *mot d'ordre*. Even in their profession and destiny the two men may be aptly compared to one another. It is the love of nature—of that which is natural—which is common to them, and to which Shakespeare gives expression in Hamlet's admirable advice to the actors, and Molière in his no less admirable hints to the performers of "L'Impromptu de Versailles." It is this human strain of realism in Shakespeare and Molière which tempts me to consider them as comedians, before treating of them as poets. Was Shakespeare a good comedian? Was Molière an excellent actor? Their works are manifest in incomparable magnificence. Whether they rendered them ill or well only interests the curious nowadays. But the curious are excellent literary *juges d'instruction*, who insist upon knowing and understanding everything, and will not hear of leaving any branch of research to the tender mercies of posterity. They have made it their busi-

ness to ascertain whether or not these two great men were meritorious comedians. In respect to Shakespeare, I have nothing positive to say; but it is certain that Molière was an excellent actor. Proof of his histrionic excellence is afforded by the attacks to which his foes subjected him. Our enemies often render us better service than our friends, even as far as the future is concerned; and Molière had plenty of them. Those who were his contemporaries, desiring to demonstrate the magnificence of his works, lit upon an argument which, though favorable to the comedian, was damaging to the author. "His plays," they said, "seem to us good because he acts in them. When he shall cease to do so, they will appear to be what they really are, *i.e.*, mediocre." The *amour-propre* of actors is proverbial, although, as a matter of fact, they are no vainer than other people, but only somewhat more frank and expansive. I doubt, nevertheless, that however conceited Molière may have been as an actor, he can have been agreeably flattered by compliments addressed to the comedian at the expense of the playwright. However that may be, the fact is established that he was a good comedian and played admirable parts excellently well.

A characteristic of genius is the multiplicity of its faculties. The great Florentine artists were at once painters, sculptors, architects, and poets. Michael Angelo was all these, and an engineer and soldier to boot. Shakespeare's intellect was absolutely encyclopædic.

An admiral, who was also a meteorologist, once observed that not only the most beautiful, but the most exact description of a storm, regarded from the strictly scientific point of view, was that chronicled minute by minute, so to speak, in "Les Travailleurs de la Mer." Shakespeare's "Tempest" is in

no respect less admirable or convincing. Take Shakespeare as a word-painter of landscape; the seashore in "Lear" is a masterly picture. He may confidently be classed as an eminent historian; and long ago his amazing genius, which anticipated so many modern ideas, most eloquently gave the alarm in "Othello"—in relation to Cassio's drunken fit-*anent* "accursed wine," which transforms men into beasts. I would that Cassio's denunciation of drunkenness might serve as an epigraph for the publication of the anti-alcoholic associations which throughout the world fight the good fight against that abominable form of insensate indulgence which kills men and sows the seeds of anæmia, degeneration and madness. Shakespeare, as honorary president of all existing Total-Abstinence and Temperance Leagues would occupy a position—in my humble opinion—by no means to be disdained. Cassio may be qualified as the ordinary drunkard who may be usefully held up to general reprobation as a "frightful example." "Drunken savage" was one of the epithets applied to Shakespeare by Voltaire!

There is no more striking exemplification of the occasional stupidity of clever men than Voltaire's letter to the French Academy, read aloud by D'Alembert on August 25th, 1776. That protest against Shakespeare to a corporation to whose judgment Cardinal de Richelieu, Pierre Corneille, and George Scudéri had submitted "Le Cid," is a monument of narrow-minded and absolutely ridiculous criticism. Voltaire, who loved, understood, and imparted to Frenchmen a knowledge of English literature at a time when—as he himself alleged—France knew nothing of England but the name of Marlborough and the doggerel song, "Marlbrook s'en va t-en guerre," Voltaire, who had translated Milton, Pope and Dryden, complimented Locke, and

praised Newton, analyzed in that memorable letter "Macbeth," "Othello" and "Hamlet," applying to those masterpieces the critical process which an obscure Boulevard journalist might today apply to a drama of the Ambigu or the Porte Saint-Martin. He went so far with his facile pleasantries, aimed at "Billy" Shakespeare, that D'Alembert advised him to suppress certain offensive sentences, and eventually did not read his friend's letter to the Academy in its entirety.

This episode goes to prove what enormous progress has been achieved by the knowledge and, I may say, the cult of Shakespeare among intelligent Frenchmen in the course of a century—say, from 1776 to 1876. Voltaire admitted that Shakespeare, "low, unruly and absurd as he was, displayed sparks of genius." Voltaire gave himself credit for audacity when he declared that "In this obscure chaos, composed of murder and buffoonery, heroism and turpitude, vulgar chatter and great interests there were natural and striking features." Features!

A hundred years later Victor Hugo proclaims Shakespeare "the master of drama, one of those demi-gods before whom men bow down, one of the forces and glories of nature." The proscribed poet was gazing at the sea from the Guernsey beach, and his son, Francois Victor, suddenly asked him how the long, slow, dull hours of exile might best be utilized?

"Translate Shakespeare," replied his father. "I will contemplate the ocean!"

Thus Victor Hugo invested Shakespeare with the grandeur, power, charm, music, storminess, infinite seduction and infinite terror of the sea. He was, indeed, an ocean of thought—an ocean which reflected heaven itself. The nineteenth-century poet was endowed with a far more open mind, a far more vigorous understanding than

the eighteenth-century philosopher. But one must do Voltaire the justice to admit that although he criticised Shakespeare with a silly vivacity which smacks more strongly of the dramatic author's professional jealousy than of critical justice, he also frequently sang his praises with convincing fervor. He did even better, for he imitated Shakespeare. Voltaire's "Mort de César" and "Zaïre" are timid but genuine Shakespearian adaptations. That admirable musician, Gounod, said to me one day, while listening to some of the "Faust" melodies, miserably droned out by a peripatetic barrel-organ: "You can hear, my dear friend, that we composers only reach popularity by the way of calumny!" I am tempted to say that Voltaire was one of the first to make Shakespeare known to us, and to popularize him in France—as the organ-grinder popularized Gounod—by calumniating him.

Let me—quite temperately—defend Voltaire, who has been accused of despising Shakespeare, whereas the only acceptable pieces of Voltairean drama were borrowed from the plays of the author of "Hamlet." The truth is that Voltaire bows down as deeply as anybody before Shakespeare's genius. While pointing out his defects he places him side by side, in admiring appraisement, with Newton and—perhaps ironically—with Frederick II. Now in Voltaire's opinion, Newton was "the sublime man!"

When at the production of "Zaïre" (August 13th, 1732), Voltaire put forward Orosmane upon the French stage, it was Shakespeare—or, at least, the shade of Shakespeare—that made a first appearance there. Thirty-seven years later (October 30th, 1769), Hamlet "came on," somewhat timidly, impersonated by Ducis. Romeo and Juliet did not make their Parisian *début* until July, 1772, and de Rozay's colorless version of "Richard III." was first

staged in July, 1781. Then between 1783 and 1792, Ducis introduced "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Othello" to the French theatrical public. In 1828, Frederic Soulié translated "Romeo and Juliet. Alfred de Vigny's adaptation of "The Merchant of Venice" dates from the following year. It was not until 1856 that "Hamlet" was produced at the Théâtre Historique—the "Hamlet" of Alexandre Dumas and Paul Maurice, which I had the honor to add to the répertoire of the Comédie Française in 1886. And some of Shakespeare's very terms (employed in stage directions as well as dialogue) only found acceptance in French acting versions by degrees and at long intervals. In 1732 and 1792 Desdemona—or rather Edelmone—let fall either a letter or a diamond ornament; in 1820 Marie Stuart "dropped a tissue;" in 1829 Mademoiselle Mars spoke the true word "handkerchief" for the first time, as Desdemona, on the French stage. Everybody should read in the pages of Stendhal—the literary precisian whose books simply teem with facts and ideas—Henri Beyle's account of the first performances given in France by an English company which came over to Paris to play Shakespeare. There was a terrific row. Berlioz, who shortly afterwards composed a symphony in "The Tempest," fell in love at one and the same time with the author of "Hamlet" and with the actress who impersonated Ophelia—Henrietta Smithson, whom he married. Shakespeare certainly inspired the very great musician who composed "La Damnation de Faust." Berlioz was dazzled by Shakespeare, before he undertook to interpret Goethe in music. He wrote in his "Mémoires," "I recognized true greatness, true beauty, absolute dramatic truth. I lived, I understood, I felt that I was a live man." Berlioz was not alone in feeling and acknowledging the influence of Shakespeare.

The whole new literary school—Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Vigny, Emile Deschamps, etc.—acclaimed "Hamlet" and its author unanimously.

Berlioz, however, felt assured that only Shakespeare's drama—not his humor—could be acclimatized in France, for he wrote:—"It is more difficult for a Frenchman to gauge the depths of Shakespeare's style than for an Englishman to appreciate the delicacy and originality of that of Molière or La Fontaine."

If it be difficult to appreciate a poet's originality, the actor of genius is capable of interpreting it in such sort that his or her rendering is far more intelligible than the pallid literary translation. Miss Smithson explained Shakespeare to a whole generation of fascinated audiences, and I feel certain that if Sir Henry Irving, the illustrious tragedian of whom the British stage is justly proud, should play Shakespearian parts in Paris, the Parisians would greet him with acclamations as the most admirable of living "translators."

All men of genius resemble one another in some particular respect. Molière and Shakespeare, for instance—two misanthropes whose disappointed love takes the form of bitter irony. The Jacques of "As You Like It," it has been well said, is an Alceste of the Renaissance. But he himself has a brother—an elder brother in respect to anger and hatred—Timon of Athens. Misanthrophy incorporate never gave utterance to such eloquent curses as Timon hurled against mankind. Never did incensed prophet rain down upon social corruption more scathing invectives.

"Be abhorred
All feasts, societies, and throngs of
men;
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon
disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!"

Here Alceste is far surpassed. The two geniuses, moreover, depict themselves in their respective works. Molière studies a man; Shakespeare humanity. Alceste is a misanthrope; Timon is misanthropy itself.

Shakespeare's torrents of rage may be easily accounted for by the fact that he lived at a time when men bore with difficulty "the burden and heat of the day." The pains suffered during heavy and sinister hours are reflected in the lamentations of his personages. The gloomy story of his age underlies his work. He wrote, so to speak, as one wading through blood; and he suffered, though not of his personal ills, for fortune had come to him with maturity of years. The poet might have allowed himself to lead a happy life; but could he? The man of imagination was also a man of conscience. It did not suffice him, as Taine will have it, to obey the genius that inspired him with terrible drama or sparkling comedy, manifesting the ghost of Banquo, or the chariot of Queen Mab. He insisted upon raising his voice in protest on behalf of the weak and oppressed, and in crying out aloud for justice.

The historian of English literature, as unjust to Shakespeare as he was to Sterne, either did not or would not see that Shakespeare was a humanitarian. The poet's eminent commentator turned a deaf ear to the appeals he addressed to the future; heart-rending ejaculations, which resounded like consolatory anachronisms in Elizabeth's time, when the headman's axe was constantly imbrued in English blood.

Was Shakespeare a democrat? I am inclined to think so. In "King Lear," for instance, there are outbreaks which shed sudden light upon his inmost thoughts. The King, destitute and straying about the country in the rain with his fool and one faithful follower, takes refuge in an empty hovel. His thoughts turn towards the poor

wretches whom he had erstwhile treated as beggars, and whom, in his misery, he recognizes as his brethren.

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you
are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless
storm,
How shall your houseless heads and
unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed ragged-
ness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I
have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic,
pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches
feel,
That thou may'st shake thy superflux
to them
And show the heavens more just."

Lear—that is Shakespeare—thus recommends self-sacrifice and preaches pity, inspired not only by Heaven's decree, but with a profound love of justice. At other times Shakespeare, with cruel irony, shows us the dust of Alexander stopping a beer-barrel. He goes still further, *e. g.*:

"King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?"

"Ham. At supper . . . not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him . . . Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes but to one table; that's the end . . . A man may fish with the worm that has eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath eat of that worm.

"King. What dost thou mean by this?"

"Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar."

Louis XIV. would have been extremely surprised had Molière taken the liberty of putting such realism as this into words. Molière, however, did not indulge in these infernal pleasures. He was more reasonable, and less formidable than Shakespeare, while every whit as human. His Tar-

tuffe, to my mind, is a greater hypocrite than Iago, whose contrivances are somewhat clumsy. Again, I might compare, for instance, Harpagon with Shylock; or, rather, the women created by the genius of the supreme English and French dramatists. In the latter case I should venture to say that if Shakespeare's women—the offspring of dreams and magic spells—are made to be worshipped, Molière's women, delicious in their simplicity, reasonableness and grace, are made to be espoused. But why compare, and why prefer? Let us admire and love.

A few months ago, in the presence of its author, M. Jean Aicard, I was conducting a rehearsal of the last translation of Shakespeare produced in France—that of "Othello." While the eternally thrilling drama was being acted on the stage—while Desdemona, surrounded by captains, soldiers and Cypriotes, was awaiting her tempest-tossed consort, another storm seemed to be brewing between two great nations made to esteem and love one another, and to strive in common throughout the world in the cause of progress and liberty. In a word, Fashoda just then cast its shadow over our Shakespearean rehearsals, and the latest translator of "Othello," admiring like myself the great poet of sempiternal passion and pain, said to me:

"Is it not amazing that—far above the contingent rivalries of politics and the futile questions which arise between peoples meant by nature to think, feel, and act in union—the poet's genius should soar like the sun above the clouds? It is in vain that newspapers, eagerly read to-day, torn up and forgotten to-morrow, essay to inflame anger and foment dissension. The poet is at his post, intent upon making all nations listen to the imperishable words 'Concord and Peace.'"

The Fortnightly Review.

And in fact while disquietude darkened the horizon, Shakespeare, everlasting Shakespeare, was drawing towards each other the publics of France and England by the agency of one of his master-works. The dead man, entombed centuries ago, was mobilizing troops who were the soldiers of Art, and who—from Mounet-Sully down to the humblest "super" of the Venetian Senate—took arms to fight for his glory. I admired that histrionic legion, stirred to action by the posthumous will of genius, those men of to-day, moved by passions of the 16th-century man, those artists of another race interpreting, resuscitating, revivifying the work of a profoundly English genius which belongs to all nations; and I said to myself "Nothing is finer, nobler and greater than Dramatic Art." Just as Heaven is the same for all men, Art is the same for all nations. Genius is the great reservoir of human peace. And I glorified Shakespeare in my native land with the same pride that I experience here in paying homage, in the name of the great Frenchman, Molière, to the great Englishman, and to grand Old England.

It is my earnest wish that next year, at the Universal Exhibition which is to show the world the wonders of human industry, England will furnish us with the ample opportunity for admiring the incomparable products of her manual labor and the superb creations of her genius; that the English men of letters whom we know, translate and reverence, will join with us in applauding the two dramatists who link France and England together, Shakespeare and Molière; and that we may inaugurate for all time to come the fraternal era of free interchange, as far as dramatic and literary masterpieces are concerned.

Jules Claretie.

COLONIAL MEMORIES.

BY LADY BROOME.

PART I.

Few people can realize how rapid is the growth of a colony when once it begins to grow. Like a young tree, after reaching a certain stage, it may seem to have attained its limit, and one often feels disappointed that more visible progress has not been made. But come again a little later, and you will find your sapling shooting rapidly up into a splendid tree. It was really growing, as it were, *under ground*; searching with its roots for the most favorable conditions. Perhaps there was a piece of rock to be got round before the good soil could be reached, but the little tree was covering that rock all the time with a network of roots so that it ceased to be an obstacle and was gathered up and assimilated with its growth. In the decade between 1880 and 1890 Western Australia was just in that stage, and the splendid young giant of to-day must have been growing then, though it was not much to look at as a colony. In those days we sadly called ourselves "*Cinderella*," but the Fairy Prince—responsible government—was not far off, and I am proud to remember that my dear husband, then Governor of the Colony, was one of those who helped to open the door and let Prince Charming in.

They tell me the colony is quite different now, and that Perth is unrecognizable. I try to be glad to hear it, and keep repeating to myself that the revenue of a month now is what we thought good for a year, ten years ago. But no one can be more than happy, and I question very much if the rich people there to-day are any happier or

are better off, in the true sense of the words, than we were. Of course enormous progress has been made, and many of the works and wants which we dreamed of and longed for, have suddenly become accomplished facts. Our *Cinderella's* shoes have turned out to be made of gold, but they pinch her now and then, and have to be eased here and there. Still they are, no doubt, true fairy shoes, and will grow conveniently with the growth of her feet.

In our day—which began in May, 1883—the colony was as quiet and primitive as possible, but none the less delightful and essentially homelike. I must confess that one of its greatest attractions in my eyes was what more youthful and enterprising spirits used to call the dullness of Perth. But it never was really dull. To me there always appeared to be what I see some American newspapers describe as "*happenings*" going on.

For instance, one morning I was called into the Governor's office to look at a tin collar just sent up from the port of Fremantle for the Governor's inspection. It appeared that the two little children of a respectable tradesman in Fremantle had that morning been playing on a lonely part of the beach, and had observed a large strange bird, half floating, half borne in by the incoming tide. It was a very flat bit of shore just there, and the sea was as smooth as glass, so the boy—bold and brave, as colonial boys are—fearing to lose the curious creature, waded in a little way, and, seizing it by the tip of the outstretched wing, dragged it safely to land. There, after a few convulsive movements and struggles, the

poor bird died, and the little ones wisely set off at once to fetch their father to look at what they thought was an enormous seagull. When Mr. ——— arrived at the spot, he at once saw that the bird was an albatross, and furthermore that a large fish was sticking in its throat. A closer inspection revealed that a sort of tin collar round the neck, large enough to allow of its feeding under ordinary circumstances, but not wide enough to let so big a fish pass down its gullet, had strangled it. The collar had evidently formed part of a preserved meat tin of rather a large size, with the top and bottom knocked out, and around it were these words, punched quite distinctly in the tin, probably by the point of a nail:

"Treize naufragés sont réfugiés sur les Iles Crozets, ce"—then followed a date of about twelve days before. "Au secours, pour l'amour de Dieu!"

In those days everything used to be referred to the Governor, so Mr. ——— at once went to the police station, got an Inspector to come and look at the bird, hear the children's story, take the collar off, a work of some difficulty, in fact the head had to be cut off—and bring it by the next train to Perth.

It was an intensely interesting story, and aroused all our sympathy. A telegram was at once sent off to the Admiral commanding on the Australian station, telling the tale, and asking for help to be sent to the Crozets; but the swiftly returned answer stated, with great regret, that it was impossible to do this, and that the Cape Squadron was the one to communicate with. Now unfortunately this was impossible in those days, so another message was despatched directly to the Minister for Marine Affairs in Paris, and next day we heard that the Department had discovered—through an apparently admirable system of ship registry—that a small vessel had sailed from Bordeaux some months before and that the way

to her destined port would certainly take her past the Iles Crozets. No news of her arrival at that port had ever been received, so a message was even then on its way to the nearest French naval station ordering immediate relief to be sent to the Crozets. This reply, most courteously worded, added that there were *caches* of food on these islands, which statement was borne out by the fresh look of the tin collar. A curious confirmation of the story was elicited by the volunteered statement of the captain of a newly arrived sailing wool-ship, who said that at a certain latitude, which turned out to be within quite measurable distance of the Crozets, an albatross had suddenly appeared in the wake of the ship, feeding greedily on the scraps and refuse thrown overboard, and the crew observed with surprise that the bird followed them right into the open roadstead which then represented Fremantle harbor. The date coincided exactly with the figures on the tin. The bird must have found the collar inconvenient for fishing and had joined the ship to feed on these softer scraps, until, with the conclusion of the little vessel's voyage the supplies had also ceased.

Stories should always end well, but alas! this one does not. We heard nothing more for several weeks, and then came an official document, full of gratitude for the prompt action taken, but stating that when the French gunboat reached the Crozets it was found quite deserted. A similar tin, with the same sort of punched letters on it, had been left behind saying that the contents of the *cache* had all been used, and that, supplies being exhausted, the *naufragés* were going to attempt to construct some sort of a raft on which to try to reach another of the islets where a fresh supply of food might possibly be found hidden. This message had briefly added that the poor ship-

wrecked sailors were literally starving.

The most diligent and careful search failed, however, to discover the slightest trace of the unfortunate men or their raft. Probably they were already so weak and exhausted when they started that they could not navigate their cumbrous craft in the broken water and currents between the Islands. We felt very sad at this tragic end to the wonderful message brought by the albatross, and only wished we had possessed any sort of steamer which could have been despatched that same day to the Iles Crozets.

Another morning—and such a beautiful morning too!—F. looked in at the drawing-room window, and asked if I would like to come with him to the Central Telegraph Office—a very little way off—and hear the first messages over a line stretching many hundreds of miles away to the far North-west of the colony. Of course, I was only too delighted, especially as I had “assisted” at the driving in of the very first pole of that same telegraph line two or three years before at Geraldton, some three hundred miles up the coast.

I was much amazed at the wonderful familiarity of the operator with his machine. How he seemed hardly to pause in what he was himself saying, to remark, “They are very pleased to hear your Excellency is here, and wish me to say—” and then would come a message glibly disentangled from a rapid succession of incoherent little clicks and taps. Presently came a longer and more consecutive series of pecks and clicks, to which the operator condescended to listen carefully, and even to jot down a pencilled word now and then. This turned out to be a communication from the sergeant of police in charge of the little group of white men up in that distant spot, where no European foot had ever trodden before, to the effect that he had

lately come across a native tribe who had an Englishwoman with them. The sergeant went on to say that this woman had been wrecked twenty years before, somewhere on that North-west coast, and that she and her baby-boy—the only survivors of the disaster—had ever since lived with this tribe. She could still speak English, and had told the sergeant that these natives had always treated her with the utmost kindness, and had in fact regarded her as a supernatural and sacred guest. Her son was, of course a grown-up man by this time, and had quite thrown in his lot with the tribe. She declared she had enjoyed excellent health all those years, and had never suffered from anything worse than tender feet. She hastened to add that whenever her feet became sore from travelling barefoot, the tribe halted until they had healed.

Naturally, we were deeply thrilled by th’s unexpected romance clicked out in such a commonplace way, and the Governor at once authorized the sergeant—all by telegraph—to tell the poor exile that, if she chose, she and her son should be brought down to Perth at once, cared for, and sent to any place she wished, free of all expense.

Of course we had to wait a few moments whilst the sergeant explained this message, though he had wisely taken the precaution of getting the tribe to “come in” to the little station as soon as he knew the line would be open. I spent the interval in making plans for the poor soul’s reception and comfort, promising myself to do all I could to make up to her for those years of wandering about with savages. But my schemes vanished into thin air as soon as the click began again, for the woman steadily refused to leave the friendly tribe—who, I may mention, were listening, the sergeant said, with the most breathless anxiety for her decision. She declared that nothing would

induce her son to come away, and that she had not the least desire to do so either. The Governor tried hard, in his own kind and eloquent words, to persuade her to accept his offer, or, failing that, to say what she would like done for her own comfort, and to reward the tribe who had been so hospitable and good to her. She would accept nothing for herself, but hesitatingly asked for more blankets and a little extra flour and "baccy" for the tribe. This was promised willingly, and some tea was to be added.

My contribution to the conversation was to demand a personal description of the woman from the sergeant, but I cannot say that I gathered much idea of her appearance from his halting and somewhat labored word-portrait. Apparently she was not beautiful; no wonder, poor soul!—tanned as to skin, and bleached as to hair, by exposure to weather. Only her blue eyes and differing features showed her English origin. She had kept no count of time, nothing but the boy's growth told that many years must have passed.

"They look upon her as a sort of queen," the sergeant declared, "and don't want her to leave them." It was very tantalizing, and I felt quite injured and hurt at the collapse of all my plans for restoring such an involuntary prodigal daughter to her relatives.

I fear I became rather troublesome after this episode, and got into a way of continually demanding if there were nothing else interesting going on up in that distant region; but, except the sad and too frequent report of interrupted communication, which was nearly always found to mean a burned-down telegraph pole, there was nothing more heard of the tribe or its guest whilst we remained in the colony. But these burned telegraph poles held a tragedy of their own; for they were always caused by a fire lighted at their base as the very last resource of a starved

and dying traveller to attract attention. I fear I was just as grieved when, as sometimes happened, it turned out to be a convict, who was making a desperate and fruitless effort to escape, as when it was an explorer who perished. The routine followed was that, as soon as the line became interrupted, two workmen with tools and two native police officers would set out from the hut, one of each going along the line in opposite directions until the "fault" was found. As the huts or stations were at least a hundred and fifty miles apart, and the dry burning desert heat made travelling slow work, this was often an affair of days, and I was assured that the relieving party never yet found the unhappy traveller alive. All this is now quite a thing of the dark and distant ages, for a railway probably now runs over those very same sand plains, and no doubt Pullman cars will be a luxury of the near future.

I wonder, however, if the natives of those North-west districts still contrive, from time to time, to possess themselves of the insulators, which they fashion with their flint tools into admirable spear-heads. Also if they have at all grasped the meaning of those same telegraph poles. In the days I speak of, they considered the white man "too much fool-um," as the kangaroos could easily get under this high fence, which was supposed to have been put up to keep them from trespassing!

It must have been towards the end of 1889 that men began to hope the statement of an eminent geologist, made years before, was going to prove true, and that "the root of the great gold-bearing tree would be found in Western Australia." Reports of gold, more or less wild, came in from distant quarters, and although it was most desirable to help and encourage explorers, there was great danger of

anything like a "rush" towards those arid and waterless districts from which the best and most reliable news came.

One of the many "gold" stories which reached us just then amused me much at the time, though doubtless it has settled into being regarded as a very old chestnut by now. Still it is none the less true.

A man came in to a very outlying and distant station with a small nugget, which he said he had picked up, thinking it was a stone, to throw at a crow, and finding it unusually heavy, examined it, and lo! it was pure gold. Naturally there was great excitement at this news, and the official in charge of the district rushed to the telegraph office and wired to the head of his department, some four hundred miles away in Perth: "Man here picked up stone to throw at crow." He thought this would tell the whole story, but apparently it did not, for the answer returned was: "And what became of the crow?"

Diggers used to go up the coast, as far as they could, in the small mail steamers and then strike across the desert, often on foot, pushing their tools and food before them in a wheelbarrow. Naturally, they could neither travel far nor fast in this fashion, and there was always the water difficulty to be dealt with. Still a man will do and bear a great deal when golden nuggets dangle before his eyes, and some sturdy bushmen actually did manage to reach the outskirts of the great gold region. The worst of it was, under these circumstances no one could remain long, even if he struck gold; for there was no food to be had except what they took with them. As is generally the case in everything, one did not hear much of the failures; but every now and then a lucky man with a few ounces of gold in his possession found his way back to Perth. Nearly

all who returned brought fragments of quartz to be assayed, and every day the hope grew which has since been so abundantly justified.

It happened now and then that a little party of diggers who had been helped to make a start would ask to see me before they set out, not wanting anything except to say good-bye, and to receive my good wishes for their success. Poor fellows! I often asked about them, but could seldom trace their career after a short while. Once I received, months after one of those farewell visits, a little packet of tiny nuggets, about an ounce in all, wrapped in very dirty newspaper, with a few words to say they were the first my poor friend had found. I could not even make out how the package had reached me, and although I tried to get a letter of thanks returned to the sender, I very much doubt if he ever received it.

However, one day a message came out to me from the Governor's office to say H. E. had been hearing a very interesting story, and would I like to hear it too? Nothing would please me better, and in a few minutes the teller of the story was standing in my morning room, with a large and heavy lump, looking like a dirty stone, held out for my inspection. I wish I could give the whole story in his own simple and picturesque words, but alas! I cannot remember them all accurately. Too many waves and storms of sorrow have gone over my head since those bright and happy days, and time and tears have dimmed many details. However, I distinctly remember being struck by the grave simplicity of my visitor's manner, and I also noticed that, although it was one of our scorching summer days, with a hot wind blowing, he was arrayed in a brand-new suit of thick cloth, which he could well have worn at the North Pole! He seemed quite awed by his

good fortune, and continually said how undeserved it was. But I suppose this must have been his modesty, for he certainly appeared to have gone through his fair share of hardships. He had been one of what the diggers called "the barrow men," and had held on almost too long after his scanty supplies had run short.

The little party to which he belonged had been singularly unfortunate; for, although they found here and there a promise of gold, nothing payable had been struck. At last the end came. This man had reached the very last of his resources without finding a speck of gold and although men in such extremity are always kind and helpful to each other, he could not expect any one to share such fast dwindling stores with him. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to turn back on the morrow whilst a mouthful of food was still left, and to retrace his steps, as best as he might, to the nearest port. He dwelt, with a good deal of rough pathos, on the despair of that last day's fruitless work which left him too weak and exhausted to carry his heavy tools back to the spot they called "camp." So he just flung them down, and as he said "staggered" over the two or three miles of scrub-covered desert, guided by the smoke of the camp fire. Next morning early, after a great deal of sleep and very little food, he braced himself up to go back and fetch his tools, though he carefully explained that he would not have taken the trouble to do this if he had not felt that his pick and barrow were about his only possessions, and might fetch the price of a meal or two when it came to the last.

I have often wondered since if the impression of the Divine mercy and goodness, which was so strong in that man's mind just then, has ever worn off. He dwelt with self-accusing horror on how he had railed at his luck, at

Fate, at everything, as he stumbled back that hot morning over his tracks of the day before. The way seemed twice as long, for, as he said, "his heart was too heavy to carry." At last he saw his barrow and pick standing up on the flat plain a little way off, and was wearily dragging on towards them, when he caught his toe against a stone deeply imbedded in the sand, and fell down. His voice sank to a sort of awestruck whisper, as if he were almost at Confession, as he said, "Well, ma'am, if you'd believe me, I cursed awful, I felt as if it was too hard altogether to bear. To think that I should go and nearly break my toe against the only stone in the district, and with all those miles to travel back. So I lay there like Job's friend and cursed God and wanted to die. After a bit I felt like a passionate child who kicks and breaks the thing which has hurt him, and I had to beat that stone before I could feel quiet. But it was too firm in the sand for my hands to get it up, so in my rage I set off quite briskly for the pick to break up that stone, if it took all my strength. It was pretty deep-set in the ground, I assure you, ma'am; but at last I got it up, and here it is—solid gold and nearly as big as a baby's head. Now, ma'am, I ask you, did I deserve this?"

He almost banged the rather dirty-looking lump down on the table before me as he spoke, and it certainly was a wonderful sight, and a still more wonderful weight. He told me he had searched about the neighborhood of that nugget a day, but there was not the faintest trace of any more gold. So, as he had no time to lose on account of the shortness of the food and water supply, he just started back to the coast, which he reached quite safely, and came straight down to Perth in the first steamer. The principal bank had advanced him 800*l.* on his nugget, but it would probably prove to be worth

twice as much. I asked him what he was going to do, and was rather sorry to hear that he intended to go back to England at once, and set up a shop or a farm—I forget which—among his own people. Of course it was not for me to dissuade him, but I felt it was a pity to lose such a good sort of man out of the colony, for he was not spending his money in champagne and card-playing, as all the very few successful gold-finders did in those first early days. I believe the purchase of that one suit of winter clothing in which to come and see the Governor had been his only extravagance.

Cornhill Magazine.

That was the delightful part of those patriarchal times—only ten years ago, remember—that all the joys and sorrows used to find their way to Government House. I always tried to divide the work, telling our dear colonial friends that when they were prosperous and happy they were the Governor's business, but when they were sick or sorrowful or in trouble they belonged to my department; and so we both found plenty to do, and were able to get very much inside, as it were, the lives of those among whom our lot was cast for seven busy, happy years.

AN APOLOGY

ON READING THE BROWNING LOVE LETTERS.

I.

Forgive, sweet Lovers of this book,
 The sad, who scan your story;
 Forgive their wistful eyes that look . .
 Forgive, sweet Lovers of this book,
 Their knowledge where your fingers shook;
 Their watching of your glory;
 Forgive, sweet Lovers of this book,
 The sad, who scan your story.

II.

Accept, true Lovers, here enshrined,
 The few, who share your gladness
 In touch of heart, and soul, and mind;
 Accept, true Lovers, here enshrined,
 Their seeing of themselves defined,
 Their growth to joy, from sadness . .
 Accept, true Lovers, here enshrined,
 The few, who share your gladness.

III.

Condone, great Lovers—being dead,
 The printing of these pages;

Nor shrink that we—we, too, have read;
 Condone, great Lovers—being dead,
 Our vision of the Gold you shed
 For hearts in coming ages . . .
 Condone, great Lovers—being dead,
 The printing of these pages.

The Academy.

Elsie Higginbotham.

THE COLONIAL PRINCIPLES OF AN AMERICAN NATURALIST.*

It is the deliberate opinion of an English lady-traveller of great merit, Miss Mary Kingsley, who has made some exceedingly clever and instructive studies of the West African Coast, that any European power which may feel bound after subjugating a population of blacks, to undertake their education and conversion to civilized ideas, will have its labor for its pains, and sustain a crushing and pitiable defeat. She brings against certain of her Britannic Majesty's Colonial administrators the charge of being too much inclined to a policy of assimilation, and illustrates her position by the story of an elephant, who, having accidentally crushed a hen-partridge with a nest full of fledglings, resolved to be a mother to the young birds, and bursting into tears of compassion, sat down upon the brood! "This," says Miss Kingsley, "is precisely what England, in the nineteenth century, has done for West Africa."

An American naturalist, Mr. Harvey Brown, who has passed eight years in those parts of South Africa which Mr.

Cecil Rhodes has annexed to the British Empire under the name of Rhodesia, has come to the same conclusions as Miss Kingsley. Like her, he affirms that the negroes are absolutely refractory to English civilization: that black they go into the bath-tub and black they come out. But while Miss Kingsley has a strong sympathy with the inferior races and a keen interest in their fate, even allowing them certain virtues of their own, as an offset to ours, Mr. Brown regards the natives of Rhodesia, one and all, with invincible repugnance and supreme contempt. He depicts them as "a treacherous generation of thieves and murderers," as crafty, sanguinary brutes, with whom dirt, waste, sloth and falsehood reckon as cardinal virtues.¹ His conclusion is that the whites honor these ill-conditioned and unwashable savages far too much by undertaking to govern them, and that they would better look to it that they are not themselves degraded by contact with them.

Mr. Harvey Brown looks upon philanthropy as a fatal snare to colonies and colonists. It would be a scourge were it not so powerless. Happily, he

* Translated for *The Eclectic Magazine*. This article is the last contributed by M. Victor Cherbuliez to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under his familiar pseudonym. Next month *The Eclectic Magazine* will print a translation from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of M. Brunetiere's tribute to M. Cherbuliez, delivered at his funeral, July 4, 1899.

¹ On the South African Frontier: the Adventures and Observations of an American Traveler in Mashonaland and Matabeleland: by William Harvey Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

says, the more the European is exhorted to regard the blacks as his equals before the law, the more the color-prejudice is confirmed within him, and the spirit of race becomes a spirit of caste. Thus it is that, by a wise precaution, Nature herself looks out for the preservation of the higher races, and the maintenance of their supremacy. If the gulf which divides the savage from civilized man were bridged, the latter would forthwith begin to deteriorate, and the ever-growing pretensions of the barbarian would render him insupportable. It was gratifying to Mr. Brown to discover that the English officials in Rhodesia shared his opinions and apprehensions, and bothered themselves very little about improving the condition of the natives. They did not consider it their affair. The colonies officially recognized by government assume a moral responsibility. Conceive that the conqueror accepts a cure of souls and that there is a limit beyond which violence and iniquity cannot be justified by public interest. They also make it a point to keep on good terms with the missionaries whose criticisms and denunciations they dread. They know that the mission stations constitute a power with which the English government must reckon. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, on the other hand, reckons with nobody but himself. Success is for him the one paramount virtue which outweighs all others. This mighty man of business, so quick to snatch at every advantage, and carry to a triumphant conclusion the most audacious enterprises, does not plume himself upon his philanthropy. He plumes himself upon succeeding, and succeeded he has beyond his wildest expectations.

One afternoon in the autumn of 1889, as Mr. Brown sat in the osteological laboratory of the National Museum at Washington, his thoughts all concentrated on the preparation of a skeleton

of the *Stercorarius Parasiticus*, he received a summons from Prof. Good, who informed him that Government had decided to send a scientific mission to the West Coast of Africa to observe an eclipse of the sun; that Dr. Holland, a noted naturalist of Pittsburgh, would be a member of the expedition; that he would need an assistant and would like to take him—Mr. Brown—with him. Mr. Brown felt a momentary hesitation, but the Americans never hesitate long. At the last moment Dr. Holland was prevented from going, and the assistant became naturalist-in-chief of the party. He was told that he would probably be absent about six months, but was far indeed from suspecting that he would pass eight years in Africa.

He stayed for a time at St. Paul de Loanda, followed the course of the river Coanza, made collections of mammals, birds, fishes, reptiles and plants, and finally arrived at the Cape. All the talk there was of the lately discovered gold and diamond fields; of a marvellous country which appeared to be the veritable land of Ophir. On all sides were heard excited and mysterious allusions to the projects of Mr. Rhodes, to a new chartered company,—to Mashonas and Matabeles. By dint of diligent inquiry Mr. Brown finally elicited the information that there was a tract of country about the Zambesi both healthful and rich in mineral deposits, which had been occupied by a civilized race of unknown origin, but was, at present, governed by a savage potentate named Lobengula; that this country lay to the east of the Portuguese possessions of Angola, and the territory of Damara, which had been acquired by Germany, south of the Congo Free State, and north of the Transvaal; that it was as large as the united territories of France and the German Empire, and that Mr. Cecil Rhodes proposed to take possession of

it. It appeared that in the autumn of 1888, the great statesman of South Africa had sent three ambassadors to Lobengula, and concluded an arrangement whereby that monarch, in consideration of a monthly allowance of £100, and the gift of one thousand Martini rifles, five thousand cartridges and a steamboat on the Zambesi, awarded to the contractors the right of working all the mines in his dominions and of taking such measures as might be needful for their development.

A joint-stock company was formed in London called the South British Company, with a capital of a million pounds, and a royal charter was granted, whereby it was authorized to carry out all the arrangements previously made with certain native chiefs who were vassals of Lobengula, "in the interests of commerce, civilization, and the good government of their territories." This company was occupied in the first months of 1890 in preparing an exploring expedition into the promised land, and Mr. Brown conceived a lively desire to take part in the campaign. The passion for adventure seized him—he quivered from head to foot with the longing to be off. A friend of his who had been born in Zululand, Mr. Lindley, son of a celebrated American missionary, encouraged him in his resolve.

"Go at all costs," he said. "You will have a splendid opportunity to complete your collections, and you will, very likely, get a shot at the Matabeles. If you could despatch a hundred of those bloodthirsty demons, you would render a great service to humanity."

If Mr. Brown had felt any reluctance to shedding the blood of the Matabeles, who had never done him any harm, the remarks of the missionary's son completely reassured him. It is not often that one gets the chance to render a service to humanity and natural history at the same time.

Mr. Lindley introduced him to Maj. Frank Johnson, who was forming a corps of pioneers to act as vanguard to the expedition, which corps was at the moment undergoing military training. He begged as a favor to be allowed to join this company of recruits, and a few days later he signed his act of enlistment. "You have all heard," he says, "of the man who had seven reasons to allege why his father had failed to appear at court—the first being that his father was, dead; which by the way, was deemed sufficient. If it seems strange that an American naturalist should have become a soldier, I must inform you that I had no choice and that if I had refused to enlist in the military company, I should not have been allowed to go. The act in no way compromised my character as an American citizen, since I was not obliged to take an oath of allegiance to the Queen."

The leader of the expedition sent out to observe the eclipse offered no objection to the plan, and when, by two months' practice he had acquired considerable proficiency in shooting at a target, on a certain April evening, Mr. Brown set out for Kimberley. He was very proud of his companions-in-arms. Vigorous and well-set-up, sure-footed, light-handed and resolute in their bearing, one saw at a glance that here were men prepared to run amazing risks. They were decimated, as time went on, by fatigue, exposure, privation, dissipation and Matabeles, but not one of them ever complained of his lot. They all considered that the best use to be made of life is to risk it.

In September, 1890, the corps of pioneers arrived at the goal of its efforts. They were 4600 feet above the level of the sea, and 1700 miles from Cape Town. Then they set about building, in a meadow beside a small river called the Makabusi, a fort which was destined to become the capital of a new

empire, and which received the name of Fort Salisbury. During the ceremony of inaugurating that fort, Mr. Brown tells us that he experienced such a fever of emotion as he had never felt before. He was no more a naturalist, staking his reputation on the slaying and stripping of a few stags, antelopes and zebras, for the adornment of the Museum at Washington. He had helped at the creation of an empire; for the first time in his life he had made history, and he resolved not to quit Africa until he had seen played out unto the end of the last act the glorious piece in which destiny had assigned him a part. That in less than ten years a desert in the heart of Africa might be transformed into a country furnished with all the conveniences of civilization appeared to him one of the genuine miracles of this age of progress. In 1890, the pioneers of the South British Company had penetrated in ox-carts a thousand miles beyond the frontier of Cape Colony, into a country inhabited only by wild beasts and savage men, and already, he says, the intrepid Anglo-Saxon has planted himself firmly in that region, with his laws, his language, his customs and all the paraphernalia of civilization. In the principal towns which form the centers of the great agricultural and mining districts, we now find churches, schools, clubs, libraries, dally and weekly journals, courts of justice, and the Salvation Army. Telegraph wires have long since put the inhabitants of these districts in communication with all parts of the world, and the railways which have replaced the ox-teams and the native porters transport them at will to the shores of the Atlantic or the Indian ocean.

The American loves to change his occupation because he flatters himself that he possesses the universal tool. In 1894 Mr. Brown renounced his calling of collector, and made up his mind

to farm on his own account the land which had been allotted to him within five miles of Salisbury. His purse was by no means fat, but he had the gift of inspiring money-lenders with confidence. He wanted to round out his possessions, and his ambition growing from day to day, he dreamed at last of possessing a hundred thousand acres. But even an American cannot have everything he wants, and he had to lower his pretensions, and come down to a miserable ten thousand. Only a part of Rhodesia is really habitable by a European with any care for his health. There is a plateau elevated about six thousand feet above the level of the sea, where fevers are less common and less dangerous than elsewhere, and where there are some districts quite exempt from them. This plateau is marvelously adapted for agricultural industries, and will be still more so when communications have been improved, and the colonists can import American machines, which, according to Mr. Brown, are in every way superior to the English.

He was enchanted with his new business.

There is a pleasure, he says, approaching fascination about building a house in the desert; one which must have been experienced to be understood, and the delight he derived from watching the rapid growth of his trees and plantations made the two years which he passed upon his farm in the tonic air of Mashonaland the most interesting of his life. Through 1894 and 1895, the new colony continued very prosperous. The price of land in the cultivable parts of the mining districts was going up, month by month. It was the period when England was rushing madly into South African speculation, when every day witnessed the creation of a new company, which had but to stoop and stick spades in earth in order to turn up millions. The

unfortunate raid of Jameson into the Transvaal first checked the prosperity of Rhodesia, which was yet further compromised by a formidable cattle-pest which broke out in Uganda and spread all over Central Africa, decimating all the herds south of the Zambesi. It appeared in Salisbury in the middle of March, 1896, and a fortnight later the common pasture lands presented a scene of desolation and death, for nearly all the cattle which were attacked perished, and the colonists had barely recovered from the painful effects of this disaster when they learned that the Matabeles were in open revolt, and massacring the Europeans.

Why did the Matabeles revolt against England, and how happened it that the fire spread to the Mashonas? It has been said that the English authorities in order to arrest the fatal spread of the cattle-pest compelled the natives to kill their own beasts. It has also been said that the English rule was a hard and vexatious one. London journals published, in 1896, a despatch from Johannesburg, which attributed the insurrection to the insolent liberties which the whites took with the negroes. The English at home became excited and angry. They love to get angry, but they are seldom implacable against any but French or German criminals.

There is no European power whose colonial enterprises have not been marred by arbitrary enactments. Let us add that, while treating the conquered peoples as barbarians, we never hesitate to appropriate their own criminal code and peculiar methods of repression, their swift and summary justice. We have no scruple either about appropriating from the local manners the principle of collective responsibility, by virtue of which every village where a crime has been committed, and which is suspected of hav-

ing received a band of brigands hospitably and given them something to eat, is put under the ban. There may have been but one guilty man, but the innocent must pay for him. And yet, as M. de Lanessau points out,² these unhappy villagers are the first to suffer from brigandage. "Placed between the hammer and the anvil, if they refuse the marauders asylum and information, they are massacred on the smoking ruins of their homes; while if they give way and assist them, they are held responsible for the malefactors; subjected to heavy fines, hanged, beheaded or ruined by the destruction of their huts and their harvests." Such, at all events, was the policy of the pioneer settlers in Mashonaland. An Englishman having been assassinated in the village of Mazoe, and the inhabitants refusing to give him up, a detachment of volunteers visited the place and gave the aborigines, as Mr. Brown says, a foretaste of the vengeance which the white man will take when his temper is up.

The greater part of the choleric and brutal conquerors are very careful what they say about their deeds of violence; but some few glory in them. Certain colonial agents of the German Empire have been pleased to impart their little secrets to the universe. The famous Peters boasts of having hanged a servant and a concubine, sacked houses whose proprietors looked askance at him, and celebrated Christmas Eve by making a bonfire of an entire village. Mr. Brown did not distinguish himself by any exploit of this nature. I take him to have been, upon the whole, a fine fellow, but his theories are a trifle hard, and he seems not to distinguish between legitimate and needful severity, and the reckless abuse of power.

² "Principes de Colonization." By J. L. de Lanessau, former Governor of Indo-China. 1897.

Paradoxes never stagger him, and in the face of the most weighty testimony, he explains the revolt of the Mashonas and the Matabeles, not by their grievances against the whites, but by the unwise indulgence with which they have been treated. In the beginning big blows were struck which produced the most salutary impression on those "dusky minds." Later, discipline was relaxed; and the rulers conceived the foolish idea of making themselves beloved, and spoiled everything by untimely clemency and a fatal generosity. The black respects nothing but force; he despises the man who considers his feelings, and pays no heed to any but inexorable masters with a heavy hand. He regards as signs of cowardice and subserviency the use of those methods of moral suasion which we consider just and humane. Unfortunately, however, certain summary executions ordered by Capt. Lendy scandalized a few sensitive souls, and he was summoned to London to give an account of himself. The chances are that he would have been acquitted if he had not died on the passage; but, however, it was deemed expedient to oil the springs a little and relax the strain, and to make provisional use of methods more in accordance with humanitarian superstition; and from that time on our author assures us that the insolence of the natives knew no bounds. Crime and attempts at crime were multiplied; so deceitful a sentiment is pity, and so true is it that philanthropy is a colossal humbug!

The first article of Mr. Brown's colonial creed is that you can't make an omelette without breaking the eggs; nor a colony without breaking a good many heads; also that a woolly head is not worth an egg. Mr. Brown is an American walking in the footsteps of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Himself a fervent partisan of Anglo-Saxon imperialism,

he believes that there is one superior race which is destined to possess the earth, to which everything is due while it owes nothing to anybody; that the said race only is acquainted with the secrets of Providence whose instrument it is; and that, inasmuch as its interests are of the nature of a divine right, the rods with which it scourges other peoples are, and must be, sacred. This is no mere opinion. It is an article of faith. It is a fact that the Matabele rebellion was put down by methods which are discountenanced by modern warfare: such as the employment of dynamite in scientifically prepared mines; also that the authorities military and civil decreed a famine, by destroying the standing crops. When these things became known in England there was a fresh burst of indignation; but this time also it came to nothing, and the anathemas were without effect.

Mr. Brown is fully convinced that all means are good for putting down a rebellion; but not being naturally bloodthirsty, he admits that in many cases prevention is better than cure, and that it is well for this reason to drive the natives with a very short rein, and never parley with them. It is for their own interest, indeed, that a stick should be held over them, for, says Mr. Brown, it is implied in the "law of inexorable progress" that the inferior races were created to serve the superior; and if they refuse such service, they are doomed to disappear.

There are in South Africa many unhealthy tracts, where manual labor speedily exhausts the strength of the white man, and where nothing can be accomplished without the help of the blacks. Unluckily the blacks revel in idleness. Only a very small number of Matabeles and Mashonas will voluntarily consent to toil for their new masters, or in any case to engage their services for more than

a month or two. Disgusted with the laziness and laxity of his laborers, Mr. Brown got others from the basin of the Zambesi. These answered a little better; but by an incurable idiosyncrasy of their race, they, too, refused to make any but temporary arrangements. Just as soon as they had earned a little money, enough to buy one or two women, they spent the rest of their days in taking sun-baths, like so many lizards, while their wives tilled the soil for their support.

At first the Chartered Company had recourse to indirect methods for compelling the blacks to work. They imposed taxes on them, and forced them to bestir themselves a little to avoid arrest. They also contracted with the village-chieftains for a certain amount of compulsory labor, but either through the apathy or the ill-will of the latter, they got very little. Mr. Brown roundly affirms that in the greater part of Rhodesia the only possible way is to condemn the natives to forced labor; and he insists that such an arrangement would be a very good thing for all parties.

On this head he cites the testimony of certain missionaries who believe that the only way to improve the manners of the negro, cure him of his vices and rescue him from the servitude of sin is to compel him to work. The Rev. Isaac Shimmin, superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission in Rhodesia, is very severe on those ill-formed and ill-natured philanthropists who accuse the Chartered Company of having smoothed over and clothed in deceitful colors something very like the re-establishment of slavery. "It is pure calumny," he says, and goes on to argue most ingeniously on the distinction that should be made between a slave and a man subjected to a system of forced labor. "We are surrounded in this country," he says, "by thousands of savages wallowing in sloth, and con-

stantly led into temptation by their very idleness; and we who know that strict discipline would be the sovereign remedy for their infirmities cannot take a step toward applying that remedy without incurring the reproach of defending slavery!" "The blacks are children," says another missionary, "and children do not work save under compulsion." The thing is here, though the name is carefully avoided; but Mr. Brown is a straightforward fellow, who despises hypocrisy in all its forms, and the name does not stagger him. He feels no antipathy against the institution of slavery. Properly managed, it is a very good thing, as one sees in the case of the United States. No other class of men has ever done so much toward the education and elevation of the blacks as did the Southern planters of that country. They initiated their slaves into all the industries of the most progressive of races, and the black under their tutelage has touched a point of development which his conquerors in Africa will not attain in a thousand years.

Great care must be taken, however, not to introduce this disguised slavery into the relatively salubrious districts where a European may live and thrive and suffice to himself without help from the native. Mr. Brown met in Southern Rhodesia American and Australian prospectors, who, merely to spare themselves the mortal tedium of overseeing their stupid Kaffir laborers, dug in their own mines with their own hands. He himself, who had a touch of the gold-fever before he became a farmer, affirms that he wielded the pick and spade for several weeks, and was none the worse for it. Another principle:—where the white man finds it for his advantage to dispense with the black he will subject the latter to no system of forced labor; but also where the black is of no use he is very much in the way, and the "law of in-

exorable progress" justifies us in getting rid of him.

The valley of the Zambesi embraces large tracts of fever-stricken country where no European would ever dream of establishing his abode. All he has to do is to transport the troublesome negroes into these regions. There is, according to Mr. Brown, no law either human or divine to prevent him from reserving to himself the territories which he prefers, and ejecting the interlopers who happened to be there before him. A man of a very ticklish conscience might have some scruples on this head, but Mr. Brown undertakes to reassure him by the statement that the black has only the vaguest notions of the rights of property, and that you may rob him of his possessions without seriously diminishing his happiness, or affecting his conception of justice.

Miss Kingsley, indeed, thinks differently. She says that the African has very distinct notions of property, which he regards as of two kinds, viz.: family property which is held in common, and private property which the individual acquires by his own industry and address; and that common or personal, his property is exactly as sacred to him as ours is to us; and when he is robbed he cries "Stop thief!" I myself would bet a hundred to one that Miss Kingsley is right in this matter; nor would it greatly surprise me to learn that, dim though the intellect of the Matabele may be, when he finds himself thrust out of house and home into a fever-district, he complains to his fetch that the white man has treated him cavalierly.

But, after all, Mr. Brown will reply, what does it matter? Questions of abstract justice have little to do with a case like this. Destiny has decreed that the aborigines shall be wrong, even when they are right; and that the land belongs to those who know how

to develop its resources. However tough the blacks may be, however great their powers of endurance, though they multiply with astonishing fecundity in lands which are deadly to the European, Mr. Brown, who knows all about it, confidently predicts their final disappearance. Theirs will be the fate of the Red Indian and the Australian bushman. They will melt wholly away, at the mere contact with that race which is privileged to represent the most advanced civilization upon the globe. Whatever philanthropy or the zeal of pious missionaries may attempt on their behalf, another power, that genius for commercial enterprise which seems incarnated in the person of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, will diffuse itself over South Africa, even to the very heart of the dark continent, sweeping before it these inert and ill-conditioned populations with their dull minds and clumsy fingers. It would be as easy to stay the course of the Zambesi as to arrest the progress of events. Southern and Central Africa are destined to become one vast English-speaking country; and the development of this new realm will afford one more proof that Providence has appointed the Anglo-Saxon to disentangle and regulate the affairs of this world.

I have said that the philosophy of Mr. Brown is a little hard, and I still think so. I would not be understood as recommending it to any one. But if the Anglo-Saxons who have been promised the empire of the world concern themselves very little about the happiness of the peoples they subdue, it must be confessed that we, on our part, have a kind of mania for making them happy in our way, which is by no means theirs; and that we imagine we have discharged our debt to humanity when we have imposed upon our colonial settlements, our laws, our regulations and our judicial and administrative machinery. We pique ourselves

on diffusing far and wide our pet political dogmas; we forget that a nation which founds a colony is bound, first of all, to make that colony prosperous; and this is what the founders of Rhodesia have done by providing their colony from the outset with roads, railways and the other public works which justify conquest, as well as with that economic apparatus which is essential to the future of the colonist. The English missionaries have never confined themselves to preaching the Gospel. They have placed themselves at the service of the mother country, and kept a sharp lookout for her temporal interests, like the practical men they are. M. de Lanessau tells us that in 1863, when sailing up the Gaboon river, he stopped at Palm-tree Point, where some clergymen of the English Church had founded an important mission, and observed to his surprise that the negresses, instead of going about half-naked or simply clad in the long floating garment which is traditional in the country, wore regular gowns with waists and skirts cut after the European fashion. They were grotesque, they were frightful, but their change of costume had been profitable to the merchants and cotton-spinners of Great Britain; and such had been the pious aim of the missionaries who had converted them.

Anglo-Saxon utilitarianism will never

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be wholly congenial to our temper and turn of mind; but a certain hollow idealism, too much in favor in our Parliament, has been the scourge and the death of our colonies.

When a Chartered Company takes possession of a country the first thing it does is to build a railway. The first act of M. Paul Bert at Hanoi, was, I have been told, to take up a copy of the "Rights of Man." It has often been remarked that our sociable disposition and suppleness of character give us great advantages as a colonizing people, and that it is easier for us than for the men of almost any other nation to mix and fuse ourselves with the natives, get into their good graces, and establish commercial relations with them. But let us not mind about converting them to our views, for we can do them a better service. Our principles are more humane than those of Mr. Harvey Brown, and let us not forget that all principles must be tested by practice, and that not a few of them, when they come to be applied, reveal a taint of silliness. Let us leave to the Anglo-Saxon his arrogance and rudeness, but let us emulate his common sense. Let us try to cultivate what the first Napoleon used to call "comprehension of the case." In the matter of colonization a comprehension of the case consists in founding colonies which attract settlers and capital.

G. Valbert.

GOLF AND ITS LITERATURE.*

It has been said—and by an eminent tactician, too—that the proper moment

for a nation to seek to "organize victory" is the moment of defeat. His-

* 1. *Golf*. By Horace G. Hutchinson. London: Longmans & Co. The Badminton Library. New Edition. 1898.

2. *The World of Golf*. By Garden G. Smith. London: A. D. Innes & Co. The Isthmian Library. 1896.

3. *Our Lady of the Green: a Book of Ladies'*

Golf. Edited by L. Mackern and M. Boys. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1898.

4. *The Golf-Book of East Lothian*. Edited by John Kerr, M. A., Minister of Dirleton. Edinburgh: T. & A. Constable. 1896.

5. *British Golf Links*. Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson, London: J. S. Virtue & Co. 1897.

tory has certainly justified this view. The military ascendancy of Germany, so amply demonstrated on the fields of Sadowa and Sedan, really dates from the day after the rout of Jena, when a then unknown officer of artillery in the Prussian army, acting, however, under very eminent political inspiration, set himself to the task of discovering the weak points in what up to that disastrous time had been regarded as the most perfect military machine in Europe. It has yet to be seen if what holds good of tactics in warfare also holds good of tactics in the pacific fields of sport. This at least may be said, however, that if defeat be the best of all incentives to recovering the art of victory, Scotland has it—on the links—at the present moment. Golf is, beyond all question, her national as well as her royal and ancient game; yet in 1898 she has to confess at once to her Falkirk and her Flodden. In May, on her own chosen ground of Prestwick, her favorite champion, Mr. F. G. Tait, succumbed in the final round of the Amateur Championship to the eminent English golfer, Mr. John Ball. It is true that Mr. Tait was only beaten by a putt, and at the thirty-seventh hole, after perhaps the most exciting day that this competition has ever seen. But beaten he was; according to the rigor of the game—and the rigor is one of its greatest charms—the miss of an inch is quite as disastrous as the miss of a mile. It meant that while Mr. Tait might—and, according to the vast majority of critics, ought—to have become champion for the third time, Mr. Ball, as a matter of fact, did become champion for the fifth.

The Flodden of Sandwich in June was even more disastrous than the Falkirk of Prestwick in May. In the Amateur Championship no professional is of course allowed to compete. The Open Championship, which this year was contested on an English course that is

allowed to be one of the best in the Kingdom, is, as the name implies, at the mercy of the best golfer for the time, or at least for two days, whether he be amateur or professional. It was won by Harry Vardon, of Scarborough, for two years in succession, and for the third time altogether. A Scotchman, it is true, occupied the second place in the Open, as in the Amateur Championship. But the triumph of Vardon was much more complete and, to appearance, easier than was the victory of Mr. Ball over Mr. Tait. There is, indeed, but one consolation for the third victory of Vardon, at all events from the Scottish point of view. After an almost unbroken series of victories in tournaments, lasting over two years, the third championship at Sandwich places him in a class by himself. He is the Napoleon of golf; even the great Tom Morris—whose image, graven by a cunning hand, in the Cathedral Cemetery in St. Andrews, is one of the sights of that old but rejuvenated town—is but its Marlborough. And thereby may hang a tale which Scottish patriotism should have unearthed—or invented—long ago. When the world was at Napoleon's feet, an exiled Royalist discovered that the conquest had been effected, not by a Frenchman, but by "a little Corsican," and that, in fact, France had been humbled and the Continent reduced to the level of a province of Rome in the days of the great Republic's ascendancy, in order that a Bonaparte might avenge the wrongs of a Paoli. Similarly may Scotland not explain away and find consolation for her defeat in the Open Championship by making the most of the fact that she had succumbed, not to an Englishman in the ordinary and proper sense of the word, but to a little athlete from Jersey, which is a part of England in the same way that Corsica is a part of France? As it may also be maintained that Vardon must, so far as

blood is concerned, be a Frenchman—though what of the stout and delightful John Bullish locksmith, and his daughter Dolly in “Barnaby Rudge?”—one can readily believe that an attempt might be made to show that the triumphs of the invincible champion are associated with the revival of that Anglo-Scottish alliance which in the past neutralized the superiority of the southern Kingdom to the northern in point of size and population.

Such may be vain imaginings, however, and in any case Scotland will not recover her lost ascendancy by putting faith in “refuges of lies” or half-truths. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that anything whatever can be done except to attempt to add to the Scottish physical strength and perfer-vidity which have won victories in the past, that English coolness and steadiness of purpose which have stood our neighbors in such good stead in the past and equally in the fields of work and of play. It is more than whispered that, in point of sobriety, Scottish professionals do not as a class compare quite favorably with their English brethren, the majority of whom are total abstainers. There are, of course, notable—and considering the peculiar “temptations” to which they are subjected, even noble—exceptions. All the world—at least all the golfing world—knows that Tom Morris, who is now within two years of fourscore, and who plays as steady, if not quite as powerful, a game as ever he did, is not only the Nestor of golf but its Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*, and that Willie Park, who is perhaps the one Scottish player that the Open Champion has any reason to fear, and who is known not only as a great golfer but as a modest gentleman and a prosperous man of business, owes his success in some measure to the fact that, without advertising his virtue, he has followed Arnold’s golden rule in minor

ethics, and made conduct three-fourths of life. Owing to the keen competition which extends through all departments of human activity, the prizes of pastime as of labor are for those who obey that golden rule, and the wisest patriotism in Scotland will be that which has no fellowship whatever with what is still stigmatized as the national vice.

Beyond a word of caution and remonstrance which comes not only in effect but almost literally to the Scriptural “Add to your knowledge temperance, and to your temperance patience,” it is impossible to indicate how Scotland is to recover the sceptre that has been taken from her. No royal road to success in golf has been, or is likely, to be discovered, even in ingenious America, where the game has “caught on” like Methodism and Ian Maclaren. No doubt our transatlantic cousins have, as their manner is, discovered many devices for saving trouble and, above all, physical exertion in connection with the game. Bicycle paths have, it seems, been laid out on several courses, and the enterprising golfer and his caddie now mount their wheels and “scorch” after the ball. The Oakland Club, in Long Island, have, it is averred, now gone a step further, and taken means to construct a private tramway completely round their course. The cars will be furnished with easy chairs, and iced drinks served during the progress from hole to hole. It is not easy, of course, to say how much of racial humor, or of what, in the meantime, seems to be racial indolence, there may be in such stories. But in this country, at all events, where the game is most engaged in at those seasons of the year when iced drinks and even bicycle spins are not calculated to promote good play, such innovations are not at all likely to be copied, much less bettered. It is hardly possible, indeed, to conceive of the game being so greatly

altered without its being ruined, at least in the eyes of genuine devotees. No doubt guttapercha balls of endless variety have been substituted for the feather-balls with which the heroes of an older generation of professional golfers, like Allan Robertson, won their hundreds of victories. Nearly every club-maker of any ability or ambition, produces at least one improved putter, cleek, or mashie, in his lifetime; some produce such once a year. Certain changes in the face of wooden clubs, for example, the now well-known "bulger," have obviously "come to stay." Club talk of an afternoon or evening not infrequently takes the form of an amicable discussion of rival "patents." At the same time no radical changes but at the best quite conservative modifications in the apparatus of the game may be anticipated. Its etiquette, and the general character of the clubs and balls used in it, are no more likely to undergo a change deserving of that designation than is the practice of laying out a course of eighteen holes on a strip of seashore. No doubt competition tends to greater perfection in play. The great success of English players like Vardon and Taylor among professionals, and of Mr. John Ball and of Mr. Harold Hilton among amateurs, is commonly attributed to what critics are in the habit of terming the "machine-like precision" of their play. But the "machine-like precision" of play, like the machine-like precision of modern warfare, simply means more perfect discipline of powers already in existence, not the creation of new powers. If a man is to be a supreme golfer, he must act in precisely the same way as he would do if he wished to be a supreme artist, or a supreme soldier, or indeed to be supreme in any sphere of human activity. He must bend all his powers not only to the attainment of the ambition itself, but

to the preparation of the means—chiefly in the shape of absolutely cool nerves—for that attainment. He must, in that Biblical language which always expresses "fundamental" emotion better than any other, not only press forward toward the mark, but must cast off every weight, and—this is emphatically true of every golfer—the sin that doth so easily beset him.

It may be said that in spite of the undoubted boom in golf, it is not so popular even yet as certain others which figure in that athletic revival which is undoubtedly one of the great features of our day, and which will probably have far-reaching consequences as regards the national future, even although that amiable enthusiast may have overshot the mark who maintained that it will "kill out hard drinking." Football is the game of the masses; it is the ecstasy of democratic pastime. Cricket commands the devotion of all the classes from top to bottom; it stands towards other sports in the relation in which the Anglican Church stands—in English ground—to other bodies. Cycling threatens all games, though it is also calculated to supplement them and facilitate their being played. Yet golf more than any other game suggests permanence, a local habitation, the employment of labor, the alternation—which always commends itself to a great and understanding people like the British or the American—between the highest and most intense seriousness and the purest and most absolutely unrestrained merriment. According to statistics which appear in more than one of the volumes whose names appear at the beginning of this article, golf at the present moment means an annual expenditure of £2,000,000. Probably this is an underestimate. There must be somewhere about two thousand golf clubs and club houses in the world. Each of these requires a staff of ser-

vants almost comparable to that of an average hotel. Almost every one has at least one "professional" or club-maker, who has to attend to the actual wants of the members in such matters as clubs and balls, who has men in his employ, and who may see that the links of his club are kept in order, although a special official or green-keeper is often retained for this duty, and of course is paid a special salary. In addition, each club has partly at least under its control a large and often ragged regiment of "caddies" of almost all ages, who carry clubs for players at a fixed rate. The future of these too often Bedouin hangers-on or camp-followers of the game is one of the problems which will have to be faced by serious players ere very long.

As things stand, therefore, golf is already a great industry. Further, its permanence seems to be assured, because, among other reasons, it is the game *par excellence* of middle age. No doubt the leading prizes in connection with it are carried off by young men; it is they who "break records," and decorate their rooms with medals. But as the nature of youth is, they are volatile, and were another fashion in games to be set, they would seek excellence or supremacy in that. Golf is always on the other hand assured of a fairly large constituency in men of forty and upwards. The reasons for this are obvious. They have been so admirably stated by Mr. Arthur Balfour in the Badminton manual of golf that it would be superfluous to labor this point or to do other than quote his words:

"Long before middle age is reached, rowing, rackets, fielding at cricket are a weariness to those who once excelled at them. At thirty-five, when strength and endurance may be at their maximum, the particular elasticity required for these exercises is seriously diminished. The man who has gloried in them as the most precious acquire-

ments begins so far as they are concerned, to grow old; and growing old is not commonly supposed to be so agreeable an operation in itself as to make it advisable to indulge in it more often in a single life than is absolutely necessary. The golfer, on the other hand, is never old until he is decrepit. So long as Providence allows him the use of two legs active enough to carry him round the green, and of two arms supple enough to take a "half swing," there is no reason why his enjoyment in the game need be seriously diminished. Decay no doubt there is; long driving has gone for ever; and something less of firmness and accuracy may be noted even in the strong game. But the decay has come by such slow gradations, it has delayed so long and spared so much that it is robbed of half its bitterness."

The chapter from which these observations are taken is entitled "The Humors of Golf," and doubtless when Mr. Balfour wrote them he was not animated by the "high seriousness" which dominates him when he is defending Lord Salisbury's policy in the Soudan or advocating the establishment of two denominational Universities in Ireland. But, being immersed in public affairs and anxieties, he knows the enormous advantage it is to a man to obtain relief from these even say for a Saturday afternoon. It stands to reason that such a change has its physiological value. By relieving the pressure of blood on the head and so to speak—this at least is the layman's idea, though the chances are that it is quite a mistaken one—bringing it down to the legs and arms which are used in walking and swinging, it may help to delay the onslaught of paralysis or apoplexy, or some other special physical evils to which flesh is heir.

But, after all, staving off death—a speculative and questionable enterprise at the best—is a secondary consideration compared with the introduction of innocent ecstasy into life. This it is which induces men who devote to their

business and ambition twelve hours a day for five days a week—and for whom the compulsory eight hours' day would mean the deprivation of that zest which makes life worth living—to give up Saturday to an innocent debauch of golf. One of the numerous poets of the links to whom the Rev. Mr. Kerr of Dirleton introduces us in "The Golf-Book of East Lothian"—a volume which is not only the manual of golf history, but a monument of golf enthusiasm—sings, with something more than a suspicion of a lame foot—

"One only thought can enter every head—
The thought of golf, to wit—and that engages
Men of all sizes, tempers, ranks and ages;
The root—the *primum mobile* of all,
The epidemic of the club and ball;
The work by day, the source of dreams by night,
The never-falling fountain of delight."

There is truth in this, no doubt, but it is labored like a Scotch sermon of the old school. Byron went straight to the root of the matter, so far as all hot-blooded energetic races are concerned, when he declared in his daring, if perhaps too theatrically defiant fashion—

"Man, being reasonable, must get drunk,
The best of life is but intoxication."

It is quite possible that in Byron's day, owing to the want of facilities for "getting drunk" in a "reasonable" fashion, most men, including Byron himself—although his alcoholic excesses are now known to have been grossly exaggerated—took the way which, not being guided by reason, led to physical and moral destruction. But as Burns would have put it with an audacity at least equal to Byron's, "The light that led astray was light from Heaven." In

other words, Byron's principle was absolutely sound; it is the application of it that is absolutely and mischievously unsound. Intoxication regarded as ecstasy, as getting into what Carlyle termed "an automatic condition," as an attempt to escape from the burdens of existence for a short time with a view solely to bearing them more resolutely afterwards, is one of the goals which all sensible men aim at, which indeed the conditions of a hurried existence and their own constitutions compel them to aim at. And it is because his goal is arrived at, without the incurring of any thing in the shape of social disrepute, personal humiliation, remorse, or injury to health, that this game, which is fascinating in its supreme absorption, has become the favorite form of intoxication with middle-aged men of action on both sides of the Border, if not also on both sides of the Atlantic. Some patriots, who agree with Lord Rosebery that patriotism is self-respect of race, but who also maintain that self-respect of race must be based on self-respect in the individual, look forward to the time when the passion for athletics will conquer the national craving for drink by routing it out. That may or may not be; the dream at all events is not unworthy of encouragement. Meanwhile, it is tolerably safe to say that the just and middle-aged Scotsman made perfect, if ever, by the mysterious processes of evolution, he is made perfect on earth—which is doubtful, and might conceivably be undesirable—will be found to have attained this commanding position in the scale of being, by substituting golf for alcohol, nicotine, and every other form of escape from the over-pressure of a too busy life.

It has already been said that golf has come to be the game of graver folk on both sides of the Border and on both sides of the Atlantic. But is it also to be the game of both sexes, and

the game which the two will delight most to play together? This is a question which all earnest lovers of the game—and no other persons are deserving of much consideration in this connection—will admit to be both delicate and difficult. At first it would seem as if there could be but one answer to the question. That ladies play golf is abundantly clear to any one who pays a visit to any seaside or inland course which is of the slightest importance. He sees a ladies' course of by no means insignificant size, and a ladies' club-house which does not differ materially from that which shelters and refreshes their male friends. He hears much of ladies' competitions, ladies' medal days, and so forth. He may even see the thin end of the wedge of female equality with men in respect of golf in what are known in lamentably unromantic phraseology of the links as "mixed foursomes"—games, that is to say, in which the sexes are partnered against each other. There is now a ladies' golf championship, as there are an amateur championship, an open championship, and an Irish championship. The names of some female players, such as Miss Edith Orr, Miss Lena Thomson, Miss Amy Pascoe, and above all, Lady Margaret Hamilton Russell, who, in her maiden days, as Lady Margaret Scott, won the ladies' championship three times, are now almost as much talked of as that of Mr. Tait or Mr. Ball, Harry Vardon or Willie Park. "Ladies' golf" now occupies a prominent place in every manual of the game, and as the list of books at the head of this article shows, at least one volume published in this country, "Our Lady of the Green"—there may be ever so many more in America—is devoted exclusively to this subject. It would seem that the preponderating weight of medical evidence is distinctly in favor of golf as a healthy exercise for girls. It would also seem that

the no less preponderating weight of lay male evidence is in favor of it on the necessarily very important ground of grace. Thus a girl lightly swinging a golf club is universally allowed to be a much more attractive object than a girl riding a bicycle. That female golf has, like male golf, come, and that a certain amount of it at all events will stay, may be considered quite certain.

Meanwhile, however, it should be borne in mind that as regards golf the Tennysonian view of the sexes has been accepted. Woman is the lesser man, and therefore plays on the lesser links. "Mixed foursomes," by way of concession to what, though with less emphasis than before, is still styled the "weaker sex," are generally played on the courses laid out for that sex. But golf, like every other preserve of man, is threatened with an invasion from what John Knox would now-a-days require all even of his marvellous courage to style "the monstrous regiment of women." Their advance has been alarmingly steady. At first they were content with a large putting-green divided into the statutory number of eighteen holes. This proving insufficient, short courses similar in almost all characteristics to those laid out for men, and demanding the same art in play and skill, and almost an equal number of clubs, were laid out. Nearly every one of the sixty-four Ladies' Clubs now to be found in the United Kingdom has a course of this kind extending to twelve holes. Even this does not meet the demands of feminine ambition. We find Miss Amy Pascoe, who was champion in 1896, writing in *The World of Golf*: "As woman increases her range of sport, the smaller golf competition will increase, while the championship will assume its full importance. Women will go to these competitions to *golf*, not to amuse themselves and others! The spirit of sport, which is the love of a thing for

its own sake, unconditioned by personal advantage or pleasure, will gradually effect an improvement in everything connected with the game. The older players will have holed out, the younger, possessed of better physique and more sportsmanlike education, will develop to the utmost extent their capabilities for a pastime where strength and force are not the chief essentials. The play of golfers like the Misses Orr, with the increasing prevalence of all conditions favorable to women's athletic development, seems to justify the idea that the golfers of the future will have no short links, and though competing among themselves for championship honors, may use the long course with man as they share with him the same lawn tennis and hunting field."

To the average male who likes to keep the links if not to himself at least to his sex, the prospect which Miss Pascoe holds out may seem somewhat alarming. And no doubt women of exceptional physique or of exceptional devotion to the game may demand to be admitted to an equality with men as regards all facilities for play. Of course, also, if the demand is made it will be conceded. But it is doubtful whether the average woman will rush in where her extraordinary sister does not fear to tread; even if, in obedience to prevailing fashion, she does rush in now, she may be relied on a few years hence to glide out with as much grace and as little noise as possible. For golf is, with all respect to Miss Pascoe, not quite in the same position as lawn tennis and hunting, or even as croquet and cycling. These do not make large demands upon the physique of the average girl; golf—if it were only for the amount of walking that is involved in covering an ordinary eighteen-hole course—unquestionably does make such demands. Besides, golf when it is played in accordance with the rigor

of the game—and the charm of it is gone if the rigor is departed from—does not promote the friendly and open and above-board relations between the sexes which are very properly intended to lead to that making of marriages which, next to what Ruskin terms "the manufacture of souls," is the greatest of social industries. It is nothing, if not absorbing, intense, selfish. The pleasure of it lies in competition, not in co-operation. The virtues it encourages are Pagan, not Christian. It promotes silence, not chatter. One of the limping but fervid poetasters of the game represents how—

"In solemn silence all
Pursue the good red-gutta ball!"

The spectacle of a crowd following a great professional golf-match at St. Andrews, speechless and reverent, in an age when, according to Carlyle, the Anglo-Saxon people are all "gone to wind and tongue," is the most inspiring and hopeful. It is an initiation in Pythagorean silence. It reveals the bed-rock of British seriousness. But the links are not the field of love; the cleek and the mashie, the brasseys and the driver, the niblick and the baffle—the very names are abhorrent to Arcadian sentiment—are not the arms of Venus, or of Mars wooing Venus. A little tepid flirtation may be permissible—though even there it is bad form—in a "foursome," with its gentle suggestions of what the man in the street terms altruism. But in a "single," the life of which is unrelenting competition, it is hopeless. When Beatrice says—or looks—"Benedick, if you love me as you profess to do, you will miss that two-foot putt; if you don't, consider our engagement at an end," and Benedick yields to the temptation, then the game is up. Perhaps it would also be well that the match should be off. Whether marriages are made in

Heaven is a moot point; it is quite certain that very few are, will be, or ought to be, made on the golf course.

The "boom" in ladies' golf has therefore, in all probability, reached its height. Not improbably, however, it will have one good effect. So long as men alone played the game it was regarded as essentially selfish. How often does one hear the complaint that some place is chosen for the annual family holiday exclusively for the sake of the head of the family and his sons, who wish to spend the whole day in playing, and the whole evening in talking, golf; and that in consequence the interests and pleasures of mother and daughters are absolutely sacrificed. But if mother and daughters take sufficient delight in the game to play it themselves—and, let it be added, by themselves—then there may be a reconciliation of interests, and, as a consequence, what the late Laureate termed "a union as before, but vaster."

It is not impossible, too, that an accession of feminine interest may not be without its effect in helping to solve that special labor problem in golf which so many regard as the one blot upon the game. The question, what to do with its camp followers, the great host of loafers, young and old, who, as "caddies," carry clubs for players, and who seem to be indispensable, urgently calls for answer. Will some captain of industry, some pacific Kitchener or Macdonald, be able to discipline these irregular levies without the help of Arabic or even Scottish imprecations? Or will it be found that after all club-bearing will prove to be the model, if not the exclusive occupation of that section of our population—as of every population—which is incurably nomadic? If the latter rather helpless solution of the problem be accepted, then the gently humanizing influences of female players may become of genuine advantage.

But the "caddie" and other questions associated with golf will naturally fall to be considered when it is finally consolidated as the game for middle-aged men of action in all grades of society. That time cannot be far distant. The amount of turf in the United Kingdom that is available for the game is limited, and has been well nigh all utilized already. Besides it is but reasonable to anticipate that the "boom" in the game will not—simply as a "boom"—last very much longer, even in the case of men. A "falling off" in the youth of both sexes may be anticipated. Besides, although golf is not one of the most expensive of games, it cannot be played on nothing. What with train-fares from large cities to the sea-coast, caddies, balls, the renewal of clubs, and other "incidental expenses," it probably means to the player of average enthusiasm, who benefits physically by the game, and therefore desires to play it under essentially comfortable circumstances, an outlay of between £40 and £50 a year. Even this is "prohibitive" in the case of many, who would, under other circumstances, be devotees of the links.

Then it should never be forgotten that golf is to all intents and purposes its sole—though also its exceedingly great—reward. It has, no doubt, produced an enormous mass of literature. But the books overlap each other, give the same information about the length of the different courses in the world, fight the old historic battles between giants such as the Morrisises and the Parks, reproduce the same "records," such as Mr. F. G. Tait's 72 at St. Andrews, and tell the same "good stories," such as that of the Divinity Professor who was found "foozlin' his ba's and damnin' maist awfu'." Even in the history of golf nothing new has been discovered. Mr. Andrew Lang separates the wheat of truth from the chaff of historical legend

with considerable success when he says:—

"Whether golf was developed in Scotland only out of one of its foreign sisters or cousins, or whether it was carried hither from Holland (where a picture by Cuypp shows us a little girl armed with regular clubs, on links by the sea) or whether, again, Holland borrowed from Scotland, are difficult points. It is certain that in the reign of James II. the Scotch brought their balls from Holland, so that James put on a prohibitive tariff, as it was not then the crazy fashion to encourage foreign at the expense of home manufactures. This looks as if golf had its native seat in Holland. However this may be, to write the history of golf as it should be done demands a thorough study of all Scottish Acts of Parliament, kirk session records, memoirs, and, in fact, of Scottish literature, legislation, and history from the beginning of time."

As for its introduction into Scotland, Mr. Kerr puts the truth into a nutshell, when he says:—

"When we leave the immediate present and look away up the vista of the past, we find that the evolution of the game may be more distinctly traced in East Lothian than in any other part of Scotland. There is reason to believe that the common people in this district were among those who were forbidden to play by Acts of Parliament, and ordered to practise archery as a more useful art. We have evidence that James V. came to the district to golf; while the unfortunate Queen Mary, at one of the eventful times in her eventful life, is said to have had a game on Seton green. From glimpses here and there in old records we shall find that our nobility set the example, which their successors nearly all have followed, of having matches at golf, with a half-crown or more to be entered in their account books, either on the credit or debit side. While gentle and simple were united in their devotion to golf, we shall find that in East Lothian questions have arisen as to popular rights on the greens and commons, which in their solution are

interesting, for such questions are sure to arise in many other places as the game develops. In this country, while we have the old story about certain delinquents having to 'thole the Session' for playing on Sunday 'during sermons,' we shall find that the clergy have all along been supporters of the game, and accustomed *in loco* to doff 'the sad raiment of the Church,' that they might don the lively toggery of the golf-links. They have evidently esteemed golf as old Bishop Latimer esteemed archery, of which, in a sermon before King Edward II., he said: 'It is a godly art, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic.'"

Golf has its humors, rather than its humor in the literary sense. Every club-house rings with "good stories," but when they appear in print, they are rather suggestive of Colonel Newcome and his cold negus. Humor takes the form of grotesque exaggeration, as when Mr. D. L. Watson, one of the most promising of the younger writers on sport, discourses thus:

"Marvellous it is to think what golf has become. Who would have thought that for so many centuries there lay embedded in the Old Red Sandstone of the Scots imagination a game with the possibilities which golf has been shown to possess? Just think of it; think of this golf lingering on these wind-swept sandy reaches by the northern seas, like a maid of wondrous beauty unappreciated in her old accustomed home, till the heaven-sent man came by, saw her, took her with him, and spread her fame about the universal world. Who can resist being rhapsodical; or wondering who was the first Southron man who was persuaded to handle a golf-club, tried a drive, tasted its delights, and saw in them a power which would enchant the whole English-speaking races! Think where it has spread; or rather, name if you can a place where it does not prevail. They play it in India even, as witness the description of a course there given us at a late period of the evening by a gentleman who had lived in that mystic land. Space will

not permit us to repeat it in detail, but we may mention the hole where the tee-shot has to be played over a stretch of jungle inhabited by a man-eating tiger and his family. By a local rule, any player who goes in after a topped drive is allowed five minutes to return; if then he does not reappear he—well, he loses the hole. The putting-green is by the edge of a swamp, guarded by alligators. Cobras are a hazard, and on the putting-green must not be moved; you have to 'loft' over or play round them. Nearly every village, our friend says in closing, has its own lynx."

Sometimes, too, the blundering or comic foreigner comes to the aid of the native "wut" of the Scotsman as in this delicious passage which Mr. Garden Smith places in the front of his excellent and compact and statistical—but not too statistical—handbook:—

"Saint Andrews est situé à l'Est de l'Ecosse, dans le voisinage de la puissante cité de Glasgow. C'est un siège de science et d'érudition. La beauté du paysage, la vigueur de l'air y attirent aussi force touristes pendant la belle saison. Et cependant à l'ouïe du plus grand nombre, ce nom de Saint Andrews n'évoque ni une ville, ni une Université, ni une site ravissant couronné par la crête du Lochnagar, mais une étendue idéalement belle de Links verdoyants."

How indeed are the mighty fallen when the sometime ecclesiastical capital of Scotland—which is still "the Mecca of Golf"—is reduced to be "in the neighborhood of the powerful city of Glasgow!"

It has already been seen that romance—at all events the romance of love—ought not to be associated with the game. Certainly it is expressed in a terminology which is prosaic in the last degree. It follows, therefore, that while the game has produced an enormous amount of verse—some of it ingenious, and all fervid—it has produced almost no poetry. The best verses are

probably those included in Mr. Robert Clark's well-known volume, which was reprinted a few years ago. Those of Mr. Robert Chambers and Mr. Frank Alexander on the various and famous holes on the old St. Andrews course are clever and graphic. But then they are altogether and indeed intensely local. The average of golf verse comes up to this level:—

"Was't Paradise where gowff began,
When Eve, sweet lassie, smillin' cam';
An' rousin' Adam from a dwaum
By Eden's ingle
Said, 'Here's your match, my ain guid-
man,
We'll hae a single?'"

"Was Greece the mither o' the airt,
Or Ancient Rome, as some assert,
Whase sojers in some foreign pairt
Wad clyte their howff,
Then rax their alrms an' warm their
heart
At playin' gowff?"

Or this,

"It's up the hill, it's down the hill,
And roun' the hill, an' a' man;
To Gullane Hull, wi' richt guild will,
If ye can gowff ava, man.
The turf is soft as maiden's cheek,
Wi' youth and beauty bloomin';
And bonnie thyme, an' odor sweet,
The caller air's perfumin'.
There's heights and howes, and bosky
knowes,
As far as eye can cover;
By sea and land, a picture grand
Dame Nature shows her lover."

Or this,

"We putt, we drive, we laugh, we chat,
Our strokes and jokes aye clinking,
We banish all extraneous fat,
And all extraneous thinking.

"We'll cure you of a summer cold
Or of a winter cough, boys;
We'll make you young, even when
you're old,
So come and play at golf, boys."

We have here fervor, heartiness, good humor, good feeling, healthy objectivity without stint. But the soul of poetry is wanting.

No—golf is a game for realists, and its realism constitutes its self-sufficiency. It is indeed the ecstasy of middle-aged realism. Returning to town after a Saturday on a sea-side course, the busy citizen of London or Edinburgh or Glasgow ought to feel like the Libyan giant refreshed, not by

wine, but by (vicarious) contact with Mother Earth. Only, should he come into too violent contact, let him, as he values his reputation, or even his life, bid his caddie replace the turf he has clumsily removed. Otherwise, he may sleep the sleep of the just and the gloriously exhausted, pillowed on faith in the golden laws of practical life and fourth-rate golf—"Insure your life, fix your eye on the ball, keep your right foot steady, and blaze away."

William Wallace.

The Scottish Review.

THE BIRDS OF PARADISE.

The wholesale slaughter of birds for fashionable purposes still continues. The last two consignments included 8,000 birds of Paradise.—Daily News.

Spare us, ladies! 'tis for you
That the fowlers snare us,
That they ruthlessly pursue
With their guns and scare us.
'Tis for you that we do fly
Screaming, wounded, through the sky,
'Tis for you we drop and die—
Spare us, ladies, spare us!

Ladies, hear our widowed wall!
Be a little kinder!
Look upon the bloody trail
Fashion leaves behind her.
Look upon this slaughtered heap,
Where our hapless brothers sleep,
Look, oh ladies, look and weep,
As ye linger near them;
And these fledgelings, hear them cry
When their parents come not nigh,
Calling in their agony
Those that cannot hear them.

Birds of Paradise, forsooth!
Shame, ye mortals, shame!
Give us, an ye love the truth,
Give another name.

The Troubles of a Catholic Democracy.

Spare your irony; the jest
 Doth not fit you well;
 Look upon this bleeding breast,
 Look on this deserted nest
 And call us, as befits us best,
 Call us birds of Hell.

Nay, but, ladies, can it be,
 You, so fair and pretty,
 Are the tyrants whose decree
 Means our endless misery?
 That your eyes, so fair to see,
 Hold no drop of pity?
 Nay, we will not wrong you so;
 Think upon our sorrow,
 And ye surely will forego
 These poor plumes ye borrow.
 One brief, passing vain delight
 Ye will sacrifice,
 Once again in sunshine bright
 Let us take our gladsome flight,
 For with you it lies.
 Free from fear and free from pain
 Let us live and love again,
 And our title still retain—
 Birds of Paradise.

Punch.

THE TROUBLES OF A CATHOLIC DEMOCRACY.

That there is among Catholics, especially of the younger generation, a great and growing unrest in the presence of modern problems it would be vain to deny. The years of Leo XIII., shining once with all the milder lights of reconciliation, are drawing towards sunset, and clouds come up from the north and the west. Secessions have taken place—not many, indeed, but with no little clamor; books are denounced to the Index; persons fall under suspicion; the battle of the nations, never quite asleep, has broken out

afresh in Rome; and the singular episode which will go down to history with a misleading title as "Americanism" bears witness, emphatic though unwelcome, to lines of cleavage that may be dissembled, but are nevertheless real, between parties, schools, and public leaders. "Reaction" is the cry of assault and defence. The elements in conflict are many; it is a tangled situation, which we may view from the standing ground of theology, politics, or historical criticism. Nor is it easy to foretell the issue. An institution so

vast and complex as the Catholic Church will endure without permanent injury a strain which would rend in pieces any system less profoundly rooted in traditions of the immemorial past. Yet a new chapter seems to be opening, and, if we dare not prophesy, at least we may contemplate the forces which are now in action.

It was a happy stroke, however unscrupulous, to fasten the name of "Americanism" upon a bundle of opinions with which Americans had nothing in common, and then by sheer force of lungs to get these condemned at Rome. Once they had been tossed upon the European tide, condemned they must have been, for they were manifestly unsound, and some of them heretical in a degree which bordered on the ludicrous. But with dogma the Americans had never meddled.

If any danger existed of breaking away from the faith, it was not on their side of the Atlantic but on ours. Apprehensions the most unfounded were stirred up in minds not conversant with the simple downright Catholicism which is universal among native Americans; and, now that acceptance has greeted the Holy Father's instruction on all hands, men are asking themselves where the heresies had sprung up of which not a sample can be discovered between Maine and Oregon. The American demand—for there is a demand—turns not upon doctrine but upon government; it is, in a high and important sense, political; but it has no concern with revolutions in dogma, which all true Catholics would instantly reject. When, however, we look at the events that have lately taken place in France we find ourselves compelled to distinguish between those who are resolved to stay within the Church and those who are leaving or have already left her. The American movement is towards democracy; the European, while including this, goes

beyond it. Yet, except in a small minority, who are as units compared with millions—the M. Charbonnells or M. Bourriers, who can boast of no following—there is neither wish nor inclination to tamper with the Creed, and there is perfect obedience to the Hierarchy.

If this be not fully understood, friends and foes will mistake what is going on before their eyes. The secessions which we have lately witnessed are doubtless painful enough, but as symptoms of a falling away to some branch of the Reformation I do not think they will count. Lamennais, though a man of genius, did not take with him one solitary disciple; and which of the clergy that have left us can pretend to the genius of Lamennais? The strength hidden in Catholicism surely is that she has always known her own mind, and that she stands up as the great undoubted embodiment of historical religion. The Roman Church is the head and front of Christianity as it always has existed in the world. When every possible charge has been brought against her that fact remains. It is like the sun in the heaven: clouds may darken it, eclipse veil it for a passing moment, but it shines and will shine upon the nations beneath. It is not a philosophy established upon particular and detailed assents, nor did the millions ever live by philosophy. Revelation is a whole, or it ceases to command; it affirms and proves itself by its effects, not by mere arguments; it cannot be halved, but must be taken or left just as it is. Hence there is now no controversy about this article or that of the Creed. What is in question is the Supernatural. To take up with the Bible after casting out the Church is neither sound logic nor in accordance with the lessons of history. And, in fact, the process which disintegrates the institution has gone far towards

making an end of the book. What are the dogmas of Liberal Protestantism? Is there one affirmation in the Nicene or the Apostles' Creed, on which it will stake its existence? The name of God, perhaps, and the memory of Christ. But these are not dogmas; to the advanced Liberal they have become mere reminiscences of a religion which is dead or dying.

Some, after quitting our ranks, have joined themselves to the Unitarians; others have fallen in with the Agnostics; others, again, have sought refuge with the Churches they found nearest to them. The people look on and do not follow. Why should they? If it is discipline which galls the shoulders of the priest his lay brethren do not feel that; if he reads history, or takes up the study of the Bible, and his view changes, how can this affect minds which are for the most part innocent of culture, and which perceive in their religion not its long-vanished past, but the power of holiness from which they draw strength and consolation? The problems that fascinate students and critics never can be popular; no, not though Voltaire should give them a sacrilegious and laughter-moving shape fit for the delectation of M. Homais. It happens, likewise, that the satire to which I am here alluding handles the Bible more ruthlessly even than it handles the Church, and thus the dilemma returns which is so formidable in its plain alternatives—either give up Christianity as a whole or accept Catholicism as a whole. The solutions which would take one and leave the other, or which would pick and choose among the articles of faith and practise a dainty eclectic judgment have had three centuries and a half in which to show what was in them. The result may be seen on all sides. Men are now discussing whether there is a God. The "lawless one"

has gained great victories, and, among the powers of the day, Secularism is not the least or the weakest.

It is an *experimentum crucis* as many of us believe. We cannot imagine a Church without Revelation or Revelation without exponents, or exponents without authority, or authority without protection against error. And the fatal sorites of the Reformation, adding heresy to heresy until nothing is left but a name, appals and dismays us. We have not an atom of trust in science when it quits the phenomenal to discourse on the beginning or the end of things; we know that it knows nothing which lies out of space and time. As for metaphysics, be it a true acquaintance with first principles or only a phantom, it moves in the void, it passes round history and though it may prove it cannot strengthen. Christianity is a fact; it fills the ages, and whenever we look at it as the people have received it, there we see the Catholic Church. East and West bear the same testimony; in this they are not divided; if the reality which we apprehend is corrupt, then it was corrupt from the very beginning, for it always has exhibited the like features, and the principle of its development has been ever one and the same. Among us there are those who belong to races that were Christian eight hundred, a thousand, or twelve hundred years ago. They were Catholic then, and they are Catholic at the present hour; for them the Reformation has not existed even as an interlude. How can they arrive at Christianity unlike that which has gone down into their marrow and made their living substance? They may lose it in some horrible catastrophe; but no counterfeit, no second edition, will ever delude them as if it were the faith in which they once believed. The spirit of inquiry may disenchant such a people; it may teach the cultivated "how dogmas come to

an end;" yet criticism never was creation, and whence is the new faith to dawn in an empty sky? The argument which tells most in favor of the Catholic Church is its necessity; parallel to that other, *Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer*, which, lacking as the expression does in reverence, points to the nature of things, and refutes atheism by an appeal to the void that it makes but cannot fill. It is an argument from fact and history.

Therefore, I find it impossible to believe that a new Protestant or Reforming movement will make headway in Catholic countries. If the question were how to keep some dogmas while rejecting others, were it a matter of scientific theology, the small secessions which now reckon their tens or their twenties might swell into congregations and produce a sect visible at least to the naked eye. But surely the state of mind in which difficulties concerning the Pope or the Sacraments count for anything with a born Catholic is one that lies open to the assaults of criticism on every particle of revealed history. The resemblance between Church and Bible from this point of view is not merely a parallel, it is an identity, as was long ago insisted upon by Newman in his famous "Tract Eighty-five," and who has ever refuted him? The Old Testament is in the New; the early Christian centuries anticipate mediæval institutions; if we go by facts and disregard ideal constructions we shall own that the process which binds together the Roman Church as it now is and the Christian communities in the time of Tertullian, Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and Ignatius of Antioch was continuous, natural and inevitable. The idea of a system to be discovered in detail by individual effort and built up on a conscious ground of reasoning would have appeared, at any period down to the twelfth century or later, as what Car-

dinal Manning once termed it in brilliant epigram—treason in the eyes of the Church and heresy in the judgment of her teachers.

Surely that is how Christians regarded the "right of private judgment" until the Waldensians or some other anticipation of Luther arose. But need we enlarge on its difficulties? Consider only the ten thousand particulars on which, if we are going to set up for ourselves, our conception of the Bible as the written word of God must be founded, the scholarship which a genuine study of its pages cannot but exact, the psychology of inspiration, the Oriental records, the question of manuscripts, editions, versions, and perversions, all clamoring to be dealt with before any man could declare honestly that this doctrine owed nothing to authority and was simply his own. But, the reply has been suggested, would not this man's good faith and sincere intention avail with the Most High, so that even if his conclusions were false they would profit him as certainly as if they were true? An extraordinary but instructive evasion of the point at issue! We are not denying the inquirer's good faith; we do but ask what becomes of an objective Revelation submitted to analysis, which itself is in search of first principles? Nor is the answer doubtful. That very analysis, not starting from any secure and unassailable dogma, but moving freely about—a criticism which will not be fettered—has emptied Christianity of its contents. There is the plain result, long a matter of course among Germans, and now hardly disguised in this England of ours by professions, as touching as they are vague, that, though the Bible be destroyed, "Christ is left." For then comes Robert Elsmere to drive men farther down the steep, by asking them, "Which Christ?" Either it is the miraculous, supernatural, tran-

scendental Christ of the Nicene Creed, "very God of very God"—in which case all our difficulties return—or it is the humanitarian, the Buddha of Galilee, transfigured by legend into something which He never was, and now at length known to be simply man, however we deify Him in our language and worship. These I do call genuine issues, pregnant with consequences to mankind which will be as momentous as decisive. But who will trouble himself with the *Mittelding*, which is so obviously a compromise that, having criticised the infallible Church out of existence, it proceeds to establish itself on a Bible the foundations of which it has hopelessly undermined? Allowing that there are cases in which a dilemma is nothing more than the logician's sleight of hand, I think this identity of Church and Bible in the presence of criticism too real for an evasion which experience has repeatedly shown to be false. Never have I been able to perceive the grounds on which a Christian, accepting the miracles of Elijah or the Apostles, can yet peremptorily put aside the supernatural in Catholicism. I saw the other day, in the sacristy at Assisi, Brother Leo's autograph, an authentic writing, in which, almost immediately after the death of St. Francis, he bears witness to the stigmata. Where are the autographs of the first witnesses to the New Testament narrative? But, indeed, the story is all of a piece, it is woven throughout from top to bottom according to an identical pattern. If I am to reject sixteen centuries of an institution as legend on *a priori* arguments, why not all the centuries? My private version of these things I know, would be fluctuating and uncertain; but is yours any better, my Liberal Protestant friend?

It is no better; and the multitude, who cannot worship their own deliberate inventions, but must have an ob-

ject outside of themselves, tangible and real as the country they live in or the Government that rules them, have felt long ago its profound and helpless impotence. Critics, professors, journalists can do much to pull down the public faith and acknowledgement of religion; what have they ever done to build it up? I am far from implying that faith is not rooted and founded in history as a great series of authentic transactions; but I do say that it neither is nor can be founded in scholarship, abstract reasoning, evidences drawn out for private acceptance, inquiry and exploration which has submitted to no guide and will take its own way. In other words, faith is the correlative of a Church; and a Church must affirm and deny as the keeper of the deposit; as laying down the law, not as arguing; as a government, not as a school. The safeguard of Revelation is a divinely protected society. Leave it, or suppose it broken up, and the Creed lies henceforth at the mercy of impressions which are only strong when they reflect the ancient truths proclaimed by authority. Yet even such impressions tend to fade away, and in our modern countries—that is to say, almost everywhere—as the visible majesty of the Church declines, dogma passes into the background. It was a great undeniable system of facts, as palpable as the world of senses. To attenuate and distil it into a philosophy, which men must gain for themselves in leisure moments, is to banish it from life; it is to imprison it in arid formulas, or in weary volumes of minute and unprofitable controversy. Did the Christian Religion thus begin its wonderful course? It began in the streets, not in the study; its message was the Kingdom of God coming upon earth; it did not tell men of Christ the philosopher, but of Christ the Son of God, who could save them from their sins and

miseries. Certainly it preached sublime truths; but it was not a scholasticism, not a technique, not an argument banded to and fro between rival metaphysicians. The Reformation, in its zeal against the peril of idolatry, reduced the Creed to booklore, and substituted printing for the Sacraments. It has now pretty well run its course, and of Bible, Church, and Christ Himself, how much has it left intact to the popular apprehension?

I am not stating these things controversially. My drift is to explain why many of us who know the Church from inside, and who see what the fortunes of religion have been since private judgment took hold of it in Northern countries, are Catholics still, despite imperfections, abuses, tyrannies, and all the evil, great or petty, which has incrustated itself during ages on a venerable institution. Such men may feel the need of reform in more than one department; but the changes that they contemplate are of a nature to discourage those who imagine every Catholic to be either a slave enamoured of his chains or a rebel preparing to cast them off. We answer that we are neither slaves nor rebels, but men that have inherited a magnificent estate and the noblest name in history, while deeply conscious of the vicissitudes through which both have passed. It would not be difficult to imagine some ideal adequately realized in this lower world, carried on by impeccable agents, never breathed upon by scandal nor subject to disaster. But no such ideal do we possess. How far the Kingdom of God shall be realized here below depends upon every one of its citizens. We begin with an open confession that as yet it is not fulfilled, but only on the way to fulfilment. And as the effect of trusting private judgment in matters of faith is to dissolve and evaporate the Creed until indifference sets in, so the danger of

not ourselves endeavoring to realize the ideal is, on the one side, lukewarmness and formality; on the other, a system in which officials, being neither aided nor criticized, fall into routine, become a sort of close corporation, and find their energies absorbed in carrying on the government.

The Kingdom of God is not a scheme of metaphysics, as it tends to become in the hands of school-theologians, whether Protestant or Catholic. But it is also something more than a bureaucracy to be recruited always from one people or one section of a people. The ordinary government of the Church deserves, indeed, and will repay most careful examination on the part of a philosopher. It does what it undertakes smoothly and noiselessly, according to maxims which the experience of ages has ratified; nor is there anywhere in the world a system more exquisitely contrived in its various and complicated machinery. But the executive which works well at one period may encounter strange difficulties when a new era is beginning; and if elements are introduced foreign to its make or not congenial to its methods, a certain degree of readjustment will be needful. What, I ask, is the new element which has broken an entrance into the Catholic Church?

I reply in a single word. It is "Democracy."

Of course, from a certain point of view, the Church has always exhibited some of the features which distinguish a popular as contrasted with an absolute Government. There is no caste of rulers privileged by birth to assume the duties that belong to executive or legislative; no born aristocracy, or hereditary kingship, or class from which the lowliest are excluded by accident or position. Moreover, in theory the clergy still choose their bishops, and the parish priests of Rome choose their Pope; while in the ordina-

tion of every priest an appeal is made to the people there assembled for their testimony of good character, on the ground, expressly stated, of the common interest. As regards ecclesiastical laws—not those which, being divine in their origin, do not fall simply under the Church's jurisdiction—St. Thomas Aquinas, and all canonists, lay down as conditions of their effective validity much that makes for freedom, and implies a reasonable assent on the part of the governed. Bishops, promulgating their decrees in Synod, ask the clergy to say "Placet" to them, which would have no meaning unless, in the given case, they could say also "Non placet." All the forms, in short, of a true representative system are extant within the Church; nor does this consent of the subject, expressed or understood, diminish Episcopal or Papal rights, which are *jure divino*, and not dependent on popular suffrage. Perhaps there never was a more august Parliament than that which assembled at Constance in 1414, and by its intrepid action put an end to the Great Schism. But every General Council has displayed a hierarchical order of rights and privileges, founded ultimately, as touching the persons that exercised them, on election by the individuals over whom they ruled. Nor, even in dogmatic decisions, were the laity forgotten. They, too, are witnesses, and in their own way guardians of the Christian verities. The *sensus fidelium* is a part, and an indispensable part, of tradition; so that, in idea, no one is excluded from his share in testifying to the Creed which we all believe in, or from the possibility of making his voice heard where his interests are in question. The Church is a society, a congregation, self-governed, elective, and free within as without—free as against Caesar, free likewise in all her members, who must not be governed despotically but ac-

cording to the Canons; not, therefore, by the personal pleasure of any man, were he the Pope himself; not *ex arbitrio*, but with due forms and procedures, or, to say it in English, constitutionally. The law is supreme over all, and the proudest title which the Roman Pontiff bears is "*Servus servorum Dei*." He is not a master lording it over slaves, but the minister, the steward, appointed to dispense good things to the heirs of salvation.

This extremely complicated system, the origin of which goes back to Apostolic periods, is subject, as history proves, to a thousand changes in detail, and to endless fluctuations of vigor. Its powers may lie dormant, or one of them exalt itself at the cost of another; advantage may be taken by a class, an order, a strong personality, of those who are weak or timid, or indolent and neglectful of their duties. But the changes that concern us now are chiefly those which have taken place since the sixteenth century. In the Middle Ages there was, on the whole, a very large and constant exercise of the popular privileges by the laity as well as the clergy, and bishops wielded a jurisdiction such as, even in missionary countries now, would be deemed unusual. With the second half of the sixteenth century came in the Spanish influence at Rome; and this, under Philip II. and his successors, had all the features of an absolute Government. The Spanish system abhorred publicity, could not endure discussion except on speculative problems, encouraged routine, and simply passed over the democratic or mediæval elements in the Church's existence as though they had never been. The Renaissance did not appeal to the common people, or in any way regard them. Bishops were now, as a rule, men of high birth and courtly ambition; but Rome, which during its most glorious period had drawn men from

every part of Europe, and under Popes like Innocent III. was truly the world's capital, lost by degrees its international aspect. It became Spanish, Italian, Neapolitan; it had long cast out the French influence; and with Germany and the North it seemed to hold only an intermittent commerce. The Papacy was an heirloom for which Italian houses contended; the executive rarely included a foreigner; and if any were found among the Roman Congregations, they had lived so entirely away from the country of their birth as nearly always to have become, in the expressive language of the proverb, Italianate. This condition of things, lasting down to the French Revolution, has not altered since. Thoughtful persons are asking themselves whether it can still continue as the Church expands again and enters on her new conquests.

It is not to be supposed that a Government, extending its spiritual sway over two millions of people, and concerned with delicate and difficult questions all day long, can flourish unless it has ministers specially trained to fulfil these duties—which is what we mean by a bureaucracy. In some shape or other the Roman Congregations have always existed, and must continue to exist, for how could the Pope act without instruments? Nor will permanent officials cease to magnify their office; while it is certain that, as they are not infallible, they will sometimes go astray. The considerations which are at present engaging many minds, and those entirely devoted to the Roman Church, take at once a wider scope than any outward changes would attain, and no more subtle problem lurks in them. If the English-speaking races are to come under Catholic influence, men ask us, what does that involve? Absolute surrender on the one side, and triumph without conditions on the other? Impossible.

Not so are the great movements of the world carried on to a satisfactory issue. Again, if the Democracy, which has learned in its own order the secret of self-government, is to be reconciled with Rome, can the temper, the methods, of the sixteenth century avail under circumstances so novel and unprecedented? That is the larger meaning of "Americanism," which is still not bent upon revolutionizing dogma, as some do vainly talk, but the contrary, on bringing it home to populations that neither by training nor disposition have the slightest fellow-feeling with absolute government, while sadly in need of a religion that shall teach them the ancient faith and restore their belief in the Supernatural.

The hour invites these thoughts and urges us to be ready, lest we find ourselves unprepared. It is not as though methods and principles, essentially foreign to the Catholic Church, were to be thrust upon her by short-sighted politicians. The forms are actually incorporate with her being; they existed long ere the Renaissance trampled down the people and set up, so far as Providence would allow, an oligarchy or a despotism which sacrificed the many to caste and privilege. Local interests, the traditions of religious Orders, the venerable maxims of a Government which has had no rival in its long experience of men and things, may all be respected, while institutions that have never perished take to themselves a new and vigorous energy, such as befits a people who are becoming alive to their responsibilities, a clergy endued with apostolic zeal, and a great army of converts who bring to their adopted faith no little of the ardor which they once displayed in fighting against it. So far as I am aware, the simple acknowledgment as living forms, and not as mere formalities, of these institutions—they are the Church's own creation—would satisfy all who are lovers

at once of Catholicism and the Democracy. When they have it dinned into their ears that indifference is the giant evil of the day, they answer that men will be indifferent unless their enthusiasm is kindled by being allowed to share in the public life of the community; unless they are taught, by the exercise of their own privileges, that the parish, the diocese, and Rome itself are the portion of their inheritance. It is not enough that they should be asked to approach the Sacraments, to pay their dues and to leave the administration of all things to the clergy. How the older and better state of the congregation should be restored is a serious inquiry, too difficult for this occasion. But, as I have heard a priest of wide experience emphatically declare, until it is done there will be secret societies and quasi-religious associations, tempting away to themselves many of the faithful, who are not always satisfied to be passive and paying members at home in church. In this observation a sidelight is thrown upon the remarkable and perplexing question of Freemasonry—that strange apparition on the Continent of which our journals abroad write with fear and trembling, but not, so far as one can see, with accurate knowledge. On all hands the difficulty is admitted of keeping young men faithful to the ordinances which as children they have revered. The democratic management of a parish and its resources—however to be accomplished—is, no doubt, the one solution. At all events, if the laity are not organized in church, they will be attracted by systems and societies out of church. During the Middle Ages *they* were the parish and the priest was their parson—their head and representative, who acted with them and they with him. The great gulf which is now fixed in the administration between pastor and people was then unknown. It is surely not an article of

Catholic tradition that the gulf should remain. But how can it be filled up without giving the laity a legal and acknowledged status, which at present they do not possess, nor could claim in the face of opposition on the part of their clergy?

Once the method of combination rather than of isolation has been recognized, a philosopher will see that it is applicable in many other ways. The position and promotion of the clergy in a diocese; their permanence on some system which should retain what was valuable under the old law of benefices, while not losing the flexibility of the modern or missionary arrangement; their consultative voice or vote in the election of the bishop, on whom at present they depend absolutely, and numerous points of equal importance which will occur to an ecclesiastic who has served his time, are among these questions, always with us, often debated and worthy of attention. But let us hasten to a loftier ground, from which we may view the entire problem of Democracy, as it bears on the fortunes of the Catholic Church.

"The pure idea of Democracy," says Mr. Stuart Mill—and I am quite content to accept his definition—"is the government of the whole people by the whole people, equally represented." Although nowhere at present realized, this may certainly be taken as the goal towards which modern society is advancing. It supposes in every man a conscious dignity, a sense of his own individual rights, and it insists on the ministerial character which belongs to all functions and offices, how august soever, of the body-politic. President, King, Parliament are not the end of the State; nor must we say with Molière in the comedy that we live to do their pleasure; on the contrary, they exist because the people have need of organs and instruments to carry out

the social scheme. In the commonwealth those that rule are "ministers;" and officials, apart from their office, are merely citizens like the rest. Free choice being the element out of which the whole constitution is wrought, and election the method of determining who shall exercise public duties, it is manifest that the foundation on which the social edifice rises is nothing else than inviolate personality. The law is supreme, not the man; and in seeing to its execution an officer who should consult merely his own interest or emolument, his private tastes or hereditary prejudices, would be acting as a corrupt and tyrannical ruler, and going beyond his commission.

Now, if natural society is tending this way, and already passing into the stage of a free association, what shall we say of the Church? By its very definition, it is voluntary—"stuff of the conscience"—accepted inwardly before it is professed outwardly. No man can be made a Christian against his will. Doubtless, it is the duty of all men, so soon as the Gospel message has been put before them with its *motiva creditatis*, to embrace its teaching; but if they will not, how are they to be coerced? Nay, the axiom runs, "*Homines ad Evangelium trahendi, non cogendi*;" persuasion is the only Christian method, and force makes martyrs or hypocrites, not converts. In our day, the Catholic Church is the largest voluntary association existing among mankind. It simply has not the power in fact of compelling bishop, priest, or layman to abide within its borders. Moral suasion is the air which it breathes; and, allowing for the presence of interests which tell in its favor, and for the associations of a long-established worship, still there is no country in which it has not to compete with rivals and enemies, none where it must not approach every man individ-

ually and solicit his adhesion, precisely as in a Democratic State the powers that be rely for their existence on his suffrage. That he is under a strict obligation to hear the Church makes no more difference, as regards the manner of persuading him, in one instance, than the parallel duty of obeying the law does in the other. He cannot be coerced, he must be convinced, if he is to give his vote and interest in either case. Such is now the inevitable form of Democracy in Church and State.

Moreover, concerning the Church, he need hold himself merely passive—not hostile, but indifferent—and he stands outside it. How shall he be affected by threatening to withdraw religious privileges which he does not value, as in the old days of interdict, or to lay on him spiritual censures at the name of which he scoffs? The Inquisition, the Index—let candid and far-seeing authorities ask themselves how these names are regarded in modern countries, what they are as powers, what as memories and associations from the past. If a hundred texts will not alter one fact, it is clear that the most determined resolution on the part of officials will not prevail against a still more inveterate custom on the part of nations and peoples. Men, therefore, will be Catholics because it is their duty indeed, but with freedom of choice, in obedience to an authority which they must accept before it can touch them, and not without an intelligent appreciation of the grounds on which they believe. The Church comes to them first; they do not go to the Church. And they must be drawn, interested, charmed, and so led on to acknowledge that faith is a reasonable service, which does not aim at the suppression of a just liberty, but is itself the mainstay of true civilization.

Are we, then, to accommodate the Gospel to human inventions? By no manner of means. But we are called

upon to distinguish between religion and policy. The Catholic creed is one and the same; but the nations that profess it have their special tempers, their indigenous philosophy so to speak, their way of regarding the world, their limits, prejudices, endowments. And no nation, Latin, Greek, German, American, has any right to impose on others its peculiar fashions. The Southern peoples, who were once, and perhaps are still under the surface, intensely Republican, accept or submit to modes of interference from Government which in these countries, or in America, would not be tolerated for a single week. Let them do so if they choose: but who shall charge us with being disloyal Catholics if we will not exchange our old free customs for the methods of Napoleon? Again, *we* live under the Common Law, *they* under the Roman. Let each make the best of what he has; but futile indeed will be the task of those who attempt to persuade us that the laws we have inherited from our Catholic ancestors are not preferable to a jurisprudence derived from Imperial Cæsar and heathen Rome.

Furthermore, among us no man is compelled to prove his innocence, but those who accuse him are required to prove his guilt; the courts are open, trial is public, witnesses are confronted with the accused and cross-examined; the judge will not listen in private to either party; and none are expected to give evidence against themselves. Not only is a judge required to be impartial, he is bound to make his impartiality manifest in the actual proceedings, and to take and weigh the evidence before the nation at large, so that every step shall be known and the prisoner's defence stand side by side with the charges brought against him. Can it be that Ecclesiastical Law and its procedures, as we now experience them, are moulded on this pattern?

And in whatever degree they follow the earlier type, with its secrecy, its suspicion, its separation of the accusers from the accused, its interrogation of the alleged culprit and demands for compulsory answers from him, its summing up *in camera*, and suppression of the grounds which have led to its final verdict, can, I say, these legal methods, contrasted with the methods long prevalent in English-speaking countries, possess that authority which our native tribunals enjoy, and which is the very jewel of the English Constitution? The question is not whether decrees pronounced under these circumstances are just, but whether the justice of them will be manifest to all concerned and to the world which is looking on, and that, too, in an age of extreme and almost exaggerated publicity, when these Ecclesiastical causes alone are withdrawn from universal observation. One knows all that may be urged on the other side. This, however, cannot be urged, that a people, who have tasted the benefits of English Common Law, will ever dream of accepting another, framed on principles supremely uncongenial to them, and exposing authority to the suspicion—as also, human nature being what it is, to the sometime danger—of sacrificing unpopular individuals to interests and prejudices which insist on their accustomed claims.

Trial by jury is trial by one's peers; by those that are not alien to the man accused, but well and duly acquainted with the kind of facts which happen to be in question. The executive of an International Church ought, one would say, to be such a mixed jury as, in the cases occurring, will at once comprehend these peculiar differences, and adjudicate in view of them. But, as was to be expected, the almost total falling away of the Northern Kingdoms brought in its train a state of things utterly unlike that which was charac-

teristic of the Middle Ages, when as yet neither the Papacy nor the Curia had become exclusively Italian. If there are to grow up, among the hundred and twenty millions who now speak English, a number of strong and active local churches in communion with the Holy See, it seems inevitable that the choice of ministers for the executive shall be greatly widened. Trained officials there must be; yet who will maintain the singular proposition that these, as if by divine appointment, should always be sought in Sicily, or the Abruzzi, in the former Roman States, or even in Rome itself? On this subject nothing I could here set down would express the difficulties of the situation more forcibly—I am speaking, it must be remembered, of the *Orbis Britannicus* and its relation to an Œcumenical Government at a distance—than the words of Mr. Stuart Mill which I now transcribe. He writes thus in his valuable and well-balanced treatise "On Representative Government:"

It is always under great difficulties, and very imperfectly, that a country can be governed by foreigners; even when there is no extreme disparity in habits and ideas between the rulers and the ruled. Foreigners do not feel with the people. They cannot judge, by the light in which a thing appears to their own minds or the manner in which it affects their feelings, how it will affect the feelings or appear to the minds of the subject population. What a native of the country of average ability knows as it were by instinct they have to learn slowly and, after all, imperfectly, by study and experience. The laws, customs, the social relations for which they have to legislate, instead of being familiar to them from childhood, are all strange to them. For most of their detailed knowledge they must depend on the information of natives, and it is difficult for them to know whom to trust. They are feared, suspected, disliked by the population, seldom sought by them except for interested purposes, and they are prone

to think that the servilely submissive are the trustworthy. Their danger is of despising the natives; that of the natives is of disbelieving that anything the strangers do can be intended for their good.¹

In this pregnant passage are summed up with a master's hand, though he was not thinking of them, the antecedents to which in no small measure we may trace the Reformation. But, to compare a slight episode with a turning-point in history, the same sentences would furnish a comment, as curious as it should prove wholesome, on the chapter of "Americanism." I am dealing with the subject elsewhere. That, however, the stupendous noise and passionate polemic which it has aroused were due as much to misunderstanding as to dislike or terror at the sudden emergence of America on a stage hitherto occupied by the Latins, will be doubtful to none who read the publications so profusely scattered abroad during this controversy. The parties to it were mostly French; but, so far as any Americans happened to interpose, they spoke a language incomprehensible at Paris, and the plane of thought on which they moved was unexplored by the officials of the Curia. To the French Legitimist, as to the Italian, maxims which are a commonplace of Anglo-American law—but which in no case were intended for metaphysical first principles—appeared heretical or unmeaning. Neither is the last a solitary instance, though perhaps the most significant during our generation. Now the obvious remedy—unless misunderstandings are to keep Rome and the English world apart forever—is that Britons and Americans should be allowed their full share in the Central Executive. It may be replied that the bishops of the respective countries will afford all the protection that can be de-

¹ Mill, "On Representative Government," p. 135, popular edition.

sired. But the circumference is not the centre, and as the centre is subject to its own peculiar influences, so at the centre provision may well be made for convincing the nations at large that Rome takes just heed of their wants and wishes. The Catholic bishops bear a striking resemblance to the Governors of States in America, as does the Curia to the Federal authorities at Washington. Indeed, between the American Constitution and that of the Roman Church analogies meet us at all points. Who would call it a satisfactory condition of things if, while each State chose its own Governor, the White House was filling the Executive with natives of Maryland and Virginia, throwing in occasionally, and as it were by chance, one man from Illinois and another from New York? I repeat that the problem for any authority, lay or ecclesiastical, in our times is not only to be just but to appear just, and that in the eyes of democratic millions. This would hardly be effected, though all State Governors were above suspicion, by appointing the members of the Administration on the lines of class, or birth, or exclusive nationality. A Federal or Œcumenical Government should be as wide in its selection of the persons composing it as in the jurisdiction which it exercises. For, unless it be in this manner truly representative, elements of weakness will creep in, dissatisfaction will be fostered, and its very objects will be thwarted or set aside in consequence of that law by which an organism depends for its proper nourishment on every one of its parts, and the circulation of the blood is the condition of life and healthy action.

These, so far from being personal questions, are in the highest degree catholic and universal. The permanent Council, which has its seat in Rome, will be effective so far as it virtually includes every portion of the

Church, and weak as it is wanting in any one of them. If we regard doctrine, it is granted that different schools must ever exist within the pale of Catholicism, consenting as to dogma, yet in many momentous points at variance. There is room for an English or German school as for the Scotists and Thomists, who once, long ago, fought their battles in the arena of the Vatican. Cardinal Newman is as great as Cardinal Bellarmine, and as much entitled to a hearing as Petavius or De Maistre. And he has a theory of his own—in apologetics, in the psychology of assent, in the history of dogmatic development. As regards what is compendiously termed “discipline” the story of a hundred years announces so many and such sweeping changes that we may well suppose another century will see them largely increased. The contact of English law with the Code Napoléon, with the legal methods of the Romans, with all that we have touched upon in the preceding observations, cannot fail to awaken interest and lead to comparison. Journalism, now ubiquitous, means publicity; and if the diplomatist cannot keep his designs secret, are not even sacred officials working under glass—but not wholly, and, therefore, at a disadvantage, since, were everything known, the guesses that now do so much mischief would be impossible? There is, in short, a modern tribunal, from whose judgment not even the loftiest can escape; and if Pascal might say, under Louis XIV., that “opinion is the queen of the world,” what are we to think when it has organized and become democratic? Opinion is free as it never was—free from danger of the Bastille, and the *Plomb*, furnished with organs beyond counting, and able to express itself from hour to hour in myriads of printed columns and in all languages. Publicity is the order of the day. And with publicity English

principles are in profound and hearty agreement.

On the other hand, freedom according to law is a Catholic idea, and arbitrary government has no foundation in the Canons or the Councils. Though individuals should strain to make their pleasure seem the law, and do what in them lies to exalt opinions or prejudices into dogmas; though the servile may affect an unmanly, nay, even a Byzantine adulation of rulers whose claim on our reverence is their office, not their persons; yet, in spite of all this, Christ has made us free, and we are not the bond-slaves of any Cæsarism. The misunderstandings of centuries cannot be cleared up in a day, but if ever the Northern people draw nigh to Rome, assuredly they will bring their liberty along with them. That liberty is not lawlessness. None have respected the laws more than they, even while they hoped to better them; and reform in English eyes must be constitutional, or the nation will have none of it. Should the number of American and other English-speaking Catholics increase, as it surely will, how is their influence not to be felt, or their idea of self-government and open justice to be defeated? They have the secret of orderly political progress, than which none is more favorable to Catholicism. But if they do not insist on others sharing it, they mean it to avail for themselves and the New World—that New World which is larger than the Old, and embraces more than one continent—where Democracy, not Imperialism, has got the start as it will keep the supremacy. Under these conditions the Church must deliver her message. Ought she to prefer Tiberius Cæsar or the tyrants of the Renaissance to a Republic which guarantees her freedom and respects her moral dignity?

The Catholic faith is, in our view, concrete religion, as it is historical

Christianity. Again, English liberty is the highest achievement of civilization regarded in its judicial and its political aspects. These two gifts of Providence, at present put asunder, we desire to see joined together for the good of the world. United, they should prove equal to the establishment of a higher and happier state of mankind than has hitherto been known. Their enemies, we must say it distinctly, are the fanatics and extremists who would bring in anarchy without religion, or religion without freedom; those who are striving all they can to make Christianity seem false, or to make it seem odious. Meanwhile the nations are perishing. That any large number of men and women will be drawn to the Church, or driven out of it, by arguments, by decrees, which bear on minute details in the text of the history of the Bible, or which deal with recondite points of dogma and rarefied systems of philosophy, it is impossible to imagine. The issues of life and death are elsewhere. Democracy is a fact; unbelief is rampant; and the millions are waiting for social redemption. Who will bring it to them? As we hope and believe, that creation of a new and better world is reserved for the Catholic Church. Therefore we are constrained to cry aloud and spare not; to warn those who threaten liberty in the name of Absolutism that they are darkening the dawn of faith and repeating their ancient error which confounded religion with dynasties, as now they would confound it with national prejudice and local interests. It is well that they should learn that the youthful peoples who speak our tongue do not mean to be ruled by Philip II. from his tomb in the Escorial; that they prefer Stephen Langton and Magna Charta to Spanish and Renaissance methods, and will ever do so. But we say, let those democratic races be assured of freedom under their own laws—these who, for

many a year to come, will be the vanguard of civilization—and tokens are not wanting that they may look with favor on the beauty of the Catholic Church, and one day be subdued by her charm. For ourselves, who are already

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in possession of a creed that we reverence and a freedom before the law that we do not mean to lose, what else can we desire than that all nations should be Catholic, and all Catholics be delivered from the dead hand of Cæsarism?

William Barry.

ART ON THE PAVEMENT.

The world-worn squalid-looking men who may be seen in all parts of London, working on the pavement with their dirty bundle of chinks, and bits of leather, are unconsciously practising art in its primeval form. The earliest satirist and the earliest idealist both used this medium. The first artist born into the world probably made an ugly drawing of his enemy, or attempted a crude likeness of his lady-love with a piece of charcoal or red chalk upon a smooth stone. Thousands of village Raphaels in past ages have made their evanescent sketches thus, and sunk into oblivion without ever smelling paint or handling a mahlstick. The boy Giotto might have scratched his rude designs with perfect satisfaction to himself, and died a simple shepherd, had not Cimabue chanced to see him at work in the fields of Vespignano. Others as gifted as he, but to whom Fate sent no Cimabue, may have lived, and dreamed, and died unknown.

At present, however, we are only concerned with the moderns, the artists of the London streets. The man who made the first drawing in colored chinks on the pavement with a view to awakening the pity of the crowd, must have been an original genius. Perhaps he was a broken-down, improvident artist of convivial habits, like the father of Miss Rebecca Sharp. I can picture

the man mentally, and wish that Thackeray could have taken his portrait; how sympathetically he would have done it! Whosoever he was, he founded a profession which has fed and clothed many a miserable human wreck. Imitators sprang up by the score, and the tradition of "the poor artist" still survives. In what year the first chalk drawing was made on the London flags I have been unable to discover. History is silent on the subject. Oral tradition is dumb. The artists are a short-lived race, and can tell us nothing of the pioneers of the profession; the question did not appear to interest them. We may, however, fix the period of the naissance approximately. In Henry Mayhew's exhaustive work, "London Labor and London Poor," which was issued in 1851, no mention is made of these *al fresco* draughtsmen. Mr. Mayhew knew every phase of London life so intimately, and did his work with such thoroughness, that it may be safely assumed that the pavement artist did not commence work until after the Great Exhibition. Turning to the interesting chapter on "Street Art," we find that he only deals with the men who painted "showboards" for the "patterers," or purveyors of "gallows literature." The pictures were painted in water-colors, and were protected from the rain by a solution of gum-resin. The popular subjects in those days

were the Sloanes and the Mannings. That race of artists is gone. The "patterer" is dead, too. We have no "galloos literature." "Last dying speeches and confessions" would find no sale, for all the desired particulars are in the half-penny papers. Public taste is perhaps more elevated now. The modern street artist is moral and improving. He deals in patriotism and pathos, and is not without aspirations towards the beautiful. Portraits of murderers and illustrations of their deeds are happily not in vogue.

It must have been between the years 1851 and 1860 that the "artist" came upon the town. In "Somebody's Luggage," published in 1862, Charles Dickens speaks of him as a common object on the pavement. In the chapter headed "His Brown Paper Parcel," the artist, who tells his own story, relates how he acted in the capacity of "ghost." He went round at an early hour and did the pictures, then let out the "pitches" to other men, who took the credit and the coppers. The artist was in bondage to men of ruder nature and keener commercial instinct: it is often thus. Whether such a state of things really existed six and thirty years ago, or whether it was merely the novelist's fancy, I am unable to say. It is not so now, the artists themselves take the responsibility of their own work—one can watch them in the agonies of production. I feel sure there are no "ghosts" in the profession at the present time.

The artists, as a class, are rich in character, and are worthy of a fuller treatment than we can give them here. They are men of many experiments. They have all tried other callings and failed. They have trodden the by-paths of life, gathering dirt and experience, and have come to this at last, as other unfortunates become supers, artists' models, or sandwich-men. They all bear the marks of sorrow, adven-

ture, and hard strife. Could we induce them to speak the plain truth, how many strange, perhaps tragic, life histories would be revealed! Among the many I have spoken with, not one kept up the pretence of being a "poor artist," not one showed any trace of education or past refinement. There is no truth in the gibe that the profession is crowded with old-time drawing-masters, who used to fill young ladies' drawing-books with sketches to be shown to admiring parents as the pupils' own work, the men who were driven out into the cold world with their boxes of dry colors and their ruined castles on the Rhine, when South Kensington made them impossible. No, indeed, the pavement artists come from a much lower grade. As a class they are reticent, and furnish information reluctantly. They preserve an air of mystery, an attitude of aloofness. The pictures finished, the artist crouches down on the flags, and assumes a pose of patient, pathetic suffering, which it seems cruel to disturb. He has fought his fight, and been beaten. The Royal Academy has rejected him; the picture dealers, blind to their best interests, have proved obdurate. He has come down to this. He invites contributions as much by his forlorn, broken-hearted appearance, or by some physical deformity, if he be unhappily stricken in that way, as by the dexterity of his drawing. He is manifestly crushed, the sport of destiny, the child of misfortune.

Pavement Art of to-day is decadent. It aims higher and achieves less than it did twenty years ago. The older artists restricted themselves almost exclusively to still life. The favorite subjects were the guttering tallow candle stuck in a ginger-beer bottle, the pork chop, the red, red rasher, the head and shoulders of a salmon, the plump heron on a willow-pattern plate. These homely and familiar subjects were treated in an eminently realistic man-

ner, executed with ruthless fidelity; and by constant practice a fair degree of skill was developed. The public could appreciate art of this kind without any mental strain, and expressed the degree of their admiration in bronze coin.

The artists now soar to loftier heights. We have glowing red-ochre sunsets, smiling landscapes, flooded with "the light that never was, on sea or land," gallant ships, riding out wild tempests, the jagged lightning playing with the masts, peaceful rustic cottages, surrounded by fields of yellow-ochre corn, and even figures—mostly military—of deplorable deformity.

One blazing August afternoon, I happened upon an elderly practitioner in the Euston Road. He had executed eight pictures, and surrounded his work with a complicated design in white chalk. He was bronzed, grizzled and very dirty, and his eyes had a weary, boiled look. He was quite approachable, however, and became cheerfully loquacious at once; but he was seated on the pavement, and I was standing up, and the noise of traffic being obtrusive, conversation was carried on under difficulties. How long did it take him to do these remarkably clever pictures?

"Hours," he said, aspirating the "h" strongly.

I thought there might be a professor of Pavement Art in London who took pupils, and if such a one existed, his academy would be well worth a visit; but experience, it appears, is the only school, the Art is not to be acquired under any master.

"No one taught me," said the artist proudly, "I learned myself; but it took time and patience. I've been at it over fifteen year."

"Could any one learn?—with patience of course."

He shook his head decisively.

"No, you must 'ave it in yer, or else

yer never won't be no good at it. Must 'ave the 'ead for it."

"Natural talent, improved by practice."

"Ah, you've got it."

"Was it a good living?"

"Well, you see 'tis a bad time now—so many people out of town. 'Tain't much good now at any time; it's overdone like everything else. Many at it? I believe you. Why, taking London all over there must be three 'undred of 'em. It's a hard life at the best. Here you are tied, so to speak. Can't leave the place for a minute. 'Bliged to 'ave a mate and we relieve one another. My mate, mind you, can do 'em as well as I can. Turn your back for 'alf a minute, and these 'ere mischievous boys come and play old 'arry with the pictures. No, I don't stop in one place, yesterday I was over at 'ammersmith. I don't do the same pictures over again, I do fresh ones—got any amount in my 'ead. People likes a variety, and I gives it to 'em. Yes, this dry weather's all right; but the public don't part quite so free when it's fine. You see the climate's rough on us, a shower of rain comes on, and there we are, queered; all the work wasted. And then at night, I tell you it fair goes to my 'eart to rub some of the pictures out."

"Why not do the drawings on boards and take them away with you?"

"No, no, it don't pay. I've tried it. The public likes to 'ave plenty of work for their money. A man with boards don't interest nobody. Who knows if he dror'd the pictures hisself? Besides I gets the best paying crowd while I'm at work."

"How much can you make in a day?"

That was a delicate question. It is not an easy matter to obtain accurate information as to income even from the occupiers of villa residences. The artist was but human, he was not ready with figures.

"Sometimes more, sometimes less," he said vaguely. "You'd be surprised at the number of people as will come and look, and then walk off without giving nothing. They think I do these drawings out of charity. Now, I'll tell you a joke: the other day a lady gave me—what do you think?—a farthing!" He paused as though expecting a strong expression of amazement or incredulity. "Oh, I took it," he said, with a laugh of tolerance, "but don't you think as she ought to be ashamed of 'erself?"

I asked him if he would not do better in the East End among the working men. I thought of Goldsmith tramping through Europe with his old Ballymahon flute, and how he found his most generous patrons among the poor. When he attempted to play for people of fashion they thought his performance odious, and never gave him even a trifle. But the artist took up quite an unexpected attitude. "Working-men," he said, with savage irony, "yes, they'll give me a lot. All they think about is getting some one to stand them a pot of four ale."

Appearances are delusive. A dirty face and corduroys are not always the outward signs of democratic principles. This Giotto of the gutter looked upon the working-classes with contempt, and stood up for aristocratic patronage. In taking leave of this interesting personality, I must in justice say that his work was, of its kind, good. The peaceful water-mills and cottages, and rolling waves were all "out of his own 'ead," yet they showed powers of observation, and cultivation of the "inner eye." His memory was stored with recollections of sun-lit seas, and cool forest glades, which he must have looked at lovingly once. There was a pathos in the very distortions of nature he produced. His pictures were libellous, but like some fiction they were founded on fact. A black and white

drawing of a water-fall in a dense forest was his best work. He admitted its superiority, but said sadly, "You see the public will 'ave color, and bright color at that."

The standard of work degenerated the further east I went. Figure subjects predominated, done in a style for which barbarous is the only descriptive word. It was art at its lowest; below even the slate and pencil attempts of idle boyhood. Still there was a living to be made at it among the sympathetic working people whom the Euston Road artist so despised. I spoke to one man who was flicking the dust off his finished work with a black rag. He was a tall, raw-boned, ferocious-looking fellow, with a baleful eye. He stood up straight to answer, the pitiless August sun beating down upon his bare shock-head and grimy face. It was in a busy thoroughfare of the "Great Thirst Land," the arid, waterless East-end. The foul dust whirled in clouds about the road. The cry of "Wor-ter, wor-ter," was heard faintly above the din of wheels, as the relief carts came along followed by thirsty crowds. It might have been in Seville or Cairo. The dour artist regarded me suspiciously, till mollified by praise and coin. The frightful heat had sent up his moral temperature. He was laboring under a sense of cruel wrong, and relieved his mind in furious words. His manner reminded me of Gridley, the man from Shropshire. "There's nothing in it now," he said through his half-closed teeth. "I ought to know. I've been at it ten years." Oh, the pity of it! Ten years of daily practice, and his drawing of a pineapple looked like an oval piece of linoleum!

"Oh, yes, I soon learned it," he said, "always was reckoned clever with my 'ands when I was in the army. How did I learn? Why, by putting up a good engraving in front of me, and copying of it. But it's a rotten bad trade—too

many at it. I started over at that there corner ten years ago. I was by myself then, and now there's five of 'em about. The worst of it is, there's too many of these imposters encouraged—them men with the boards. They didn't ought to be allowed, the lor ought to stop 'em." Here was professional jealousy at its hottest. He denounced "the man with boards" with an energy and passion that left him perspiring and weak. "They can't dror," he said with withering contempt. "They gets the pictures out of the illustrated papers, and traces of 'em. Why, a child could do it. You must 'ave seen 'em, all old friends—the Deserter, that one with the 'andcuffs on, you can see it in any band of 'ope. Oh, it's disgustin'. The public oughtn't to encourage 'em. A set of imposters, that's what they are. Put 'em down to a bit of real work with chalks on the pavement, and where are they? Why, nowhere. If I couldn't do better, I'd go and jump in the cut. The trade's fair spoiled, there's nothing to be made at it now. The other day I only took tenpence in a whole afternoon."

In spite of this ex-soldier's pessimistic view, there are worse trades in London than his. If tenpence in an afternoon was a record for dearth, a good day would probably yield half-a-crown or more, and this in the East-end, remember. This would be considered affluence by tens of thousands in the poorer districts, but of course a man must "ave it in him."

Still further east, to where tall masts are outlined against the sky, and sailors of all nations pass along the crowded streets. No landscapes here, but dramatic scenes of love and war, and appeals to the affections. One artist had bravely attempted a picture of the recent terrible disaster at Black-wall. Men, women, children, hats, and umbrellas were all tossed together chaotically in a wild smother of foaming water. The picture had been a

great draw at the time, and apparently bears repetition. Another artist, a one-legged sailor, had depicted a whale upsetting a couple of boats. The man professed to have lost his leg in some accident on board a whaler. The whale in the picture was sending up two streams of white water to a height of quite a hundred feet. I asked what the whale was spouting up.

"That, sir," said the ancient mariner, "is 'ot air an' mokus."

"The whale's mucous membrane must have been wonderfully active."

"Aye, it was, sir, and no mistake," he said gravely.

After many conversations with these men, I found them unanimous upon certain points. They all complained of the high price of the chalks—the art dealers do not, it appears, allow them the usual professional discount; and all angrily resented the rivalry of the "boardmen." These innovators are unquestionably an inferior race, their work compares very unfavorably with that of the pavement-artists. When they work in oils they use the material in such lavish quantities that the paintings resemble bas-reliefs.

One is struck with the utter lack of humor in all the designs of the street-artists, which is strange considering the quick humorous appreciation and ready wit of the lower orders in London. The only approach to anything comic I saw on the flags was a drawing of an old man toasting a hering at the flare of a tallow candle, stuck in a ginger-beer bottle. This was labelled "Hard Times." I came across this design several times. Even these humble artists are not exempt from plagiarism; publication on the pavement carries no copyright. The art is at its best in landscape, at its weakest in portraiture. In the latter department, the Queen, Lord Wolseley, and Mr. Gladstone are the most frequent victims; but a reference to the title is

generally necessary for identification. The popular mottos are "Many can help one." "Isn't it worth a trifle?" "I do this to support my family." "I am entirely self-taught." The profession is not free from the encroachment of women. In a busy street in Hackney I saw a neatly dressed girl doing Greek landscapes, and piles of mackerel in a way that left her male rivals hopelessly behind. She described herself in fine, vigorous chalk writing as "the only lady pavement-artist." She received money in a little Japanese tray, and acknowledged each contribution with a stately bend. There was evidently some romantic story here: but in this instance questions would have been impertinent; it was a case for a lady-journalist. There is professional pride and emulation among the men, and I really believe they try to do their best. The street artist is a hybrid creature, half-artist, half-mendicant. His best season is probably the winter, for many people will give from motives of pity seeing him stand so patiently in the bitter weather. He is always thinly clad, and shivers dramatically. But *per contra*

must be reckoned the frequent interruptions of rain and snow, and the cost of candles in the long dark evenings. I have seen one deft worker with a row of paraffin lamps arranged like footlights to illuminate his pictures.

It was told of the late George du Maurier that he was once so moved with compassion at the miserable appearance of one of these men that he told him to go and get some hot soup, promising to look after the "pitch" in the meantime. As soon as the man was gone du Maurier rubbed out the conventional landscape and the soldiers and sailors, and drew a set of society pictures in white chalk. The money came in at a great rate, and when the man returned he had nearly a hat-ful to receive. He was grateful, but his professional pride was touched. "It's all very well," he said, "but you don't call this kind of thing art, do you?" And with a filthy rag he obliterated the masterly drawings in line. If the story is not literally true, there is truth in it, both as regards Mr. du Maurier's kindness of heart and the pavement-artist's point of view.

Good Words.

J. Deane Hilton.

EARTH WORSHIP.

Into the grass I fain would grow
And know
What hidden powers, potent ministries,
What endless hands and lips and tongues and eyes,
What baffled ecstasies,
Struggle for utterance in the world below.
Into the life of leaves above the grass
I fain would pass,
And find what sort of regioned angels there
Twine their entangled hair,
What obscure nymphs, what dusky Dryades
Dwell in these ancient trees.

John Cowper Powys

HOW TIM MORGAN WAS CONVINCED.

It was an evil day for Glenbaragh that saw Pat Sullivan brought up from the quarry, hurt to the death. It was not the loss of Pat Sullivan, kindly man though he was; there were Sullivans enough on the country-side and to spare, and as Pat had neither wife nor child to go hungry for need of him there were none to weep. And yet the evil came through his death, and in this way. It was bitter, bleak November weather, wet with a spit of sleet through the rain, and Father Maurice had come in such haste to ease the dying man's last hours that he brought neither wrap nor coat, nor even hat, but ran across the hillside bareheaded, just as he had sat by his study fire; and that started the evil.

For two hours Pat Sullivan lay dying in his cold hovel with Father Maurice speaking comfort and strength of spirit by his side to the last; two weary hours to the wrecked body of Pat Sullivan, and two hours of a cruel creeping chill striking in upon the lungs of the watcher, and giving the evil grip and foothold. Two days later the grave closed over Pat Sullivan, and Glenbaragh was neither the better nor the worse for his loss; but the reeking vapor, breast-high above the sod, drove home the evil, and Father Maurice went to his bed to night out, and in the end win, a strong man's desperate struggle with death.

There was little credit to Glenbaragh in loving its priest, for all that he talked clean-cut home truths from the altar, holding his mirror up so that warped nature could see itself and be ashamed. For behind the chiding and the upright pastor's uncompromising wrath at sin, there was ever the father's love to his children and the true priest's unhesitating self-sacrifice. Not

a man or woman of them all but knew that Father Maurice would have laid down his life for his flock's sake and counted it no loss. So while the fever ran high Glenbaragh went softly and prayed, as Glenbaragh had never prayed before, that the evil they dreaded might be turned aside; and it was so in part, though evil enough remained.

Evil enough it was that Glenbaragh, ignorant and compacted of men's passions, should be left to its own careless devices while their priest fought its battle; but Bryan Barry, acting with all a true doctor's autocracy, made that evil worse.

The day had been one of rare warmth and every soul in the village who could walk with two legs or a crutch had passed in review before Father Maurice, as he sat in his porch sunning himself. It was in vain that old Kitty Donohoe, his domestic directress and devoted slave for a score of years, vented her opinion with unmistakable clearness. "Bad scan to y'e, Bridget Sullivan—savin' yer presence, yer Riverence—quit prancin' on the dure-step I whitened this mornin'. It's not to clane dure-steps the wather goes in your house, no, nor childer ayther—ye'd think Mickey there slept wid the sow. Get away, the lot o' ye; ye'd think his Riverence was a penny peepshow on sight for nothin'. Sure ye've no more sinse nor Thady's cow that trod on her calf; ye're killin' his Riverence between ye wid yer slobberin'."

But Father Maurice would have none of her interference. "Let be, Kitty. Why, woman, this is more to me than all the doctor's drugs."

Kitty sniffed. "Falx," she said, "it's poor they'd be if they warnt better nor them."

So for a long time Father Maurice had his way. But the reception was over, and except for, perhaps, a dozen tow-headed gossoons shuffling their toes in the mud of the road, Glenbaragh had betaken itself to its home when Bryan Barry pushed open the door and unceremoniously walked in. They had faced too many hard scenes of life and death, these two, to hold ceremony of much account. The little things of life drop out of a personal intercourse strengthened and made sacred by the large.

"Better?" said the doctor. "Aye, but who gave you leave to fritter the gain away on a pack of savages,—not savages? No, but you rose to the fly gamely, and that's all I wanted to see. Sneer at the parish and the priest's in arms? And quite right, too. On the whole I'm not sorry you played the pastor. Going to rise to that fly, too, were you? But give me credit; I burked the truth and didn't say fool. No, I'm not sorry you tested yourself, for it shows you've grit to bear the journey, and after such a bout as yours it's more grit than strength you have if you only knew it. What journey? Why, yours out of this." He dropped his tone of banter and sat down in front of his patient, his elbows on his knees and his hands clasped in front of him. "Maurice, old friend, it's a hard thing to say, knowing how near your people are to your heart, but for Glenbaragh's own sake you must try to keep the life God gave you; and that's what you can't do here. You are too much a man and a Christian to fear the hearing of the truth. Things have been worse than you dreamed of, and there's no middle course between a five months' absence somewhere South, and—" here Bryan stopped.

From the first word of serious import Father Maurice had sat up, alert and watchful; now he broke out: "Bryan, Bryan, you mean well, but I can't. My

people come first. I can die with them, but I can't desert them."

"Desert? Rubbish! See here," said Bryan; "you can give them two years of imperfect ministration and die, or leave them for five months and give them twenty years of wise guidance afterwards. There's your choice, and there's no doctor's whim in it. A nice answer you'll give to God, Father Maurice: 'I loved my people so well that I died, when I might have lived for them.'"

"But,—but,—is it sure?"

Bryan nodded. "I can speak *ex cathedra* as well as the Church," he said grimly, "and I'm not sure but that my *ex* is sometimes the more *cathedra* of the two. D'ye think your cloth has a monopoly of cocksureness?"

"But the Bishop?"

Bryan laughed; the battle was won, and he could afford a return to the lighter vein. "See here," and he drew a sealed letter from his pocket. "The bishop and I are old friends; why I cured him of his gout at Ardnageela last May,—Lent came early you know; so I've written and told him all about it."

"My people, Bryan, my people!"

"Bless me," said Bryan, "we've settled that, though, faith, I hope some man with a head on his shoulders takes them in charge. We've a mixed lot of humanity in Glenbaragh, and God forgive us."

And thus it came about that the day which saw Pat Sullivan brought up from the quarry hurt to the death was an evil one for Glenbaragh.

A still more evil one it was for Tim Morgan, who farmed what had been Moynan's holding. Two years before Tim Morgan had drifted into Glenbaragh with a shrewd brain, a pair of strong arms, a will to work, an eye to a bargain, and a few pounds in his pocket, an accumulation of assets which is no light capital when backed

with health, and Tim was no patient of Bryan Barry. A black Northerner, although a Catholic, could be no favorite in Glenbaragh. In no similar limited number of square miles has nature packed so many rampant antagonisms as in those which make up the four provinces, and of all the antagonisms that of North and South is the keenest. But Glenbaragh suited Tim Morgan for all its forlorn wildness and hungry soil, and, shutting his eyes to the antagonisms, he bided in Glenbaragh and prospered.

He worked first for six months as herd to one of the country squires; then for a year as a cattle-jobber, doing well for himself with his few pounds of capital and hard Northern wit to back it. Then Mary Donohoe (own niece to Father Maurice's Kitty) crossed his path and Tim Morgan cast about in his mind how he might come by a home of his own, not over large, but big enough for two,—and the rest.

For all Glenbaragh's poverty nowhere in Ireland is the racial love of the homestead more deeply planted, and but for Moynan's eviction Tim Morgan might have seen pretty Mary's hair turn gray, and the light die out of her eyes, before a suitable farm came in his way.

To be sure what was left of Moynan's holding did not quite come up to his ideal. Two or three years' neglect had run down the land even before a season's fallow and a caretaker's mismanagement had left the fields a wilderness. To make Moynan's holding pay meant work, and though Tim Morgan had no fear of work, he knew enough of the Land-League and its ways to think twice, aye and thrice, before entering on an evicted farm.

In his perplexity he laid the case before Father Maurice and found a sympathetic listener. "Keep your mind easy, Tim, but make no move for the present. An honest man has a right to

earn an honest living on God's earth. Wait till Monday before you go to the squire, and until then don't so much as look at Moynan's holding. Evil guile must be met with innocent guile, and when I say yea in a just cause (and please God I never will in another) I'd like to see the man in Glenbaragh who will say nay! Wait, I say, till after Sunday's chapel."

Glenbaragh never knew how these things were managed. Certainly no hint ever fell from the lips of Father Maurice. If their love to God and the Church that brought God's mercy nearer to them, would not bring his people to chapel, then no idle curiosity of his sowing would induce an attendance. But it was none the less true that if ever Father Maurice had weighty matters to speak of after mass, Glenbaragh knew it, and Glenbaragh was there to hear.

Thus it followed that on the Sunday after Tim Morgan's visit to the parsonage the grey walls were packed from north to south, and the aisles filled with kneeling worshippers. A man who knows his people like a well-conned book wastes no time on vague generalities. When the time came for Father Maurice to speak his mind, he spoke it with unerring directness and with the solemnity of one upon whom is the burden of the cure of souls. There was much evil abroad, he said: men setting up man's law and trampling upon God's; and perverting to evil and criminal uses that right of intercourse which God had set up as a bond betwixt man and man; the letting loose of cruelty and lawlessness, not alone upon their fellow creatures, but upon God's dumb creation, and debasing thereby the holiness of Christianity to a savage barbarism; the arrogant establishment of a lawless interference which forbade a man to gain his honest bread by tilling land left derelict by incompetency, neglect, or wilful fol-

ly. Let such things (and the silence that was almost an agony of suspense fell upon the listeners) be given no foothold in Glenbaragh. Woe, woe, inevitable woe to him who sets God's law of man's brotherhood at defiance, who tears down God's altar of peace and good-will and rears in its place a devil's worship of strife, outrage and murderous passion!

That in outline was Father Maurice's message, and three days later, when men heard that Tim Morgan was the new tenant of Moynan's holding, there was no voice raised in objection. "Sure," said Glenbaragh, "it was the devil's own shame to have a fine bit o' land runnin' to waste, poisonin' the naybors wid its weeds. An' if Morgan was a black Northern, why pretty Mary Donohoe 'ud consecrate a worse man nor him! Moynan—musha, but Moynan's mouth was more to him nor wife an' child; he got no more nor his desarts, an' Heaven send him no worse!" So Tim Morgan married Mary Donohoe with no thought that any death save his or hers could bring them evil.

For two Sundays after Father Maurice went south, Glenbaragh was served by a neighboring curate who adhered strictly to the duties of his office, doing neither more nor less than was required of him. Then came Father Foy, fresh from Maynooth, to take a six months' charge, or until such time as Father Maurice returned.

Now while all Glenbaragh held their pastor in unflinching reverence and love, it was as much because of the office as the man; for, if the man dignified the office, the office in a sense glorified the man. Thus when a sullen-faced boy, narrow-eyed and thin-lipped, announced himself as Father Foy, he bore, for all his youth, an indescribable authority; the robe of the priesthood was the robe of power.

Born in the Mayo bogs, of a long line

of cotter parents, Martin Foy brought to his ministry a hereditary narrowness. For generations the Foyes had intermarried with Foyes, growing poorer and poorer as their original holdings were cut up into inadequate plots, upon which clustered the ever-increasing descendants. Except to migrate to England at harvest-time as one of a cattle-like herd, a Foy rarely set foot beyond his own barony. Illiterate and untaught, his groove in life, both in thought and action, was of the narrowest. Progress there was none. Misery was endured patiently, and even the periodical famines, hardly separable from the growth of population with an unexpanding area of production, were faced with apathy. Misfortunes were many, but they brought no lessons; and from generations of sorrow no self-help was learned. Now and then the bruiltings of far-off agitation would drift across even the wild Foy country and stir up a vague, unreasoning, uncomprehending resentment. A blind rage, against, they scarcely knew what, would waken and strike out desperately at whatever lay nearest, as blind, unreasoning rage will. Then would follow some terrible vindication of the law, and in its face the rage would become an agony of impotent irritation, and then die out, at least on the surface.

Save for an accident Martin Foy might have lived and died in his own country, as ignorant and unlettered as his fathers; but as a lad he had caught the kindly fancy of one of the great ladies in his district, and by her had been educated and led upwards from the national school to Maynooth, and on into the priesthood. Linked with his hereditary narrowness was a conception of his office never dreamed of by such humility as that of Father Maurice. The Church, argued Martin Foy, is one, a Catholic entity; and the spiritual powers and privileges of its ministers are

without degree, since the power of the highest is only his in virtue of his union with the Church, and the union of the humblest member is as absolute. Therefore, contended Martin in the silence of his soul, and ignoring the weight which attaches to OEcumenical Councils, the infallibility of the Head of the Church on earth and that of the curate of Glenbaragh are co-existent and co-equal; a magnificent conception, and one only requiring a suitable field for application to produce great results. Truly it was an evil day for Glenbaragh that saw Pat Sullivan done to death.

The first two weeks were amply filled with the airing of Maynooth learning. That Martin Foy was, after a fashion, a scholar, was true, for it is Maynooth's way to turn out its men scholars; but it is also true that this scholarship was an amazement to Glenbaragh, accustomed as it was to Father Maurice's simple ministrations and subtle comprehension of human ways and their sorrow. Fortunately comprehension is not always necessary for appreciation, and Kitty Donohoe summed up the general opinion when she declared: "Faith he's a fine man for all his boy's years; for divil a bit of me undherstands a word he says."

Presently, however, Father Martin Foy made himself understood. The story of Moynan's eviction had come to his ears, garbled doubtless and embellished by some shrewd gossip who had guessed which way lay the sympathies of Father Foy. A deepening of certain shadows here, a touching up of certain others there, a few high lights added by a fervent imagination, and the picture was changed; but it would have taken a much nicer sense of the eternal verities than that possessed by a hot-headed Glenbaragh peasant to convince the artist of a lie.

The first public references were vague and of general application; a

mere denunciation of ill-conditioned land-hunger, amounting to no more than a condemnation of the iniquity of paying rent for land from which another had been ousted for not paying it. It was, as it were, the laying down of a foundation-principle; the structure of effective works was as yet undefined.

If six months' peace had laid Tim Morgan's fears to sleep, they slumbered lightly; for after Father Martin's third sermon it was with a silent tongue and a troubled heart that he made his way down between the straggling cottages of the village to the boreen leading to his holding. Black looks were, he thought, cast upon him as he passed, and his fellows of Glenbaragh held aloof from him. If he loitered, those behind fell back; if he increased his pace, those in front still held their distance. There was no mistaking the significance of the isolation; in his own eyes he was already a marked man.

As he leaned against the turfed mud fence bounding his farm, and reckoned up the changes six months' labor had wrought upon the wreck left by Moynan's neglect, a bitter wrath awoke within him. His all lay in the fields before him; not alone his all of capital, but the very years of his life were sunk in those tilled fields, since they stood for the results of his early manhood's tireless toil. Beyond them and the stock upon them he owned nothing in the wide world. They were his all of hope, the very food of life; and as the bitterness grew into a passion, Tim Morgan swore that, as they were honestly come by and honestly owned, so, by the Lord who made him, they should be firmly held in the face of all Glenbaragh. Then upon the heels of the passion came a revulsion. He was a fool to look for sorrow. The countryside knew it was nothing but drunken incompetence and neglect that had unhoused the Moynans; there was nothing of politics or the League's policy in

the eviction; Father Martin would never set neglect and whiskey higher than honest labor and steady thrift. So he told himself, yet, for all his smoother thoughts, Tim Morgan gave God thanks that Mary had not been in chapel that day.

Whether it is true that the neighbors really held aloof that week as he supposed, or whether the daily labor on his farm held him apart from them, no word of gossip drifted down from the village. But the very silence seemed to Tim Morgan a threat, and upon one pretext or another he contrived that the following Sunday Mary should again be absent from chapel.

That it was the Sunday before Christmas accounted in part for the crowd of worshippers, but Tim knew in his heart that something more than the sacredness of the day had worked upon men's minds to bring so many together and from over such a wide area. Glenbaragh, Glenbaragh-beg, Mucklish, and even far-off Kilmalure, were all represented. There were fishers from the hamlets dotted in every sheltered bay round the coast, substantial farmers holding the better and broader fields of the lower hill-slopes, cotters from the upper wild hill-ranges, men whose lives were one long struggle with iron-handed nature. No class and no district was unrepresented.

It was natural that at such a season the pivot of the sermon should be peace; but it was ominous that it was peace on the negative side.

Peace was well enough. But, quoted Martin Foy, I am come not to bring peace but a sword. Peace on earth, aye, but that was to men of good-will. Let them see to it that men of evil purposes, supplanters of their neighbors, land-grabbers trading upon the misfortunes of their brethren, and such like evil-doers had little of ease and peace, lest all be partakers in the wickedness. "The sword is not for you," he went on;

"the sword is for the Church to wield, so that if there be no repentance, there may, if need, be a cutting off for all eternity. For you it is to see that you have no dealings with such a one, neither buying nor selling, traffic nor barter, whether in fair or market or across your shop counters. Speak no word to him within doors or without, whether in wrath or in kindness, until he is convinced of the evil of his ways and shows repentance by his works. If there be such a man in Glenbaragh, let him depart whence he came; the sooner Glenbaragh is quit of him the better. But until that day comes you know your duty."

If at the first there had been any doubt as to the application of the text, the sweeping denunciatory gesture towards where Tim Morgan sat left none at the last. For so young a man Martin Foy had certainly marked skill in conveying his opinions, and the easy assumption of the sword of the Church's anathema had carried conviction where without it there would have been doubt. The priest of the day is the priest of power, and Father Maurice, six weeks gone from Glenbaragh, was forgotten.

As the preacher struck the real keynote of his discourse, Tim Morgan folded his arms and set himself to listen, conscious that the eyes of all were gradually being drawn towards him. Never once did the sternness of his face quail, neither at the threatening of the Church's wrath, nor at the final, almost personal denunciation. When the end came, and there was such a silence as lies in the shadow of death, the first man to break it, the first man to leave his seat, was Tim Morgan. As he rose there was a pushing of benches this way and that by those behind him, and a shrinking right and left, leaving a clear lane straight to the chapel door. His path was cleared for him, and with the same silence about him, the same

set sternness on his face, he passed on and out, already a pariah and an outcast.

A fierce turmoil of passion was astir in his heart as he made his way through the village in the wintry sunlight; hot angry rebellion against the injustice dealt out to him, gnawing fear lest the evil of it should touch Mary, stern determination to hold his own come what might. In the last thought his wife was the weak spot; how could he even tell her what threatened? Had he had but himself to fear for, he would have faced all Glenbaragh with a light heart, but Mary,—if they should touch Mary; and at the thought Tim Morgan halted stock-still on the road with teeth and hands clenched, groaning in an agony of presentiment. Then the sense of injustice grew upon him again, hardening him and stirring anew the impotent wrath.

Tim need not have fretted over how to face his wife with news of the cloud that overshadowed them. Kitty Donohoe had spared him the pain.

Since men are not so unlike but that a shrewd woman can argue from one to the other, Kitty's knowledge of Father Maurice told her that Martin Foy had something on his mind. And as there is, after all, a vast deal of human nature in the clergy, whether priests or parsons, a few judicious remarks suggested by twenty years' experience brought out the purport of the Sunday's sermon. Had Father Foy known of the relationship between Kitty and the wife of the man he was about to denounce, he might have been more reticent; but in his ignorance he spoke out more roundly, and as one with authority. Doubtless his outspokenness had a purpose, for there was no greater gossip from Youghal to Tralee than Kitty Donohoe, which perhaps accounted for the full chapels on the days of important pronouncements.

When the truth was out, rarely has

woman been more perplexed than Kitty, and for the four days until the Sunday she bore the burden of her doubt, her sympathies being the playthings of uncertainty. The woman, Mary Morgan, was her own brother's child, and blood-kindred counted for a good deal with Kitty Donohoe. But if kinship drew her one way, the Church drew her in the opposite direction. To her, too, there had been the talk of the sword, and a half-veiled threat of denial of confession; and upon a peasant a more potent influence could hardly work. In the end the Church won, on a compromise worthy of a sophistical Jesuit. Kitty would see her niece the Sunday morning before the Church had laid down its law and closed her lips. Sure it was no sin, she told herself, to break a law before it was made.

The two women were at the gate opening into the boreen as Tim returned from chapel, and at the sight of the elder his heart took comfort. The women were going to stand by Mary he said to himself, and where the women go, faith there's few Irishmen won't follow! But as he drew near he could see that all was not well. The elder woman stood without the gate, the younger within, and in Mary's eyes there was such a light of battle as Tim had never dreamed existed in such a gentle nature.

Kitty, with her fists on her hips and the corners of her mouth drawn down, faced her niece. "Then it's not man's curse that's upon ye, Mary Morgan, but God's," she cried; "and sure nayther you nor the land-robber down the road there'll ever prosper. I kem here—"

"You kem here," and the bitterness of Mary's tone must have sunk deeper than the hardness of the words. "Who bid ye come here to curse your own flesh and blood? An' as to that same curse, if Father Maurice wor here he'd tell ye it wor the devil's curse, and nay-

ther God's nor man's; an' such like fly home and roost, so they do. Oh! it's not me ye'd curse? It's Tim, my man? There spoke the woman that never had a man to curse (an' God help him if she had), a woman that didn't know that a wife 'ud take God's curse on her sooner nor a shadda'd touch her man. Done wid me, are ye? That's aisy seen, or ye'd never talk o' Tim to Tim's wife as ye've done."

A man may have the courage of a Leonidas and yet fight shy of a woman's tongue. Little blame to Tim Morgan that he found the last fifty yards of the borean a hundred long. But loiter as he would, the end of the way came. With all a man's feeble effort to evade the inevitable and disguise the glaring, he began: "It's a kind woman ye are, Missis Donohoe."

"Elghya, man, quit talkin' or talk sense." Kitty Donohoe was in no mood to be appeased by brevet rank. "Go home out of this to yer black North, you an' yer woman here; Glenbaragh wants to see nayther wan nor other o' ye, an' worse may come av ye stay."

The suave look died out of Morgan's face and in its place there came the set sternness which had fronted the whole chapel. "So that's the way the wind sets, an' she yer own flesh? Go—nayther for you, nor Glenbaragh chapel an' steeple! An' what's more, it's a quare Christ's priest that sets black blood bollin' between me an' me naybors. I'd best say no more lest I say too much, but by the blessin' o' God we've a right to be here, an' wid the blessin' o' God we'll stay. Come in, Mary honey; av Kitty Donohoe is done wid us, we're don wid Kitty Donohoe. There's more than us has the loss."

That was the beginning of sorrows, though for a full month the antagonism felt on all sides was passive and negative, rather than active and overt. It was an environment of which, as it were, they were sensible on the least

motion, but as yet it was outside of their lives and only found for the seeking, not thrust upon them. So long as they remained within the four corners of their holding and sought no companionship but their own, their lives were unchanged. Let them stir abroad, let them put in force the law of mutual dependence, and the antagonism thrust them back upon themselves.

Tim Morgan found it first at Mucklish fair. Hitherto his known experience as herd and cattle-jobber had made him a man in request, even when he himself was neither buyer nor seller, and many a failing bargain had been closed on his opinion. But now as he walked Mucklish from end to end, a silence went with him. Had he carried the plague men could not have shunned him more rigorously. At his approach the babble of barter ceased, and in twos and threes the knots of men broke up, leaving him alone. Once he turned upon a stranger with a question, and the man drove off his beast in haste, giving no heed. Again, he stooped above a pen of sheep, running his fingers through the fleece, and the owner swung round on his heel and left him by the pen alone. In Thady Sullivan's public-house the dozen men drinking at the bar left in a body as he entered, and though Thady served him, as the law compelled him to do, it was in dead silence and with a black scowl on his face. During five hours in Mucklish no man spoke to him, and he walked through the press of men as much alone as the dead in Glenbaragh graveyard.

An active antagonism with a possibility of retort would have been easier borne, but no one lifted a finger, and whatever curses there were, were under the breath.

That day Mary, too, learned for the first time that she was thrust out of the world. She had gone to Nat Halloran's shop for bread, and asked, as

was her wont, for little crippled Molly, the one soft spot in a heart hardened by the very need to withstand the necessities of others. "God save ye, Nat; an' how's Molly standin' out the cowl'd? Winter's hard on us all, but it's cruel on the like's o' her."

Had there been others in the shop Halloran would have bid her begone where her breath was wanted, but they were alone, and the memory of many kindnesses shown Molly pressed sore upon him. "God help ye, Mary Morgan," he said, slowly; "but y've more need o' pity nor crippled Molly. Don't ye know it's more nor I'm worth to even talk to you, let alone sell ye anythin' for the money there in your hand? In the Saints' name show us a last kindness and go home."

Mary looked at him uncomprehendingly. "I'm stupid, Mr. Halloran," she said; "will ye spake plainer?"

"Plainer," he said, "wasn't it plain enough? Aren't ye boycott, woman, for the takin' o' Moynan's land?" Then as there was the sound of a foot on the doorstep: "Will ye begone as I bid ye now? Sure I nayther buy nor sell wid the likes o' ye."

Dazed and confounded Mary turned to face a woman of the village, a neighbor of a score of years. "God save us," she cried to her, "what does it mane, at all at all?"

The other made no answer but called across her: "I'll come back when the company's to my likin', Nat Halloran. What I am lookin' for can wait;" and she turned and left.

It was the man who answered the cry. "What does it mane?" he said bitterly. "Go buy your loaf from Brady beyond and find out;" and then he, too, turned his back on the outcast wife.

Without a word Mary crossed the road and putting down her pence on Brady's counter cried: "A yesterday's loaf av' ye plaze, an' quick."

"I've ne'er a wan," was the curt answer.

"The day before's, then."

"I've ne'er a wan."

"Any bread, Brady man; would ye have me starve?"

The man squared his elbows on the counter. "Aye," he said, "starve an' be damned to you; what do I care? an' now y've the last word, an' can go."

Thus things went on for a full month, the rigid belt of isolation which surrounded them never relaxing, a month that left its mark on Mary Morgan in the lines under the eyes and the whitening of the lips. She was in no condition to stand the hourly fret and struggle, and the burden of them told upon her heavily. As she failed daily and the hunted look settled in her eyes, Tim Morgan's heart grew bitter in its despair; but for the very necessities of life's sake he set his face like a flint and made no sign. Through these weeks Bryan Barry was the only man in Glenbaragh who set the boycott at defiance, and through him their household needs were supplied. For this crime against the will of the community any one else would have suffered as they suffered, but Glenbaragh had too large a need of Bryan Barry to treat him with contumely.

When he heard of the attitude assumed by Father Foy he had promptly called upon him, only to be as promptly bid to mind his own business. "If you have an ulcer to deal with," said the priest, "what do you do? Clean it out and get rid of it? Stick to your ulcers; I'll stick to mine."

Things went on, as I have said, on the lines of passive exclusion for a full month. Then came a change, dating from the day on which Father Foy refused to receive Mary Morgan at confession. "Begane, woman," he said, and there were a dozen to hear him. "How dare you bring an unrepented

mortal sin to God? And what is theft of a man's right to his land but mortal sin? Let you and Timothy Morgan see to yourselves. A month you've had your warning. Beware that God's justice does not strike you and yours before another month passes."

They were in the chapel porch at the time, and as his words, so like a curse, came home to her, Mary put out her hands, and groping like one blind, steadied herself against the wall. "Would ye cut me off from God," she cried, "an' me time comin' so near hand?"

"'Tis your sin cuts you off, woman, not I," answered Martin Foy sternly. "Put the blame where the blame lies;" and he turned on his heel.

How she got home Mary never knew, and the worse that might have been and the worse that had been predicted might have come solemnly enough had not some woman, kindlier than the rest, told Bryan Barry that there was work for him to do at Morgan's holding. Nursing and sedatives saved her after a night's uncertainty, and the evil was staved off, as Bryan told himself, for a time.

As he left the cottage next morning, a piece of paper fastened on the door caught his eye. A glance at the sketch on the top told him its purport. Original artists were none too common in Glenbaragh, and perhaps Bryan's profession should know a coffin at sight as well as another. Saying nothing to Tim Morgan he tore it down and made his way quietly to the Constabulary Barracks.

The sergeant was alone in the mess-room as Bryan entered, closing the door behind him. "Morning," he said briskly. "Aye, Mary? Oh, yes, she's safe this time, poor thing. I suppose," he went on, "if I tell you a thing unofficially it goes no further? It touches a patient, you see, and I have my duty to do as you have yours."

"Right, Doctor; sure I can trust you not to put me in a box with the Inspector."

"Then keep your eye on Morgan's; there's bloody work promised. Captain Moonlight put a threat upon him last night. I have the paper in my pocket and there it stays, for you won't see an inch to swear by. As to Tim Morgan, I'll give him a hint myself. Oh, it's all regular," and Barry laughed bitterly, "all regular, coffin, skull, and the rest of it; so keep your eyes open in your own way. I'll take the back way home for Morgan's sake; no one saw me come in, and in this country the police need no advertisement."

Bryan Barry did not allow night to fall before carrying out his promise. Leaving the cottage that afternoon he took Tim Morgan by the arm and drew him out to the boreen. "Tim," he said, "I'm no man to imagine danger, so when I bid you watch your own shadow, you'll know I mean it. Set no foot outside your door in the dusk; if a knock comes after dark, bolt your door the firmer and answer through the panel; put shutters on your window, and see they're tight by sundown. You're no coward, but it's a poor sign to run needless risks; and remember you'll soon have two lives to live and work for instead of one. But that it would ruin your farm, I'd bid you lock the door behind the two of you until Father Maurice is home. My God, but it's a sore heart he'd have if he knew the mind of Glenbaragh this day! Now go back to Mary, and don't forget my words. Good evening, Sergeant; Mrs. Morgan's hearty; and Tim knows how to look after her."

"How can I lave it, sir?" cried Tim when the Sergeant had passed by. "Sure it's my all, an' outside of it I've nayther bite nor sup for Mary. As well be shot down as die in a ditch or driven into the Union beyant. I can't lave, I can't, an' I won't." He raised

his clenched fists above him, shaking them fiercely.

"May God in heaven send—"

Bryan stopped him. "Hush, man; curse for curse works no good in this world. Let them be, only watch."

"What wor you and the doctor colloguing about so long?" asked Mary when Tim had gone slowly back.

"Sure he was tellin' me o' Father Maurice," he answered promptly; "an' that's no lie," he added under his breath.

Thenceforward evil trod on the heels of evil. First Morgan's one rick was burned, and in the shadows thrown by the glare the police saw two other shadows move into the blackness of the night to be lost in the gloom of the hills. Five days later his sheep were slaughtered, and so hacked and mauled as to be mere offal. Then came a second notice more violent than the first, and this time it was Tim Morgan himself who found it, and within the week two shots were fired at him in the dusk hard by where Denis Sullivan had killed Donohoe; but of this Mary was told no word.

Time and again he had urged her to go North to his brother's cottage until the storm should blow over. He could face it best alone, he said; but she steadily refused. "You're mine, an' I'm yours," was all her answer; "an' plaze God, we'll bide together. Sure it 'ud kill me even to dhrame of what might be, an' me not with you."

At every blow Tim Morgan stiffened his will the firmer, hardening his heart against the agony of terror in Mary's white face; and she, on her part, said no word of weakness.

The crisis came one day in March.

Macmillan's Magazine.

As Tim was spading in his first potatoes, Mary came across the newly-turned ground, her face whiter than her apron, and an ugly light ablaze in her eyes. In one hand she held a piece of broken firepeat, the other was hid in the folds of her dress. As she came beside her husband she held out her hand palm upwards. "What's this, Tim?" she said. "What's it for?" and her voice had gone thin and weak as she spoke.

It was not much to look at, but at the sight Tim Morgan turned an ashy grey under his bronze and fell to quaking. "My God in heaven, Mary," he groaned, "has it come to this! Where did ye find it, honey?"

"What is it?" she repeated shrilly; "what does it mane? Tell me, Tim."

He took it from her hand and turned it over with shaking fingers. "It's dynamite," he said slowly, "dynamite capped an' ready; and it manes—murder."

"Aye," cried Mary, "so I thought." Her voice ran up into a scream; "them I've lived with all my days 'ud kill the mother and the child unborn. It dropped from a turf as I broke it forinst the fire." She burst into wild sobs as she gripped Morgan round the neck with her arms. "Sure I can't stand it, Tim, I can't stand it. To murder me child or ever it saw the light! Sure devils in hell could do no worse. The land's not worth a life, Tim; let the cowards have their way; sure if we've wan another an' peace we can face cowl'd an' hunger."

And with his arms around his shivering wife and the dynamite cartridge still clutched in his grip, Tim Morgan was at last convinced of his errors.

Hamilton Drummond.

THE HUMORS OF "TER-NA-NOG." *

The land of Ter-na-nog is always looked upon as a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground for humor. Our legislators visited it lately, hoping to pick up gold and silver of native wit.

But to find these precious metals of everyday existence in Ireland, we need to live among the people and be of them. Like children, the inhabitants of this "Land of the Young" do not "show off" well before strangers. Like children, too, they are wholly incapable of talking for effect. Celtic wit is entirely spontaneous. It is also closely allied to tenderness. When we get to the heart of life in Ireland we see its beautiful broidery of humor and imagination. Not till then. The average Saxon has little idea of the brightness which enlivens everything and every one in the Emerald Isle. To him, and to any casual passer-by, existence here is a frieze mantle. Its fringe of gold is only touched by those who nestle beneath its folds.

St. Patrick is said to have banished toads and snakes from the Island of Saints. He did not banish wit and repartee. Yet it is as hard to classify these "gems" as it is to set uncut jewels in fragile filigree. In this paper I merely pass on a few of the humorous sayings and doings I have heard and seen in this beautiful island, during a long course of residence therein.

My dispensary district extends over a wide sweep of moorland and mountain. Hours are long. Work hard. Pay small. What should I do without a sense of the ludicrous—that sense which can hardly lay claim to being a virtue, but is surely a most valuable possession?

For instance, suddenly to hear this prayer breathed after a gouty old gentleman of miserly habits, "The Lord make your heart as tender as your toes!" quite makes up for a too small cheque pocketed by his medical attendant. Or a porter's answer, "There is no *first* train at all at all; they are all evenin' wans here," is almost enough to compensate for long detention at a wayside station.

Beggars in Ireland carry about with them a lot of 'change in the matter of small talk. Their pleas are so suggestive.

"Ah, Docthor dear! I've nothin' left in this world but the love of God an' two ounces of thread," was one day said to me. Whilst the following is not a bad instance of primary "suggestion."

"When the gurrils wish to buy me a new bib—(an' I want one badly)—tell 'em to get a blue wan for the summer."

This very morning one of my coterie came up as usual with an empty canister. Biddy Maguire is a connoisseur in the matter of tea, and knows my house-keeper hoards two qualities under lock and key. Hence her request: "Here's me canister, me lady, an' the Lord direct yez to the best!"

These beggars are quite one of the humorous elements in Ireland. Many of them are noble-looking men and women, who divide the country into regular districts, and levy a toll on all its inhabitants. Woe be to any stranger who solicits alms in an unappropriated "pale." The "professionals" rule their benefactors with rods of iron, allow no poaching, and live well on the fruits of their industry. Every Biddy Maguire, as already seen, can stipulate

* Or "Land of the Young" (ancient name for Ireland).

as to the quality of her weekly gift of tea!

It must be remembered that begging is in no way considered derogatory in Ireland. Pat Kavanagh, for instance, carries herrings in his hat, yet boasts of descent from the McMurrrough Kings of Leinster, and claims affinity with one of the most remarkable statesmen of our time. The late Mr. Kavanagh of Borris recognized this relationship in his own inimitable way: "We are nearly related, indeed," he would say, placing a shilling alongside the fish. "We are both descended from one man—Adam."

"Granny the Thimbleman," is a woman, lives in a ditch, and probably never heard of the feminine utensil signalized in her name. She knits woollies for the "quality," and professes to exist on "cold purtaties and point." Granny was once offered, by a courageous English visitor, a shilling to wash herself. "Gould" would have been refused coupled with such an "unnathural" condition.

"I've heerd ov' washin' a corpse, but *never* ov' washin' a live wan," was her remark as she turned indignantly away.

"Cod the Coach" is another beggar. He earned his sobriquet when mail coaches ran on the wide highway. In those days a long coat, blue stockings, and big buckles occasionally took the place of certain tattered, buttonless garments which bundled on the road after the coach. These latter were Cod's stock-in-trade in his youth, were held in place with a crooked pin and a piece of string, and brought much grist to the mill. Alas! With the Meteor passed away Cod's prosperity. Rags are worn on Sundays as well as weekdays now, and the "bhoys" borrows all he wants from a donkey to a pin!

He has begged of me tobacco for his pipe, "trimmin's" for his shirt, manure for his potatoes. But the crown of

mendicancy has at last been reached. He lately sent in for "the loan of a knife" to cut his corns with! The sight of Cod the Coach seated on an old slack bucket in my coal-hole preparing to act as a chiropodist was too much for me. I gave that ancient man the knife, bidding him never call again. He rewarded me with a picturesque benediction—taking off his old caubeen and holding it reverently in his shaking hands—"May all the sons of God welcome yez when yez yourself comes to the gates of gould—"

I have tried to shorten my weary professional rounds by decorating Brown Bess with a collar of bells. Whenever the sound of them is heard the people are supposed to know the doctor—God bless him!—is "leppin' an' rarein'" in their vicinity. Then bare-legged gossoons are despatched to tell of patients whose symptoms they try to diagnose. How would an ordinary practitioner prepare for "tomatoes in the frote" or "Brown Katum on the stomach?" I carry off my car a tin of linseed. For, acquainted with the people's perversion of Queen's English, I know tonsillitis and bronchitis are meant.

More difficult to understand, however, was a case recently put to me. The man—a stalwart farmer—died suddenly without "help of clargy or doctor." I, as coroner, had to inquire into cause of death, etc.

"Conjecture of the lungs and combinations" was surely an abnormal disease and very hard to translate into a natural cause. Yet I gave great offence by "sittin' on the corpse for a divarshun."

Long continued absence from Ter-nanog does not eradicate this innate quaintness of expression. Our Vicar once went west for a well-earned holiday and came across an old Connemara parishioner acting as "hired boy" in California. This lad had been bought

along with a shaggy pony for a very few shillings. He was bright and intelligent, and was taken to Canada by an indulgent master.

"So you have left Mr. Dennis, Larry?" said the parson, shaking hands with the young man. "What is he doing nowadays?"

"He's drivin' the mall coach, your reverence."

"Does he run the coach himself?"

"Oh, no, sir! He have got an *Antidote*," was the quick response, and the Vicar smiled. For the wrong word in the wrong place transported him back to his own dear native land in a flash. Soon afterwards nuptial tokens with a silver edge came to an Irish home. Larry of Croone had himself got an Antidote, and was married to a well-to-do, educated woman.

I also was once obliged by ill-health to go abroad. My hair considerably silvered during my absence.

A "bhoy" of eighty—(everybody is a bhoy till he marries)—met me soon after my return.

"An' your honor never got married beyant?" he asked, looking suspiciously at my white poll.

"Never once, Henry! I'll give my word."

Old Henry lifted his arms thankfully.

"And hadn't you great luck, doctor dear, that you didn't get yourself *implicated with a family*?" was his cordial comment as he shook congratulatory hands with me.

A certain man in our district under the Sugar Loaf had (like John Bunyan) a "nice reticence in speech." This occasionally degenerated into a stammer. I have given instances of word perversion. It is only fair to give one showing how Irishmen occasionally use the best words possible in explaining a thing. What better way could Martin's habit of slowly muttering his syllables be expressed than: "It's a quare sort of a way Martin talks. It's as if

he took the words out of his mouth an' looked at them before he gives them to yez."

One day I paid a visit to "Biddy the Kid," who lives right in the middle of a rocky valley. The Kid—whence she got her name I know not—is reported to have a remarkable cure for the "neuralgy." In reply to a question on the subject she said, "I believe that between myself an' God Almighty we cured Ned Doolan last summer." You will perceive that Biddy modestly credited herself with being the primary agent in this action.

After this fashion is medical work made delightful in Ter-na-nog. Continual cheerfulness greatly aids in the battle of life here. "'Tis the Will of God" (spelt with a big W and a capital G), whether in the matter of a mountain mist or the virulent murrain. An Irishman looks back at last week's sunshine when this week is cloudy. He terms the soaking rain "a nice soft day, thank God," and the grievous, preventible sickness a "visitation."

There are two enemies hard to conquer in this Country of the Young. One is a belief in witchcraft; the other a love for "matter out of place." In my district the people really believe in Leprechauns or little people. They still visit a wizened witch-doctor to have "dead hands" exorcised from bewitched butter, and they hunt mythical hares as often as living red game.

Quite lately I was asked to visit a maiden of half a century who was possessed with a "demmur." Now I know Lizzie Redmond is only suffering from loneliness—pure and simple. Her tiny shanty, dumped down in a narrow breen, is surrounded by acres of golden gorse, miles of peat land, and fields of silky bog cotton. No neighbor, however, enlivens grey existence for poor Lizzie. Whatever is non-understandable to the unprofessional mind in Sallyboggin is called a "demmur," and

is treated as a possession of the Evil One. Hence I found Lizzie lying on the mud floor of her cabin in a "stripped" condition. On her naked breast was a penny. On the penny an end of candle. Over both penny and candle rested an inverted tumbler. A "wise woman" was standing, gazing earnestly at her handiwork and muttering a charm.

"Ah! doctor darlint," screamed Lizzie triumphantly as I entered the room. "It's a live demmur! and the wise woman has *located* it, doctor dear! See it a leppin' an' a risin' into the glass."

I took in the matter at a glance. The wise woman had first exhausted air by lighting her candle-end and immediately covering it with a tumbler. This, of course, acted as a kind of cupping-glass, and flesh rose into the vacuum.

In vain I demonstrated on my own arm (burning a hole in my shirt-sleeve as I did so). Lizzie saw "the too, too solid flesh" thereon, following the law of suction as well as the demmur under her breast-bone. But she clung to belief in the wise woman, and I was dismissed with ignominy!

In Ireland we do not take offence at this kind of thing. I wrote to Lizzie's landlord, Lord C—, saying the woman was growing "soft," and by return post received a 1*l* note to pay expenses of a change for her. A short spell in Dublin worked wonders. The demmur no longer set her heart a gallopin', and the "joulting of the train stopped the beatin' ov her poolse."

My skill was equally slighted by another patient. She told me her liver was troubling her, pointing, at the same time, to a spot high up under her left arm. "God bless us, woman!" I roared, "your liver does not lie there."

"I think I ought to know where my own liver lies," was her dignified, 'n-sulted reply. "Haven't I suffered from it these twenty year?"

A third patient was more *grande*

dame than either of these twain. On being called in—my "token" being a certain red ticket—I asked, "And what's the matter with you, Mrs. Doolan?"

"I'm thinkin' that's for *you* to tell me," was the haughty response, just as if she were paying me a five-guinea fee.

I have of course a due circle of patients who firmly believe in every bolus given by any Esculapius. To one such went my friend, the Vicar, lately.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Neale?" was the question addressed sympathetically to the greatest grumbler in Sallyboggin.

"Ah! very, very bad. 'Tis the desgestion, your reverence! like a hive of bees o buzzin' an' a buzzin' in my buzzum."

"Is it always the same?" inquired the Vicar, his eyes twinkling, but with immovable face (for we learn to compose our countenances in Ireland).

"Nay! not at all, your reverence. 'Tis often like a load of bricks a poundin' an' a poundin', that's when the bees ain't a buzzin'. But—" and the wrinkled, smoke-grimed, old face brightened, "but the doctor—God bless him—is after givin' me a description, an' if it don't cure me, he'll describe me agin."

I have said that *dirt* is a giant hard to fight in the beautiful land of Ter-nanog. The woman who had never heard of "washin' a live wan" is, I think, equalled by another who came to me lately about her sore leg.

"They tell me, doctor darlint, that washin' might scotch the heat out of it! But I wouldn't adventure to do it without askin' your advice. Not for the worlds. I'm an ould woman now, doctor dear, an' a drop of water has never gone near my body."

I advised a goodly supply of aqueous fluid, preceded by a thorough application of alkali and potash in the form of

soap, and the old woman hobbled off quite satisfied with my scientific words.

In Sallyboggin for years a certain old woman levied a weekly tribute on charitably disposed folk. All at once a "nevvv" from America turned up, called on her "patrons," and after thanking them for their kindness, carried off his mother's sister to end her days in comfort. But the widow Hooligan — pronounced "Hooli'han" — did not lay her bones across the water. She soon reappeared. "I couldn't stop in it, misthress dear," she explained to a lady. "Me sister's son's a good bhoy, but, between ourselves, they would ha' washed me to death."

I must close this paper with an anecdote showing that quickness of repartee is not confined to the poor in Ter-na-nog. At a recent licensing case in Dublin, a certain well-known ecclesiastic was being cross-examined. I am sure the genial Dean of the Chapel Royal will forgive me mentioning his name, as he is an Irishman, with more than an Irishman's fund of wit.

Scene—a police-court. Applicant—a bibulous innkeeper. Witness—the Dean, appearing on behalf of the Church of Ireland Temperance Society.

"And you Mr. Dane of the Chapel Royal, were in that public house?" came the first question.

"I was, sir," came an unblushing answer.

"And may I ask, Mr. Dane of the Chapel Royal, did you take anything in the public house?"

"I did, sir."

Great sensation in court.

"Oh, you did, Mr. Dane, did you? And may I ask Mr. Dane of the Chapel

Royal"—with a strong and derisive accent—"what you took, sir?"

"I took a chair, sir," answered the quick-witted witness. "And further than that, I took notes, sir; and here they are, sir."

Amidst a roar of applause the notes were handed up and the license refused.

Any one attempting to delineate the Irishman, without giving due prominence to his confiding trust and confidence in a providential over-ruling God is, I feel, omitting the largest and most beautiful trait in his character. But in this paper I have no space to dwell on the reverential attitude of all in the Island of Saints. Well may it be called Ter-na-nog or the Country of the Young. Neither age nor infirmity can quench their playfulness, or dim their credulity. There is nothing in Nature—not even its silver setting of breakers and spray, its lacework of Osmunda Regalis, its crown of waxlike arbutus, or its rings of opal and azure and amethyst—so wonderful as the legends which cluster round every stone of the Emerald Isle.

To the peasantry, Labhradth Loingseach, the Kings of Cashel, the Fingal of Ossian and the little people, still exist. The devil mixes punch in many enormous bowls whenever thunder is heard. The mother of Fin MacCoul eternally climbs her crags. St. Patrick continues to fling the Evil One over purple mountains into the Upper Lake of Killarney when its surface is ruffled with wind. Fairies dance in ancient raths, and The O'Donoghue rides upon every mountain mist.

Humorous enough seems this faith. But we never smile at it in Ireland. It is part and parcel with the characters of those who live in Ter-na-nog.

L. Orman Cooper.

A "LINGUA FRANCA" FOR MANKIND.

Englishmen are apt to regard the suggestion of a "universal language" as a joke, and begin when the subject is mentioned to laugh about "Volapuk" (that ridiculous attempt to invent a new tongue), or to repeat with enjoyment the ancient *mot* that as God addresses all mankind, the divine speech must necessarily be Hebrew. In reality, however, the question, when reduced to its proper proportions, is one of some practical importance. Mankind will never adopt a single language, nor is it to be desired that it should. The instrument for expressing thought must vary with the character, history and mental range of those who have thought to express, and if all men spoke alike, ninety-nine per cent of them would be speaking stiffly,—not using, that is, a natural and self-developed vehicle of expression. Arabic could not have grown up among Englishmen, or English among Arabs. The seclusion of nations, too, from one another by the want of a common tongue is by no means all loss, and we may doubt with reason whether the higher races would not be degraded if they understood without effort all that the lower races say to one another. They would be bred, as it were, in the servants' hall, not to their advantage. For all that a great deal would be gained if the learned of earth could agree on a *lingua franca*—could, that is, convey their thoughts and their new acquisitions of knowledge to one another in some common tongue—and if all merchants and manufacturers could communicate readily and without effort through the same medium. Thought would be transmitted much more rapidly, and much waste of effort thereby prevented, while the reservoir of knowledge would be deepened by the

admission into it of all who were qualified, and who are now cut off from one another by a wall of mutual unintelligibility. The admission, for instance, of all the Asiatic learned into the commonwealth of learning must increase its resources and facilitate the production of a larger output. It would be something gained surely if, when a man evolved a new thought or discovered a new fact, he were able to communicate it instantly to all competent to receive it, without the labor, and the misreadings, involved in making a hundred translations. Merely to prevent the useless reduplication of the same inquiry in a score of countries would be a great saving of energy, while the power of combination in research would be indefinitely increased. The world, for example, is seeking very eagerly for some method of storing electric energy less costly and cumbrous than the present, and surely if all men engaged in that investigation understood one another without effort or delay, the end would be sooner reached. There must be gain, one would say, if the Japanese inquirer into electric phenomena, with his limitless patience, and the Italian, with his intuition, and the English, with his mastery of practical appliances could all communicate every morning without the effort or the possibility of error involved in a difficult translation. We cannot see how this can be denied, or why, except from pure perversity, any one should feel the wish to deny it.

But, granting the value of the end, is it surely unattainable? Possibly, but that is by no means so certain as is supposed. Why should a *lingua franca* for the whole world be so much more difficult than a *lingua franca* for a con-

continent? The learned of Europe had one once in Latin, every man who had anything serious to say saying it in that tongue, so that Erasmus, to quote a single example, was understood in a dozen capitals at once. The polite of Europe still communicate with each other in French, as do all the diplomatists of the West, including Abd-ul-Hamid, who thinks in Turkish or Arabic. The merchants of India, who are impeded like the people of the world, by a multiplicity of tongues, talk and write to each other confidently in Marwaree, a dialect, we believe, of Rajpootana adopted because the traders of Marwar, having no business at home, wandered all over India setting up banks. Portuguese was once the common language of every seaport town, and at this moment the dialect difficulty of communicating with the Chinese of the commercial cities, who speak a hundred languages, though they all write one, is surmounted by the use of a degraded *lingua franca* called "pidgin English." The Jews all over the world know and use a kind of "pidgin Hebrew" called Yiddish,—a practice which greatly facilitates their cosmopolitan wanderings. The ruling classes of India, who are more separated by language than their rivals in Europe, talk and write to one another in Persian; and throughout more than the half of Africa tribes utterly divided from each other by unintelligibility of tongue manage to communicate, whenever it is indispensable, by the use of a few words of Arabic. If the learned and the men of commerce could but agree upon a tongue, that tongue would become the *lingua franca* of the world, and would be acquired in the processes of education just as arithmetic is acquired now as a necessary business instrument. That there would be no insuperable difficulty, and no great addition to the mental strain involved in education, is proved by the fact that

the Dutch, whose tongue would otherwise divide them from the general movement of Europe, already do it, every Dutchman above the peasant and the artisan speaking either French or English, and not infrequently both. There are bilingual cities on most of the borders of the European States; and in the Channel Islands and French Canada there are hundreds of men who can hardly tell you, without a moment's reflection, in which language they are speaking.

But, then, which language should be employed as the *lingua franca*? The tongue, we think, must be modern, in order that those who cannot learn readily from books may learn by ear, and also in order that there should be a sufficiency of instructors. It should be one, for the same reasons, easy to acquire, widely diffused, and capable of conveying anything which is capable of being conveyed. English, French and Spanish all meet these conditions, German, Russian and Italian being all a little too local, and of the first three the English is perhaps the one most likely to be selected. That at least is the judgment of Professor Diels, who has been lecturing on the subject before the University of Berlin, and he has many arguments to produce. English, though a difficult language to pronounce owing to our confused method of spelling sounds which, originally different, are now the same, is not difficult to learn, the whole tendency of the language, which has already got rid of genders and inflexions, and is getting rid of many delicacies of expression like the use of the subjunctive mood, being towards simplicity. Including, as it does, both Latin and Teutonic words, and thus representing two civilizations, its range is almost without limit, while its brevity of expression, though not equal to that of Latin, is without a rival in modern tongues.

It is, moreover, the tongue which has the widest diffusion. Nearly a hundred and fifty millions of men already use it, while among four hundred millions more in India and Africa, it is becoming a language known to all the cultivated and all who are engaged in trade. Already used in every port in the world, its conquests are advancing every day, while the immense volume of its literature and the methods of English education preserve it, if not perfectly, at least to a great extent, from splitting into dialects. All classes can communicate, the immense distinction between the English of the cultivated and the English of the ignorant, a distinction so wide that a sentence will reveal intellectual grade, being more a difference of pronunciation and modulation than of actual words. For all these reasons, and many more, one being the tendency of the cultivated to neglect "the humanities" for more "practical" studies, the world will probably adopt English as its *lingua franca*, the universal medium of intercourse among men otherwise separated by the barrier of language. There will, of course, be no formal decision to that effect even by Universities or Chambers of Commerce, much less by Legislatures or Kings. International jealousies would be sufficient to prevent that, besides the reluctance to interfere

The Spectator.

with general habits, but before sixty years have passed—that is, before our babies are old men—it may well be that no one in any country of the world will hold himself cultivated unless he knows English; and that any man wishing to rise in life, more especially through commerce, will reckon his English as he now reckons his bookkeeping, not among his accomplishments, but among the capacities an employer would naturally expect. A silent process, possibly as little marked from year to year as the supersession of all local dialects in England by the London patois, will make of English the medium of conveying all thoughts meant for all men, and for conducting all business in which more than one country is concerned. Perceptions of convenience and hopes of profit will conquer international jealousy, as in most of the seaports of the world they do already. Of the profound effect which such a change must have, both intellectually and politically, we need not speak, except to mention one that may be missed. Nothing increases the insularity of a nation like a general knowledge of its language. When every "polite" person spoke French, every polite Frenchman thought French sufficient, and the habit of studying foreign languages died perceptibly away.

NATURE IN THE LAST LATIN POETS.

The century of the first Christian and the last pagan Cæsar witnessed a truce of God between the old order and the new—a truce not always kept. The masses were loth to keep it, but among educated men the principle of tolerance found wider acceptance than in

any other time till our own. Congenial spirits joined in intellectual marriage at whichever altar they worshipped. Equality was more advanced socially than politically, reversing what usually happens, for in general people persuade themselves to give their religious

opponents the right to exist long before they are ready to ask them to dinner. Such a period favored the cultivation of poetry, though not the growth of a great poetry; it produced elaboration rather than strength, scholarship rather than originality, art for art's sake rather than art as the irrepressible expression of a nation's manhood. The one great piece of literature that bears the date of the fourth century was not poetry but prose: it is the "Confessions" of St. Augustine.

The poets of that period were impelled to write about Nature, a neutral theme on which they could all alike write, but what they wrote is often spoilt by conceit or formalism. Sometimes, however, through the husk of conventionality we catch glimpses of the great undiscovered treasure of modern sentiment. The poet-professor of Bordeaux, Ausonius, describes scenery, in his charming poem on the river Moselle, very much as a modern writer with a gift for word-painting would describe it. As we read his enthusiastic verses we actually breathe the elastic air and see the swift rushing waters coursing before us. We pass the noble cities, the smiling villas, the woods and richly-cultivated slopes; we hear the gay throng of vine-dressers calling to one another, and the river boatmen singing mocking songs to the country folk who return home along the banks in the late evening. The river abounded in fish, whose pretty sports were described affectionately by Ausonius—not, alas! without a canniballish relish, for he was very fond of good living. Where can we find a more vivid word-picture of the magical effects of reflection than in the following passage?

"The blue depths give back the river's wooded banks, the waters seem full of leaves and the stream planted with vines. When the evening star lengthens out the shadows and casts

the verdant hillside on the breast of the Moselle, what glowing hues tinge the quivering surface! All the slopes swim in the ripples which hold them suspended; the vine wreaths—that are not there—tremble, the grapes swell beneath the crystal water. The deluded boatman counts the number of the young shoots as he rows his bark skiff among the little waves to and fro across the outline of the reflections where the image of the hill loses itself in the water."

Ausonius might have said, with a character in Balzac's "*Médecin de Campagne*," "Ah, monsieur, la vie en plein air, les beautés du ciel et de la terre, s'accorde si bien avec la perfection et les délices de l'âme!" His tenderest thoughts are linked with memories of natural things. When Paulinus does not answer his letters, he reminds him that all nature is responsive: the hedge rustles as the bees despoil it, and reeds murmur sweetly to the stream, the tremulous tresses of the pines hold converse with the winds. It was a pathetic friendship, this, between two men of irreconcilable temperaments: the light-hearted Hedonist and the god-intoxicated saint. Both were of the same religion, for it seems unnecessary to have ever doubted that Ausonius was nominally a Christian, though he had far less in common with Paulinus than with a pagan man of the world such as Symmachus. He loved him, but the saying that to love is to understand is often tragically wrong. Ausonius did not understand his former pupil even well enough to gauge the abyss there was between them. He looked on his abandonment of the world, in which no career would have been closed to him, as an inexplicable caprice. Paulinus refrained from argument: he knew that what men are they are—had he not given in to something very like the sacrifice of a pig to console the peasants for the loss of their ancient rites? He did not

rebuke Ausonius for his frivolity, but after a time he wrote no more. In what seems to have been his final letter, without any reference to a last farewell he takes leave of his old friend and master with the promise that he will cherish him even after death, "for if the soul, surviving the dissolution of our mortal coil, is sustained by its heavenly origin, it must keep its sentiments and affections even as it keeps its existence: it can no more forget than die, but must live and remember forever." A beautiful saying, worthy of the Saint who was one day to be followed to the grave by all the Jews, pagans, and heretics of the remote South Italian town to which he had exiled himself, and where he had spread the faith by love, not hatred.

On his side, Ausonius lived out his blameless if worldly life, and got a great deal of enjoyment out of it. That was a good time for literary men, and the Bordeaux professor rose to be Consul. He had the refined taste, however, to prize beyond everything the estate of moderate extent on the banks of the Garonne which his father and grandfather and great-grandfather possessed before him. A devoted son, he was grieved when the day came for him to be lord of his "ancestral kingdom;" though his father was old, yet he died too soon. "When people love each other," says Ausonius, with a touch of the real tenderness which was his best gift, "it is so sweet to enjoy things together." But this filial piety only made him the more attached to his inheritance. It is amusing to find him, like so many Roman literary men, the hopeless victim of his steward. Philon, the steward, was a Greek, who insisted on being called *ἐπιτροπος*. His hair was wild, and his appearance lamentable, but his pretensions were enormous. He cursed the gods when the crops went wrong through his carelessness, and, at last, occupied himself

wholly with trafficking; racing from market to market, from village to village, and imposing alike on the buyers and on his master, who seems to have had an amiable weakness for being cheated.

Ausonius once wrote a description of town-life which throws light on the Roman longing for rural repose. This was a minor town in Aquitania to which the poet had gone on business; he is resolved to get away as soon as he can after Easter, and heartily glad he will be. Who has not pictured as he walked in the streets of Pompeii, the dignified calm of an antique city? No bicycles, no electric tram-cars, no automobiles; only men in togas moving with deliberate steps. Ausonius lifts the curtain on a different scene. In the midst of the clamours of the mob and the vulgar rows at the street corners, one is seized with disgust at the seething human mass swaying up, and down the narrow streets and blocking up even the squares. A whirl of confused cries wakes the echoes: "Tene, feri, duc, da, cave." Here there is an escaping pig, there a mad dog ready to spring; in another place a scrimmage with badly harnessed oxen. In vain you shut yourself up in the most retired nook in the house; the cries pierce through the walls. Does it not make you long for the sweet leisure of a rural retreat, where you can write cartloads of poetry with no other provision than the poet's only luggage—blank paper?

Martial gave not much better an account of Rome, where he groaned over the cries of the baker at night and the exasperating "two and two make four" of the school children in the morning, for the Roman schools were open to the streets except for a curtain, and the ears of the passers-by were "assassinated" by the repetition of the class lessons.

In Provençal poetry, and afterwards

in the early literature of France, there was a mass of verse in which the spring, the dawn, flowers, and leaves were played with for the mere pleasure of naming pleasant things. It was a taste as old as Anacreon, a copy of one of whose songs is a folk-song to-day in Provence. But it was not a Roman taste: the seriousness of the Roman mind rejected the use of words as pretty toys. Ausonius wrote about the dawn and flowers as if he had been one of the *Pléiades*; in spite of what by a pun he called his "Italian name," he was, in truth, one of those Frenchmen before there was a France in whom Mommson recognizes all the characteristics of their modern representatives. He gave Ronsard the model for his most famous poem, a forgotten service, as many have read "Mignonne, allons voir la rose," but few recollect where it came from. Critics have even tried to rob poor Ausonius of his rose poem because it is "too good," and to bestow it on Virgil (who never wrote anything in the same vein), but this unkind attempt seems to have been abandoned. Here is the poem:—

It was the spring; the dawn a softer breeze
Sent through the chill air of the passing night,
And Nature prophesied the golden light,
Though still the mist lingered among the trees.

I wandered through the garden drinking in
The new life of the morning; from the stalks
Hung the dew-laden leaves across the walks,
And the wet roses watched the day begin.

Did Dawn take from the Rose its vermell hue,
Or did the new-born Day make blush the flower?

Each wears the beauty of the morning hour,
To each the ruddy tint and heavenly dew.

Of each is Venus queen, the flower, the star,
And e'en one perfume dwells perchance in each;
But roses spread their sweets within our reach,
While the dawn's sweets are lost in vaults afar.

The little life of roses lasts an hour,
Age kills them, for they learn not to grow old:
The bud the morning star had seen unfold
The evening star sees droop and fade away.

Maiden! Gather the newly-opened rose,
And gather it ere thy youth be past,
For if the rose's bloom will perish fast,
The bloom of maidens all as quickly goes.

Before Ronsard, Bramante, better known as the architect of St. Peter's than as a sonneteer, paraphrased Ausonius with or without knowing it:—

Dunque, mentre che dura il tempo verde
Non far come quel fior che'n su la pianta
Senza frutto nessun sue frondi perde.

Che quando il corpo in piu vecchiezza viene,
Più di sua gioventù si gloria e vanta,
Vedendosi aver speso i giorni bene.

After Ronsard came the inimitable parson with the gay pagan soul who was surely own brother to Ausonius; after Herrick, Edmund Waller, rather gruesome than gay; and in the train of these immortals, a host of poets and preachers with basketsful of roses and an assortment of morals.

Each morn a thousand Roses brings,
 you say;
 Yes, but where leaves the Rose of yes-
 terday?

The poems of Ausonius are buried with yesterday's roses, a fate that would not have distressed him overmuch had he foreseen it, for he lived in the present and wrote for his friends more than for fame. He would have still enjoyed his morning walk and the sight of the dew on the cabbages. There were cabbages in that garden of his—a confession which honesty compels. Ausonius put his cabbages in his garden and in his verses, and did not think they spoilt either. It was an "old English" garden, with shrubs and roses and grass and vegetables mixed together. Who first made a walled garden in Europe for flowers alone? Probably the Moors. The anti-utilitarian instinct of the Oriental could not endure confusing a plaisance with a *potager*.

At the end of the fourth century the country house was still the Roman's ideal of felicity. Symmachus, the correspondent and ardent admirer of Ausonius, had fifteen villas in Latium and Campania. Like Pliny the Younger, his preference was for Laurentium, but it seems to have been forsaken since Pliny's time, as Symmachus says that his villa "is not in such a wild, remote spot as people think." He liked to hunt the wild boar whose descendants fall to the gun of King Humbert at Castel Porziano. In summer he leaves the sea for the hills, where, of course, he has several charming retreats. He has been accused of not appreciating Nature because he speaks of pure air and leisure for reading as the greatest attractions of a country life; but he took care to carry his books to the loveliest places in the world. The great administrators of the Roman empire had that love of studious ease, that

conception of literary activity as *rest*, which has characterized many English statesmen, and some, at least, of the British pro-consuls in India, such as Mountstuart Elphinstone and Sir Alfred Lyall.

Claudian of Egyptian birth but purely Roman in spirit, approached far more nearly than Ausonius to the perfect style of the old poets, whose religion remained for him the only faith; it was natural, perhaps, that he had fewer intuitions of modern sentiment, but two out of his many idylls form distinct landmarks in the history of rustic poetry. The idyll had been successfully revived by Calpurnius a hundred years before, in eleven charming little poems, which show, however, the predominating Virgilian influence. In these two pastorals Claudian struck out a line for himself: he excluded all make-believe, all prettiness—he is simply realistic. One feels sure that he met the identical old man whom he describes in the following lines on some excursion to Virgil's lake, which doubtless he would have visited during his residence at Milan:—

Blest he whose life, in fields paternal
 spent,
 With one same house as boy or man
 content;
 Propt now by staff on ground where
 erst he crawled,
 Of his old home the ages are recalled.
 Him has not fate through countless
 turmoils led,
 Not to drink foreign waters has he
 sped:
 Merchant nor soldier, waves nor wars
 with awe
 Have scared him, nor hoarse clamors
 of the law:
 Shunning affairs and cities howe'er
 nigh,
 With freer glance he gazes on the sky;
 By crops, not consuls, he computes the
 year:
 Apples show autumn, flowers that
 spring is near.
 His field both hides and shows the
 solar ray,

And by the sun's round he divides the day,
From what small germ the vast oak sprang he knows,
And marks the grove that with his own growth grows;
Deems far as Ind Verona close at hand,
Benacus' lake far as the Red Sea strand.
Yet with firm force, strong arms that never fall,
The third race sees the grandsire stout and hale.
Others may roam and distant Spain explore,
This man lives longer though they travel more.

The old man is in easy though modest circumstances: his narrow bounds are those of choice, not of necessity. I know an old gentleman who, living within a few hours of Venice, has never seen the sea, nor wished to see it. Do we belong to the last century which can produce such types?

Claudian's poem on the "Gallic Mules" is even more original than the one just quoted:—

See the tame natives of the rapid Rhone,
Loose or in harness, like obedience own;
A different order marks a different road,
They know which path to take without the goad,
Though each from the slack rein may distant be
And each from the hard yoke its neck could free,
Yet their hard toil with patience still they bear
And cries barbaric mind with docile ear.
Their master's distant voice command retains,
The human voice sufficing 'stead of reins;
When scattered this collects them, and again
Scatters, and makes them speed, or speed restrain.
'To left' the order—to the left they go;
The call changed 'To the right,' and so they do.

Unforced by bonds, submissive, not afraid,
Servants, not slaves, nor fierce by freedom made,
They, like in will and like in tawny hue,
Dragging the creaking wain their course pursue.
Wonder no more that Orpheus' song could sway
Wild beasts, since cattle Gallic words obey.

There is other evidence that the Gauls were celebrated for their skill with mules and horses; Varro says, "Galli appositissimi maxime ad jumenta." The pleased interest which Claudian takes in the doings of the clever creatures reminds one that, though the Romans cannot be acquitted of insensibility to animal suffering, they could yet be charmed by any instance of superior intelligence in animals. Statius told the story of a lion who knew how to come out of its home and go back to it without guidance; when it died, the Senate and people of Rome were in despair, and even Cæsar wept a tear.

Of the other late Latin poets in their relation to outdoor life, the one most worthy of notice is Rutillius, because he was more free from conventionality than the rest. Born in Gaul at the beginning of the fifth century, he composed a "voyage pittoresque," narrating a journey from Rome to his native country, which was convulsed by barbarian inroads. "When the fatherland is tranquil," he exclaims, "it is pardonable to neglect it, but in its misfortunes, it has a right to all our devotion." He was very sorry to leave the "beloved climate" of Rome, and before setting out he kissed its sacred gates. he took the sea route on account of inundations in the plains and also to avoid encounters with Gothic freebooters, whose devastations rendered the roads dangerous. His journey seems to have been the slowest on record:

either from stress of weather or want of wind, or because it was hot or because it was cold the ship was always putting in to shore, and Rutilius and his fellow travellers profited by the delays to explore the coast. Sometimes they slept on land in a slight, improvised shelter, after warming themselves by a fire of fragrant myrtle branches—it was October and the nights were chilly. On one of these occasions they visited a town in Tuscany called Falerium, famous for its beautiful white oxen, which were highly prized in Rome for sacrificial use. No one was indoors, for it was the celebration of the re-birth of the germ after the fruit is gathered and the leaves have fallen; the hidden, mysterious renovation of Nature:—

The merry folk, dispersed in country lanes,
Solaced, with joyous rites, their wearied hearts,
Because that day Osiris life regains
And life to every living thing imparts.

Keats had never read those lines; yet he might have been thinking of them when he wrote, in the wonderful ode which breathes the spirit of antiquity pure and undefiled:—

What little town by river or sea-shore
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel
Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?

In exploring the country round Falerium Rutilius finds a farm, a charming place with a coppice at the back, and a fine fish pond, broad and deep, in which you could see the fish playing about. It would appear that the poet and his companions were amusing themselves by stirring the water when they were discovered by the owner, who resented their intrusion and declared they were ruining his trees, his

pond, his fish, all that was his. A modern proprietor might not be much better pleased with a party of tourists who were making exceedingly free use of his domain, but for the Roman the stranger was sacred; this farmer (apparently a very good farmer, too) was, to use Rutilius' uncivil description, "a churlish Jew, a sort of wild beast, unfit for human intercourse," and the offended Gaul screams his invective: "Wretched race, mother of all errors, which scrupulously keeps the frigid feast of the Sabbath, and has a heart more frigid than its religion. They pass in idleness one day in the seven to imitate the fatigue of their God after the creation. The other dreams of these imposters would hardly find credence with children. Would to God that Judæa had never submitted to the arms of Pompey nor to those of Titus. The contagious superstitions of the Jews have only made the more way in consequence; this vanquished nation has proved fatal to its vanquishers."

Fatal to its vanquishers! "Qu'il est beau," wrote Pascal, "de voir, par les yeux de la foi, Darius, Cyrus, Alexandre, les Romains, Pompée, et Hérode, agir sans le savoir pour la gloire de l'Evangile!" So do extremes meet, the cry of despair, and the cry of triumph. Rutilius reveals to us, as by a flash of lightning, a pagan who was not tolerant—quite the contrary. Fresh from the spectacle of a joyous nature *fête*, a vision confronts him of the cold austere ceremonial of the Hebrew Temple. It oppresses and stifles him. The thought of the Jews is confused with the thought of the Christians, whom he regards as simply a Jewish sect. Presently he comes across some real Christians who have colonized the island of Caprarìa, near which the ship passes: "a sort of men more like owls than anything else, calling themselves by the Greek name 'monk.'" They spend their lives shut up in cells "like

vile slaves," whether by order of destiny or by their own morose temperament Rutillius does not know, but he deems it folly to fly from the joys and sorrows of life instead of taking its goods and putting up with its ills. And in this criticism there is a certain discrimination, for without doubt in all times timid souls have sought the cloister not less to renounce joy than to shun sorrow, though who can tell if sorrow did not find them out? Happily for Rutillius, he soon forgets Jews and monks in the excitement of a wild boar hunt in the forests near Pisa; the prize, a splendid boar, is carried home with blowing of horns and songs of mirth, like a stag in the Highlands. Meanwhile, the sea rises mountains high, and the great white waves break on the sands of Viareggio; but the storm subsides, and Rutillius can continue his voyage to the bay of Spezia, where he admires "the marble hills whiter than snow"—words with which his poem, as it comes down to us, closes for the rest is lost.

Antiquity was already in the article of death. Its last backward look in literature was cast on the peasant, the last of the faithful. Whoever was the author of the Greek romance which goes by the name of the "Pastorals of Longus," he puts forth unconsciously a defence of Paganism where it was strongest—as the interpretation of nature to simple folk whose toil it consecrated and whose minds it satisfied. He shows that degeneration had not

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invaded the country; Daphnis and Chloe are as innocent as Paul and Virginia, and far more innocent than the splendid dames and knights of the great cycle of Christian romance, in which not the dawn of love but its sultry meridian, formed the text.

But just because the Roman peasant was not debased, he felt little need to raise himself; just because his religion was tangibly real to him, he wanted no other. No European peasant, with the possible exception of the Celt, ever had the nostalgia of the Unseen of Hebrew shepherds or camel-drivers.

In the towns, not in the country, the Christian Church found the ground prepared for it. The idea of a divine brotherhood appealed to slaves; the idea of morally obligatory self-denial appealed to men sick of self-indulgence, not only in the lower but in the higher sense—indulgence in the appetites of the mind, not only in those of the body; the presentation of a Perfect Object of loving service appealed to the innate altruism of women; the promise of a peace which passeth all understanding came as music to a society penetrated by the unrest of an expiring epoch. And, it may be, chief among the factors which prepared the great change was the passionate desire to pierce the veil of death and clasp hands once more:—

"Une immense espérance a traversé la terre."

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

AT A DOG'S GRAVE.

To die a dog's death once was held for shame.
Not all men so beloved and mourned shall lie
As many of these, whose time untimely came
To die.

His years were full; his years were joyous; why
Must love be sorrow, when his gracious name
Recalls his lovely life of limb and eye?

If aught of blameless life on earth may claim
Life higher than death, though death's dark wave rise high,
Such life as this among us never came
To die.

Algernon C. Swinburne.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

A masculine French writer, alarmed by the tide of female authorship which began to flow during the *ancien régime*, once wrote eloquently in favor of the elimination of the female element from literature; he saw the danger of *une loquacité excessive* and of a personal element invading the august territory and threatening the downfall of its sacred citadels; and this though the invaders whom he had in view were such classical persons as the Memoir-writers of the eighteenth century. Mrs. Oliphant may be regarded as a typical representative and self-chosen champion of this condemned sect. Though her range of subjects was wider than that of any contemporary writer, she approached every subject from a woman's point of view, believing and professing that a woman's estimate of life is generally to be preferred to a man's. The demand of the heart seemed to her to have its right and legitimate place in things of the mind. She struck the personal note, she took the *coin-du-feu* aspect of things with perfect mastery of the art of finding material presentable to her public, of making dead people and things live again, not theorizing of how the world came to be what it is; the result in all cases being a represen-

tation of character, places, and periods from the point of view of feminine insight, and, in fiction, as Mr. Kinglake says, "A striking of imagination into the bounds of very very truth."

Now, a profound revelation of herself, written in the first instance for a son, but added to at the desolate close of a life ever dignified by her noble and veracious character, has appeared under the title of her "Autobiography." It opens almost like a soliloquy that has found its way into print. The whole is composed of fragments written at different times; now echoing like a poem breathed *de profundis* at moments of bitter loss, such as that of her only daughter; now awakening our laughter with half-humorous, half-disenchanted pictures of men and women descried across the years of so much mourning; and finally putting before us, with extraordinary candor, this problem—would she have served her personal and essentially feminine ideal better if she had produced more slowly? We have here the personal note in perfection, the element which, in spite of critics old and new, we hold to be as essential to literature as to life. The gentler tone, the more *intime* voice of an original and high-minded character, in the exercise of the trade of reviewing, article-writing, and even—in a few cases—book-making, shows

* The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. Arranged and edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill. Edinburgh and London, 1899.

that professionalism in writing may be reduced to a minimum. Mrs. Oliphant's mental and moral independence helped to free literature from conventionality, and her "Autobiography" sets the seal on her example.

The early appearance of a second edition seems to show that the book has gained that recognition which all simple, primitive, and enduring things will win. We may endeavor to supplement it here with some traits drawn from memory and other sources not touched in the "Autobiography."

A contrast strikes us at the outset. The publication of George Eliot's "Life" led Mrs. Oliphant to sit down and attempt a bit of self-criticism and introspection, a study to which she was usually little inclined. George Eliot was the only contemporary writer who, to use a common phrase, "excited" Mrs. Oliphant: she paid homage to her in conversation, and in one of her letters she speaks of the "thousand tones of expression" that gave her "a positive thrill of pleasure to read, and that nobody else could have hit upon." George Eliot was the only literary "Iion" whom she ever expressed any wish to see, for in Carlyle's case homage was merged in deep reverence, and curiosity in affection; and intimacy with him and Mrs. Carlyle was a foregone conclusion. In 1877, Mrs. Oliphant was at Mr. Blackwood's house in London, when George Eliot came to the door in her brougham. George Lewes, ever sympathetic and affable, proposed to let Mrs. Lewes know that Mrs. Oliphant was in the house and that his friend, Mr. John Blackwood, wished to make them acquainted. Mrs. Oliphant confessed to a moment of expectation and emotion, but Lewes returned alone. George Eliot had just written the last page of "Daniel Deronda," and was too much moved by the conclusion of her work to hold any conversation.

By the light of the "Autobiography" (which gives no account of this short episode) we are enabled to look upon this picture and upon that: George Eliot, the great artist, screened and sheltered from the dust of the roadside, almost a Pharisee of art in her legitimate position as the delineator of a world of sorrows; Mrs. Oliphant, solitary in the midst of the common-place of life, handicapped as a creator by worldly cares, over-weighted with the necessity of carrying a little world of dependants with her wherever she moved, at the cost of infinite labor. May it not be said that in the case of the one the personality suffered, and that in the other the life was the greatest work of art? This is what any true biography of Mrs. Oliphant would show, and an interesting chapter might be written about the heroic personality that is hidden behind the variety of personages on the jostling stage of her fiction.

Margaret Oliphant Wilson was born at Wallyford, in East Lothian, in 1828, a girl not beautiful, but with a sweet dignity and great repose of manner, and dark eyes, never omitted from any description of her throughout her life. "Her beautiful eyes shone, they never sparkled," says Mrs. Coghill. Her girlhood was spent partly at Glasgow, partly at Liverpool, in a retired home. Her father was somewhat above his calling (that of a clerk in the Custom-house), and her mother was a woman of an old-fashioned Scottish type, full of keen observation of life, who after her marriage spent all her special gifts on her children. "I know my mother's youth better than my own," Mrs. Oliphant used to say, "and all my pleasure in narration is, I suppose, inherited from her. Our house was a very quiet one, and her stories of her early life in Scotland seem to me the main incidents of it. Narration was her greatest delight, but her gift—which

has never been mine—was for conversation, and very full it was of criticism of life and lively illustrations from the incidents of her youth." From her mother, too, no doubt, Mrs. Oliphant inherited that daintiness of touch and taste which was the mother's ideal for her child; "to the end" (she says of laces and linen) "that there might be nothing coarse, nothing less than exquisite about me."

Her birthplace at Wallyford, forgotten by herself, but described from a later visit as "a pleasant, homely house, with a projecting half-turret enclosing the staircase, as in many houses in the Lothians. . . and a delightful large low drawing-room above, with five greenish windows looking out upon Arthur's Seat in the distance and a ghost of Edinburgh," has been carried away by the "shabby tide of progress."

"I don't think our branch of the Oliphants was ever much to brag of," Mrs. Oliphant expressly says, with that belittling of herself which she chose to make the keynote of her "Autobiography." But she dwells with some pride upon the old name, in her half modest, half humorous way, and upon her interest in the Jacobite traditions which she had inherited. This expresses itself in "Katie Stewart," which she calls "a little romance of my mother's family gleaned from her recollections and descriptions;" and again in a later work, the "Heirs of Kellie." Her mother's pride in her own and her children's descent from an ancient impoverished race is founded upon family tradition, handed down, no doubt, from mother to daughter, which told how the old castle of Kellie near Anstruther had once belonged to the Oliphants, and how the lands attached to it had melted away till there remained but one field with a dove-cote, which at last had to go, too. We lay stress on this point, because, to many who knew her, Mrs. Oliphant's ancestry was a

subject of interest, apart from any Scottish love of high pedigree—a weakness which she treated with irony, if not with contempt. To many of her friends, for instance, it seemed impossible that there should not be a mixture of French blood in her; her love of order, her finish in note-writing, a nameless charm in social things, and an instinct for gathering round her a little intimate circle, made up of any elements that came naturally together in the place where chance found her, resembled a Frenchwoman's art. She used to say that her mother's talk was full of French words: *ashett* for plate, *outré* used to describe manners, *gigot* and many others; and she would explain this feature by the fact that, while traces of French influence abound throughout Scotland, in Fifeshire mother's county—th y were more frequent than elsewhere, owing to the settlement there of Mary Stuart's French retainers.

The father's modest calling, on which Mrs. Oliphant lays great stress, took the family from Scotland to Liverpool; and here they lived in the community of the Free Kirk, which represented the religious convictions of the eager mother. Mrs. Oliphant's own "Life of Chalmers" sums up those times of controversy, and bears the stamp of a quiet enthusiasm reserved by her throughout life for the Makers of Religion. Her own religious views did not take the line of theology. She felt no difficulty in simply accepting the Christian creed, and her speculations were those of a mystic, not a controversialist. Though no system or corporation could ever completely satisfy her mind, she found congeniality and support in the ministrations of the Church of England, especially at the close of her life, and she was little vexed by the "doubts" and "fastidious philosophies" which she speaks of as the fashionable malady of the day.

In the quiet home, to which no guests were ever invited, she lived till her marriage "in the most singularly secluded way." "I never was at a dance (she says) till after my marriage; never went out; never saw any one at home. Our pleasures were books of all and every kind: newspapers and magazines formed the staple of our conversation." In this atmosphere of concentration was made the preparation for her whole life, a hidden devotion to the men of her family. It was her fate so long as she lived to be linked to beings whose aspirations led to little that was effective; and she began life as the prop of a brother who, in spite of her womanly watchfulness, succumbed to the fatal influence of drink. He left home to work as a minister in the Presbyterian Church, but soon returned to live in idleness, "smoking and reading old novels and the papers," thenceforth unable to do anything better for himself. For the rest of his life he was supported by his sister.

The extraordinary demands made upon her from girlhood onwards seemed to create courage to meet them. She was naturally reserved, dignified, shy, proud; but a hopeless situation, forced upon her, as it were, put to the test and drew out that "obstinate elasticity of spirits" of which she makes frequent mention. "I could not keep them down," she says. "My heart always contrived to rise whenever it had a chance"—"the merry heart goes all the way"—and again, with even more express self-analysis and confession: "I have twice risen again into absolute gaiety. I thought it was for the young people around me, and no doubt it was; but equally without doubt my own life burst forth." It is difficult to say that any human being is not born for joy; probably Mrs. Oliphant was one of the very thoughtful, the very visionary, who are not; but it is a fact that the inevitable struggle, the acceptance of

almost hopeless difficulties, acted on her as a perpetual stimulus. The strong reserve-force, fostered by the retired early home, her own capacity for living within the shell, as regards the effort of daily life, and the loving embrace of all that can cheer and lift up the spirit, took away all gloom from a life in which there was too much sadness. This cannot be too strongly insisted on in speaking of a book on which lies the shadow of grief and disappointment, perhaps unduly darkening the picture through the omission of what, in an autobiography, could hardly appear—the irrepressible vivacity, the gracious gaiety of disposition she showed her friends. Such expressions as "Werena my heart licht I wad dee" speak of such depths as few mourners have known; and the words which precede them, "I could not say I have had an unhappy life," complete the faithful portrait.

Her marriage with her cousin, Frank Oliphant, in 1852, when she was twenty-four, first took her to London, where she was already known as the author of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland." Frank Oliphant was an artist, a friend and disciple of Pugin—that erratic genius, misjudged by Ruskin, of whom Mrs. Oliphant, in one of her innumerable "Blackwood" articles, has given a vivid portrait, as her husband knew him in his last years, when he was inspiring Barry in the building of the Houses of Parliament. A short account of Mr. Oliphant's energetic attempt to improve the art of stained glass, then in its early renaissance, has been given in the "Dictionary of National Biography"—a tribute to her own instinct for laying stress on all achievement, such as it was, of the men of her family. The marriage, which after eight years was ended by her husband's death, was only an episode in her life. Like Madame de Sévigné, of whom it was said that she never had a passion

in the ordinary sense, Mrs. Oliphant's healthy nature gave itself in maternal love—a love which, in her, superseded every other passion. Of the two children who grew up, her elder son, Cyril, who had the courtly person and bearing which Gainsborough delighted to paint in a young man, fascinated her by his promising boyhood; and when the promise was blighted, her second son, Francis Romano—whose face, like his name, recalled the Italy in which he was born—shared her long years' watch, was her helpmate, and almost (it may be said) took the place of the daughter whose death left her so desolate.

In the two sons—who lived each to the age of thirty-three—she took a delight which did not find vent in correspondence, like that of Madame de Sévigné, but was the motive power of her literary activity. With these children she was left a widow at Rome in 1862:

"When I thus began the world anew I had for all my fortune about 1000*l.* of debt, a small insurance of, I think, 200*l.* on Frank's life, our furniture laid up in a warehouse, and my own faculties, such as they were, to make our living and pay off our burdens by."

"When I die," she says a little further on, "I know what people will say of me: they will give me credit for courage (which I almost think is not courage, but insensibility), and for honesty and honorable dealing; they will say I did my duty with a kind of steadiness, not knowing how I have rebelled and groaned under the rod. . . . I wonder if God were to try me with the loss of this gift, such as it is, whether I should feel it much? If I could live otherwise I do not think I should. If I could move about the house, and serve my children with my own hands, I know I should be happier."

There is the keynote of her life: service was what she lived for. She had not foreseen, in this prospect, that one critic would blame her for not hav-

ing concentrated herself on her future fame, and another for maintaining herself and her family in the comfort which was essential to her work.

There followed one of the literary crises which form the romance of the artistic life. Mrs. Oliphant settled in Edinburgh with her three children, and was steadily and surely working off, in Blackwood's Magazine, the debt which Mr. Blackwood's confidence had allowed her to incur, when, on a dull winter afternoon, she called on her publishers and learnt from them that her writing was not attracting as much attention as heretofore. The vein (it seemed) was exhausted. "I was in their debt, and had very little to go on with." To her friends she told the story with one more trait than she thinks necessary in the "Autobiography," so free from the taint of self-solemnity. She made a long *détour* that day before she returned home "to her little ones running to the door to meet her;" and, as she paced in the winter twilight for a long while in a field on the outskirts of the town, the first idea of the "Chronicles of Carlingford" flashed into her mind, and she saw Carlingford before her with all its humors. "I sat up nearly all night in a passion of composition, stirred to the very bottom of my mind. The story was successful, and my fortune, comparatively speaking, was made." The mine was not exhausted till years after, when the Carlingford stories were resumed in 1872 with "Phoebe Junior," by many considered the best of the series.

In the year of Mrs. Oliphant's settling at Windsor in the house which was to be hers for thirty-five years, all was brilliant promise. The *beaux jours* of her beloved Cyril were beginning, "the brightest, most innocent, and successful of Eton boys;" the atmosphere of freedom at Eton appealed to her educational ideal, and she never lost it. "God bless Eton," she said in after

years. "There all was promise and kindness and anticipation of every good. Eton is very dear, very bright to me in all its recollections." She herself had achieved a real success: her income was secure. But a heavy burden was soon to be thrown upon her—no less than the support of a brother and four children. Men at Liverpool remember to this day the apparition of Mrs. Oliphant at the financial crisis in her brother's affairs, when the adverse balance was re-adjusted by her frank acceptance of the whole responsibility, present and future. "An unnecessary burden," says the paper moralist. But how few men or women would be guilty of such a sacrifice! From this brother's household came the two nieces who took her name, and who were the pride and solace of her later life—Mrs. Valentine and Miss Oliphant.

"A ship in full sail" is the only metaphor which occurs to us to describe Mrs. Oliphant's life at this period. Let it be remembered that in her a unique figure disappeared from the world of letters: and that there is some danger that, between her own request that no biography of her should be composed and the existence of fragmentary memoirs written at moments of greatest sadness, an incomplete or even erroneous picture should survive of the artist and the woman, and of her conception of the art of leisure no less than that of work.

A certain number of letters collected by Mrs. Coghill, and published with the "Autobiography," give in its fulness the *belle humeur* of her activity in "Maga," and some few holiday letters are conceded, describing events like her Silver Wedding with the magazine. But it would be desirable to have many more: for the wonder of Mrs. Oliphant's fertility can only be judged by the fulness of her leisure hours. The method of her fabulous production was well known to her friends. That she

wrote late into every night, that she woke early to be at the disposal of her household—her boys at all times read a verse of the Bible to her before they went down to early school—and that she wrote again until four o'clock in the afternoon, only divided from the family by a half-drawn curtain, is fully verified: that she appeared at four o'clock with complexion of milk and roses and bright eyes, ready to receive for the rest of the day, was a feat appreciated with delight. But of the work which was taken up after the family went to bed, the stories reach the height of legend. There was the guest whom her politeness forbore to convince that it was not necessary to sit up to keep her company. One Oxford tutor was known to have apologized in the morning for having detained Mrs. Oliphant by interesting talk—and was left to his illusion; she had done her usual spell of work two hours later than usual, with only a passing grudge at the delay. Once, after an evening with a happy circle, reading, working, and listening to Cyril's singing—he had a pretty tenor voice—she found herself at bedtime without any particular work to do, and was disconsolate till she bethought herself of a batch of proofs, a godsend with which to pass the accustomed *veillée*. In the record that is wanting of these hours of work there would be a note to make about her fairy-like manuscript, and very interesting details to give of her method of beginning a novel—always a delight, she said, only paralleled by winding it up. No erasure ever appeared in the MS., but she often tore up a chapter after beginning it: her advice to young authors was to be careful not to proceed in one with any sense of dullness.

As regards the first occupation of her leisure—friendship—the collected letters introduce us chiefly to those friendships which were connected with the

sorrows of her life. But letters to Dr. Story, of Rosenearth, and his sister, which exist in numbers, and those of long comradeship with Principal Tulloch, are the embodiment of that union of humor and romance which seems almost a matter of tradition in Scotland. It is to be regretted that we should have, apparently, no letters to Lady Charlotte Elliott, the Scottish poetess, representing a devoted friendship, which only ended with Lady Charlotte's death. A friendship of Mrs. Oliphant's later life, enchanting and enchanted, which she used to liken to the friendship of husband and wife, was that with Lady Cloncurry. Miss Emily Lawless, Lady Cloncurry's gifted daughter, the rise of whose genius was such a pleasure to Mrs. Oliphant, also shared in the joys and sorrows of these years. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, whose inventions and fancies for cheering her friends Mrs. Oliphant mentions with grateful tenderness, was the sunshine of the last year of her life, at Wimbledon.

There was another friend at Windsor whom she revered not only for her greatness, but from a natural bond of womanly sympathy and tenderness. Mrs. Oliphant gives her own playful account of the visits of the Queen's orderlies (not often seen at the doors of Windsor houses) with the gift of a book and commands from the Castle. Mr. Holmes, the Queen's Librarian at Windsor, himself an intimate friend of the author in her later years, tells us that Mrs. Oliphant's were the only books of which Her Majesty insisted that the complete series should be placed in the Royal Library. The Queen wished to show (we may believe) her recognition of the purity of her work, and something perhaps of fellow-feeling in industry. "I also work hard, Mrs. Oliphant," the Queen said to her, in a conversation of which Mrs. Oliphant only permitted herself

to remark that it touched upon politics.

With regard to the little country-town circle which she delighted to set to work on acting and reading Molière and de Musset, Shakespeare and Goldsmith, it must have seemed to each one that she was born to entertain, and that entertainments were made for her. Her presence raised the general level of the society, for each member tried to serve her as well as to do his part, and this gave a stimulus sadly lacking to most societies. Hers was the light expression of a serious mind; there was a harmony between her and her guests who knew the undercurrent of sadness in her life, and there was also the harmony of perfect order in her household. She who had written so well of the dignity of economy in middle-class families did not neglect it in her own home. The one Scotch tradition she did not follow was that of saving: but saving is not the whole of economy. One of our contemporaries has recently suggested that she should have lived in Fettes Row, and sent her boys to a day school in Edinburgh. She preferred Eton, and was justified: the Eton period of her boys' life was entirely successful. The same critic has remarked that she should have travelled second-class; but, leaving aside the question whether the creative writer is not the best judge of the class which afflicts him least in his pilgrimage, we would point out that Mrs. Oliphant had a strong sense of financial responsibility, and, like all real economists, when she spent, she spent for a purpose.

No picture of Mrs. Oliphant's leisure hours would be complete without mention of her needlework, her dogs, and her flowers. We read that William Morris's friends wondered at his dexterity even while they saw his work going on. Those who watched could scarcely give an account of M. O. W. O.'s fine needle-work of dainty intrica-

cy growing under her hands, while she received her daily guests in the afternoon. Fine lace was at one time the only ornament of her dress, which was always simple. She wore *pechus* delicately bordered, and one day, folding those of her nieces, she was heard to say, "How is it that every woman is not born with a talent for folding lace?" The dogs were her faithful companions in the twilight walk at the end of the day's work: Joan, who had lost her Darby, Arish, who came in a basket from Scotland, and Glen the colley, who succeeded former colleys. Dachshund, Skye terrier, and colley she never was without. Flowers always filled the drawing room and the little conservatory into which it opened, and her own gardening was successful. One day Mr. Blackmore visiting her for the first time, spent the visit in discussing a pear-tree in full fruit which he found in her garden. After rushing to catch his train and getting home, he sat down to write his regrets that the conversation had not been literary, as he had intended. Mrs. Oliphant related this as a triumph of her horticulture. She delighted in dwelling on the homely incidents of visits from her literary contemporaries. Mr. J. M. Barrie's rise to fame, and his friendship, which was such a pleasure to her in later years, were prefaced by a visit of long silences which he filled up afterwards with a delightful letter. But Turgeneff's presence in her house at Oxford in 1879 was that which she dwelt on with the greatest pleasure. She described him as "a great giant with much melancholy, much gentleness of expression. He was not to be hurried, not given to talking much when he had come expressly to converse, but contemplative—oh, a very contemplative, very gentle big man."

The fulness of her social life came to an end in 1890 with the death of Cyril, the elder son. He had reached

distinction the year he went up to Balliol. At the bright riverside festival given in honor of "Blackwood's Magazine," we remember Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," coming to the hostess with the words: "How I envy you! Your son's person and manner are charming, and his speech was perfect." But at Oxford an inherited weakness declared itself, and the promise of health and future usefulness was clouded. "My dear son lost his footing, and never regained it," was her eloquent summing-up of the bitter disappointment of her life. In the autumn of 1890, a great improvement in Cyril Oliphant's health—which was one of the causes of his failure, and kept him idle in his mother's house—and the publication of his delicate translations from de Musset, of which she remarks, "so much good work and so much bad," seemed to make an air of *fête* in the household. Francis, the second son (the "Cecco" of the "Autobiography"), was prospering in the Castle Library. Suddenly Cyril was carried off by an attack of pneumonia. "He is now in God's keeping; better than mine," she said. She wrote, about the same time:—

"The only pleasure I can have is to know of my dearest boy as loved and praised, and to think of his beautiful youth. It is my comfort that his Heavenly Father has now set him in a better way. I strengthen myself in the thought that he is now beginning with the child's heart which was always in him a new and nobler manhood before the Lord."

Then began a fulness of intercourse between the mother and the remaining son such as there is rarely opportunity for in the lives of most women: they both pursued side by side the same calling. Known in the library as an accomplished herald, and with the tact, observation, and accurate memory which make the skilled librarian, he

was busy at home, as his mother's right hand, and also in literary work of his own. But he, too, was attacked by the same lung disease which had taken his father and his brother. He had shared for years past her watch over Cyril's failings; he shared her faith in the present Unseen, a great source of comfort to her; his enforced journeys to the South in search of health were a constant renewal of hope, and gave the opportunity for an interchange of daily letters, which increased that concentration upon him denied to so many mothers. One day there was dismay in the household—a household in which nervous prostration was never known—Cecco could not do his work. He never regained his strength, though he continued to work at the Library to the very last. He died suddenly and without pain. After his death, one friend (by her own account) gave consolation to her, and this friend said, "I don't think, dear, that you will survive him long." To another friend she said, "I only wish to go, but I am so strong that nothing will kill me; still I should wish to live two years, for I have work to do which will occupy that time." This work was the "Annals of the House of Blackwood," which she regarded not only as a labor of love, but as a debt of honor due to the house for its support at the time of her widowhood.

One point remains to be touched upon—Mrs. Oliphant's peculiar mysticism. In 1875 she met Laurence Oliphant (no kinsman of hers) for the first time: it was in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons. Some expressions used by her in reviewing "Piccadilly" had attracted him towards her, and hearing that she was there he sought her out. They immediately fell into talk about the future life, and found themselves in complete sympathy; from that hour there was constant intercourse. The touching and beautiful figure of

his wife, Alice Lestrangle, a lady well known to society, is ever connected with Mrs. Oliphant's house in Clarence Crescent. In 1881 Mrs. Laurence Oliphant was resting in a cottage at Windsor from her labors in the Prophet Harris's Colony, for which her husband gave up everything. Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant never for a moment believed in Harris; but there was complete community of feeling between her and her namesakes. This may seem strange in an author who went on writing about *débutantes*, old campaigners, and country gentlemen. But Mrs. Oliphant's belief in the Unseen was no superficial growth. Common life was to her a material inwrought with the Invisible, and in the world which is to come she believed that even the moral struggle would continue. Her fantasy of carrying this out in detail in some of her books, as the "Little Pilgrim in the Unseen" and the "Land of Suspense," could find decisive expression also in such words as those which she addressed to a mother mourning for a boy of great promise. Her correspondent had said that the lad had been so fond of his Scott that she could not imagine him without it. "And don't you think that he has now more interesting books to read than Scott ever wrote?" she replied. Again, writing of the death of a friend of her own age, she says:—

"When one comes to the period of life in which that event is the only personal change that can occur . . . one's heart approves so completely the deliverance from mortal languor and weakness, that sorrow is changed into a profound fellow-feeling and deep interest in the journey which lies before one's own feet. She has got it over, with all the pain implied in it, and I think of congratulations rather than of tears."

But this vision had its poignancy. She would speak of her sons after their death as following occupations more absorbing than those of earth, and the

words of "In Memoriam" were often on her lips:—

"He set our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak."

Her creed was not wholly optimistic, as regards immediate reunion with the beloved who have gone before. She conceived of the soul as dependent only upon God, in this life or in the other, dependent on fellow men only by a merciful illusion, independent at the supreme hour of departure. The necessity of a future life of justice and redress she expressed in the words, "God must have something very sweet in store to make up for what is so bitter;" and when she was asked what she would do if she had not this hope, she replied, "I think I would yet trust Him sufficiently to believe that He would not leave me long in life."

And in the same letter from which we quote above, she wrote:—

"You who are not used to these paths of sorrow, how are you to bear it? and how will you bear to turn back to life without your boy? and how will you learn to forgive his Heavenly Father, who has taken him out of your arms? . . . for their sakes and for theirs alone, in the sweet knowledge that is between God and them, can this have been done. The career there is more adapted for them than the career here.

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Meanwhile there is nothing for us but to support the insupportable as faithfully and patiently as we can. This is all the lesson that has come to me after many crushing blows and much, much acquaintance with sorrow—for his dear sake, put up with the loss of him, for his dear sake, for whom, to save him, as we say, you would have given your life. . . . sure am I that one day we shall all think the same and understand how He has led us, and know the love which deals with our children—who are first His children—in absolute knowledge of what is best for them."

To Mrs. Oliphant religion, love, and duty were one. She conceived of no happiness outside of duty—that is, duty was a condition indissolubly attached to happiness, but duty was no idol: it was heaven beginning here, and linked her with her beloved dead. It is this which gives so high and tender a dignity to her life, and it is with her life, rather than her works that we have been concerned. But her works cannot be separated from her life. She lived and died working, taking joy in her work, because it was in complete harmony with her manner of being and feeling; and, at its best, it is admirable, because it is instinct with that sensitive feminine insight which was quickened throughout her life by constant and loving contact with many companions and friends.

A FRENCH PRIMARY SCHOOL.

"Who is the best general?" is the question said to have been put to Count Bismarck after the battle of Sadowa, to which he replied, "The Schoolmaster." Soon after the disasters of 1870-1871 the French awoke, as they had

never done before, to the truth of this seeming paradox. During the last quarter of a century education has advanced with rapid strides in France as in England and most other civilized countries. In many important respects

the systems and methods of the French differ from our own. Their passion for centralization here, as in other departments of social life, leaves less scope for private enterprise and individual tastes, judgment, and religious convictions, than we think desirable. Still it must be admitted that many of their schools are admirably conducted, and that the results achieved in them at such great expense have been a substantial gain to the country. During a residence of several years in France as British Chaplain, I had many opportunities of visiting schools and colleges of various descriptions, and I gave considerable attention to the study of the elementary system. An account of a visit to a group of primary schools in Lille, paid in company with the chief inspector, may interest my readers and present to them in a concrete form some ideas of the system.

Before, however, describing what I saw and heard, it may be well to mention a few general facts illustrating the subject. In the first place it should be understood that the national universities, the lycées and secondary colleges, as well as the humblest village schools, which are maintained out of public money, are under the absolute control and supervision of the State. Even private seminaries, and the schools and colleges of the Roman Catholic Church and of other religious bodies, are liable to public inspection as respects their sanitary and moral condition, and cannot exist without the sanction of the civil authorities. Then, again, the State primary schools are open to all classes of society, and all children from the age of six to that of fourteen are compelled to attend these or other similar schools, unless the parents or guardians can satisfy the authorities that they are properly taught at home, and they must pass an examination, and that a strict one, with a view to a "*certificat d'études primaires*." Even from

their infancy they may be brought under the all-embracing system. In the large towns crèches are often provided for them, so as to allow the mothers to go to work; whilst children from two to six years old are admissible to the maternal or infants' schools. Moreover, between the elementary and the secondary schools are interposed as a missing link the "*Ecoles primaires supérieures*," which serve to some as stepping stones to a higher education, or more often as a preparation for business or Government employment. There are many families which cannot afford or may not even desire for their children the classical or scientific training of the lycées or colleges, and yet wish them to receive more advanced instruction before they enter on active life. For such there exist either supplementary classes annexed to the communal schools, or separate institutions under more highly qualified teachers. None can enter these without a certificate of having passed in the primary subjects. To meet the wants of poor but promising pupils, there are open to competition "*bourses*" or scholarships, to enable them to live without being a burden to their families. These are tenable during the whole of their remaining school time, but may be withdrawn on account of misconduct or idleness. This is a very admirable feature of the French system. Our own middle-class or high schools supply its place for those who can afford them; but many a boy or girl of capacity and promise might rise to eminence if such education could be had, as in France, gratuitously, or at a sufficiently low charge, and if their support could be guaranteed during their school life. These schools, therefore, occupy a most important place, connecting the base of the educational ladder with the higher or secondary steps, and so with its summit, the degrees and professorships of the university. The ascent to

Parnassus has also been made still easier by the establishment of "bourses" for the more deserving pupils of the superior schools, enabling them to pursue their studies at the lycées.

After this hasty survey of the whole field we shall probably be in a better position to examine in detail the working of an elementary school. Since the system is uniform throughout France, an account of such a school will afford a more or less correct notion of other schools of the same grade.

The group of schools in question is situated in a populous manufacturing suburb of Lille, the Manchester of France. They had then been opened about two years, and were built on a very large scale with all the latest improvements. The buildings were therefore above the average in completeness. They were of brick without any superfluous ornament, but substantial and well designed for their purpose. The boys' and girls' schools faced each other on the opposite sides of a large square, and stood quite apart, separated by spacious well-paved playgrounds. An additional wing, not then finished, was intended to contain an infants' school. The inspector, who so kindly acted as my guide, was not expected, for inspection is not in France, as it has been till lately with us, an "annual parade examination," of which the day and hour have been previously announced, and on the results of which the fortunes of the year depend. It may take place at any time, and as often as the inspector may think fit, very much as the inspector of a tram starts up suddenly to examine the tickets. The funds of the school are in no way affected by the visit, nor the salaries for the year of the teachers. At the same time his reports may seriously affect the future prospects of the latter; for if it should appear to him that they are neglecting their duties or that their teaching is inefficient, they may

be censured, or even removed to an inferior school; whereas if their classes be found well up to the mark they may receive a small additional gratuity, and may in time be promoted to a higher class of emoluments. Ah, in fact, is left at the discretion (or indiscretion) of the inspector and the judgment of the central authorities acting on his reports. Whether this arrangement is calculated to produce the best results, and whether it is well that no room should be left for the influence of local managers, which is so noticeable in our own schools, are questions which we need not here discuss.

To return to our visit, all were hard at work when we arrived. The appearance of the representative of the State and of the mysterious stranger, whom he playfully introduced to the directress as a "new inspector," evidently caused a slight flutter through the community, although neither teachers nor scholars lost their heads in the least. The staff of the girls' school which we now entered consisted of the directress and six young assistants, whom she superintended, having no class of her own. Each teacher has her own room and separate class. The classes are graduated according to age and attainments, the lowest being on the ground floor and the higher on the floors above. All the rooms opened out on wide covered corridors overlooking the playground, where the children could run about in wet weather.

Beginning with the seniors, we entered a large lofty room in which the scholars occupied short forms with backs, each long enough to hold two or three girls as might be required. In front of each desk was a small book board and a shelf underneath it. All face the teacher, who stands or sits on a slightly elevated platform in front of a blackboard extending along the whole length of the wall. The inspector first called for the time-table, which indicat-

ed the order of the subjects taught in this class at the different hours of each day of the week. This is the same in all the public elementary schools throughout France. French history was the subject for the hour when we arrived, and the girls were just concluding a lesson on the Crimean War. Having listened for a while, the inspector asked a few leading questions about the causes, circumstances, scenes, etc., of the campaign, and elicited some very creditable answers. Geometry came next. The form and measurement of a cone were discussed and illustrated. The girls did not seem to be quite as much at home in this branch of their studies; indeed, its utility for the daughters of artisans might appear to be open to question. The reading and singing which followed were excellent. Two of the medium classes were next examined in reading and grammar. Their reading, though not quite so correct as that of the first class, was remarkably clear and intelligent. The meanings of the harder words were well given, as also the analysis and parsing of sentences. The inspector also carefully examined their "cahiers" or copy-books. And here we may remark how much importance is attached in the French schools to this part of their system. In these books each scholar is required, without any help, to make every month notes of the first lesson in each subject received in that month. They not only form a record of the progress made by the pupil in knowledge, but can be referred to in proof of his or her improvement in composition and penmanship. The habit of writing down what has been orally taught serves also to fix it in the memory. Their memories are still more effectually exercised by the recital of choice passages of prose and poetry. The singing was particularly pleasing as regards time and modulation of voice. Some of the girls took second, and the

parts were sweetly blended without any shouting or screaming. There were decided evidences of both natural taste and careful training.

We next went down to the lower classes. These were, of course, the most numerous; indeed, one room seemed a little too crowded. Here I had an opportunity of observing the method of teaching to read. The children begin with the primary guttural sounds so difficult to our English organs, and apparently not very easy even to French children, such as: an, en, on, in, un, etc. When these have been mastered, they are built up into monosyllabic words: *e.g.* gant, mon, pin, pain, lent, etc. From these they go on to divide longer words into syllables, although later on they learn to read whole words at a glance for purposes of orthography, as is now generally done in England. Thus the French are trained to read by both the eye and the ear.

Whilst listening to a lesson given to the youngest scholars, I was surprised to see their efforts accompanied by gestures. At first it seemed as if this simply arose from the natural tendency in the French to use their hands and arms in speaking. But the inspector soon explained that this was the phonomimic method, originally invented by M. Grosselin for the deaf and dumb, and since found very useful for other beginners. Each letter and principal sound is connected in the children's minds with some story told them about everyday things. So, whilst they pronounce the letter or letters, they make an appropriate gesture, which expresses the story founded upon it. For instance the vowel "u" is illustrated by the position of a coachman's hand in whipping his horses, and his call "hue, hue," represents the sound. The consonant "v" is connected with the flight ("vol") of a pigeon, and the whirr of its wings is expressed by saying "v-v-v."

"T" is learnt by moving the hand to and fro horizontally like the pendulum of a clock and by saying at the same moment "tic-tac." These exercises afford amusement to the little ones, and by impressing the value of the signs upon their minds contribute towards that most desirable end, reading without tears.

Tears, however, even in the best regulated schools, cannot be always avoided, as a little incident of the examination proved. The kind inspector, whose genial manner is very attractive to the young, humorously, though unwisely, proposed that we should hear first one of the worst readers, and then one of the best. The mistress, not having noticed what he said, put a little girl on. The poor child, supposing herself chosen as one of the worst specimens, burst into tears and could not proceed. At my request she was tried again, but in vain; her *amour propre* was too deeply wounded. The dear little soul had yet to learn the hard lesson that in this deceitful world things are not always what they seem, and that this remark was only meant as a joke. Very considerably the inspector directed that some "recompense" should be given her for the unintentional slight upon her fair fame. Very probably a paper of bonbons or a bunch of cherries went very far towards soothing her chafed spirit.

But now the long day's studies were drawing to a close, and, with all deference to our neighbor's judgment, we venture to think that six hours' studies in school, besides home lessons, are too severe a strain upon the minds of young children, although a short interval for play is allowed. Still, the time was all too short for our visit, and did not admit of an examination of the boys' school. We could only look in at the workroom or *atelier* annexed to it. There the headmaster very kindly assembled a number of the pupils for my

benefit, and it was most interesting to see the question of technical training, about which there has been so much discussion amongst us of late, practically solved. Here, as in many of the larger French primary schools, the elder boys are taught by experienced mechanics the use of tools, and how to work with wood and metals. Some were busy sawing and planing planks, others cutting and turning on a lathe brass and iron. There is also on the premises a blacksmith's forge; but it was not just then in operation. The little fellows worked with a will, evidently proud of giving proof of their latent skill and of using their hands. The purpose. It must be of great advantage for them to be thus early initiated into the mysteries of handicraft. The experiment seems to be very successful, if one may judge from the specimens of simple ornamental work preserved in a cabinet at the end of the room, and exhibited on prize days to the admiring parents and friends. These occupations are regarded as a recreation, which they are allowed to enjoy twice a week, out of school hours. Imagining that the privilege involved an extra charge, I inquired what was the fee, and was not a little surprised to learn that, like almost everything else, except perhaps books and writing materials, it was gratuitous. In France there are no School Boards, no School Board rates nor Voluntary rates for the State Schools. As regards these things primary education is absolutely free for all; but consequently there is no local control over the schools, at least the local authorities have no voice in the appointment or removal of teachers or in the management of the schools. Schools in which religion is taught receive no aid at all from the public funds, and have to depend entirely on voluntary support. On the other hand it should be remembered that parents, like other citizens, as taxpayers, as well

as through the indirect duties levied on most articles contribute their quota towards the cost of education, and so pay very dearly for it. They are obliged to accept and use, if they have need of them, the schools provided for their children by the Government, just as they use the railways, canals, post and telegraph offices, etc., in whatever form or kind the authorities see fit to regulate them. There is thus much less liberty under a Republican Government than under our own constitutional monarchy. This system, of course, involves the absence of what is generally recognized in England as in some form essential to sound education, the teaching of religion. The religious differences in France are unhappily too much accentuated to make any compromise possible. The clericalists and anti-clericalists are arrayed

against each other in battle array, and no *modus vivendi* between them has been devised, nor is it likely to be found. No conscience clause nor grants in aid irrespective of creed have been agreed to. Lessons on morality and on civic duties have been very unsuccessfully substituted in the Stateschools for the teaching of religion. Still, it is fair to add that this grave defect is in some measure supplied by the priests and other ministers of religion on Sunday and on Thursday, which is the universal school holiday. The difficulty, of course, is to collect the children on these days for such a purpose, as they are under no compulsion to attend classes. With this most important exception, the French system in the primary schools appears on the whole to be well devised and admirably carried out.

W. Burnet.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

WHY ARE OUR BRAINS DETERIORATING?

I.

The great diffusion of knowledge in the nineteenth century, the enormous and increasing output of books and literature on every imaginable subject, the universal spread of primary education and of some kind of reading—these all tend to create and foster a widespread popular error. This is, that our brains in modern days are better than those of our fathers. Most people seem to fail to draw a sufficient distinction in their minds between brain power in itself, in the individual in any given age, and the result of that brain power as applied to the then existing stock of inherited knowledge. The latter in our age is enormous and is continually increasing, so that our intellects, whether good or bad, get a far better chance of material to work upon and assimilate than ever before. But of course it does not in the least

follow that the brains themselves are any better than they were in former times. In considering this matter we should make a fair allowance for the vastly increased number of the educated millions in modern times, as compared with the educated thousands or hundreds in past centuries, wherein the populations were far smaller and much more backward. We should also allow for the much greater facility for the expression of any original talent in the individual, which gives every specially talented man nowadays a far fairer chance of bringing out what is in him. We shall then, I think, be driven to the conclusion that the average development of any real creative capacity or original talent is steadily decreasing—that is, that our best brain power is deteriorating.

Mr. Gladstone, who was by no means a pessimist or a *laudator temporis acti*, and who, from his omnivorous reading,

was in a very good position to form a judgment, has told us that he was disappointed with the brains of the modern generation of Britons, and considered that they showed a deterioration of brain power, as compared with that of our forefathers in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Moreover, it is generally agreed among those scholars and learned men who are best capable of forming an opinion upon the question that the modern intellect generally cannot compare with that of the ancient Greeks. Indeed, if we fairly consider the millions of educated Europeans and Anglo-Saxons all over the world, as contrasted with the thousands included among those small scattered Greek communities, and compare the output of work showing great original brain power from the huge world-wide mass on the one side, and from the tiny Hellenic area on the other, the conclusion is irresistible that the Greek brain represents the high-water mark of the human intellect, from which level the tide is now steadily receding.

But my present purpose is not to argue the point as to whether our modern brains are or are not deteriorating. It is rather to assume that this is so, following upon the judgment of authorities who are in a far better position to give an opinion than myself, and, assuming the fact, to show that it is only what might reasonably be expected. I shall here argue that it is no wonder that our brains are worse than they were, that the marvel would be that they had not deteriorated from the standard of the past, since our modern environment is distinctly and increasingly unfavorable to the development of great original intellect or creative talent.

II.

The first point to be considered is drawn from the internal constitution

of the brain itself. Herein we find a well marked and generally recognized distinction between the receptive and the creative faculties. The one-sided development of the former may make an intelligent and well-informed man in the popular sense—that is, a man who has read many books and carried away something from each of them, so that at least he can talk about them intelligently; but it will never make a man an original thinker, or anything higher than an intelligent student or a compiler. Now I do not undertake to say that this distinction, in the brain, between the receptive and creative faculties, is as clearly defined as that, say, between the sensory and motor nerve apparatus. The latter dual set of faculties can be and have been actually localized in the brain, so that an anatomist or brain physiologist can say, "Here is the sensory apparatus, and there you see the motor apparatus." Probably the former set of faculties are interdependent to some extent. For it is impossible for any man to exercise the receptive faculty intelligently without some corresponding development of the reasoning power. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the receptive and creative functions of the brain are for practical purposes distinct, and to a large extent at least independent.

Moreover, there is in every human brain, or in every human body, only a very limited stock of vitality and nerve power. It is very well known that the continuous concentration of this force upon any one faculty or region of the body, while it tends to foster local development, even abnormal development, tends also to stunt and curtail the development in other quarters not so affected. The arm of the blacksmith who is constantly wielding heavy hammers tends to be strengthened at the expense of his legs, and the legs of the Coolie who is constantly carrying heavy burdens on his back

tend to be developed at the expense of his arms.

The brain follows the same universal law, for our brains are to a very large extent what we make them. Brain development is a question of training and habit fully as much, and even more, probably, than any other bodily function. And my argument is that we cannot set ourselves steadily to develop the purely receptive side of our brains without tending to dwarf and stunt correspondingly the original and creative side, and to transmit to our children receptive rather than creative brains, since the effect is cumulative from generation to generation.

But this is precisely what we are now doing by our modern education and our whole modern environment.

To illustrate the matter, and see how it works out in practice, let us take the science of mathematics. In the days of the ancient Greeks, Euclid, with his geometrical reasoning, was the only teacher. An intelligent lad could master all that was then known of mathematics by the age of eighteen or nineteen. This done, he could then either devote his still youthful and fresh brains to pursue further mathematical investigations on his own account, or more probably he would go to other schools, say to the Philosophers, with his mind well prepared to master abstruse and difficult arguments by aid of the excellent training in synthesis afforded by the Euclidian School. The entire algebraic and analytical side of mathematics came centuries later, and I observe in passing that it does not afford nearly such valuable training to the mind quâ Philosophy and abstract thought as the purely synthetic style of reasoning comprehended under the word Euclid.

Nowadays, what is the corresponding position of the mathematical student? After he has learnt his Euclid as a boy, he has to go on to algebra

and trigonometry, conic sections, statics, hydrostatics, dynamics, and the differential and integral calculus. Here the vast majority of brains come to their limit—probably 95 per cent.; but I am not a Cambridge coach and cannot pretend to give the precise figures. This much is certain, that the calculus is the master of many and the servant of a few. Only a very small proportion of mathematical students, hardly one in a hundred, have ability enough really to master it, and reduce it to a handy and familiar working instrument; though, no doubt, a larger proportion may manage to pass an elementary examination in it without glaring discredit. Then our student, if he has brains enough to go further, has to proceed to the higher applications of mathematics, as astronomy, where again he has a vast and difficult field to grapple with. Briefly, by the time he has mastered all that has been done in mathematics, and is in a position to try to work out something new on his own account, he is a man of mature age. By long years of the necessary preliminary study, his mind has been trained in a receptive groove. His creative and originaive capacities have been dulled and stunted by the necessity of hewing his way steadily through overpowering masses of book-work, the legacy of his predecessors in mathematics. He has lost the elasticity of mind, the freshness and inventiveness of youth. It is only a very few exceptional men who, under such arduous conditions as this, can pretend to achieve anything new in mathematics. And their number must tend steadily to decrease as the mountain of book-work representing the accumulated knowledge of mankind in mathematics steadily grows larger. We may not have as yet reached what I would venture to call the *saturation point*, that is, the point at which the human mind can go no further in mathematics; but

at all events it is looming well in view ahead of us, and apparently in a very few generations more, at the present rate of progress, we are bound to reach it.

The cardinal point in all this, in its bearing on the general argument, is that not only is the mountain of book-work which students have to master continually growing, but also the prolonged necessary training of the receptive faculties for successive generations must tend to develop a race less and less capable of original and creative work. The very few men who do succeed in climbing the mountain will presently get no further.¹

Turning now to other sciences, such as Chemistry, Electricity, or Engineering, the increasingly heavy demands upon the time and labor of students made by continual fresh advances in them are now being met and will doubtless be met more and more in the future by a growing tendency to specialization and subdivision of work. Thus in the case of the engineer, men like Stephenson and Brunel in the last generation, who were prepared to take anything in the whole vast field of engineering, are gone never to return. The profession is already practically divided into a dozen different branches, and each of these again will presently be subdivided. Thus the electrical engineer is now a separate entity, and presently we shall see him subdivided into a specialist for electric lighting, another for telegraphs with wires, a third for telegraphy without wires, a fourth for dynamo construction, a fifth for electric traction, and so on. Similarly for chemistry, since the range of chemical science is getting far too vast for any one man to grapple with.

This minute subdivision of scientific work is necessary and inevitable. The

range of human knowledge will be vastly increased by it. Nevertheless, it must surely tend to dwarf and stunt original talent and creative power in the individual, as the man of science will tend increasingly to become only a small wheel in a huge and complicated machine of whose construction and working he will have a constantly lessening knowledge. Many scientific specialists are already remarkable for their ignorance of everything outside their own immediate sphere. This general ignorance must tend to contract their minds more than any minute study of their own speciality can possibly expand them.

Our modern system of education generally is greatly open to the objection that it tends to cultivate the purely receptive faculty too much, and the reasoning, imaginative, inventive and creative faculties too little. Take the case of our public examinations for the army, navy and civil services. Thousands of young men compete for these every year, and the educational lines of our schools are largely directed to meet them. It is very well known that these examinations are generally framed so as to put a strong premium on a certain clever receptivity of brain rather than on real force of intellect and character. Young men with the mind of a Socrates or a Plato, a Shakespeare, or a Victor Hugo, a Napoleon Bonaparte or a Wellington, a Bismarck or a William Pitt, a Darwin or a Pasteur, would have small chance of passing in the competition as against a Bengali Babu. He, with his facile, pliant, and receptive intellect, will read up the regulation bookwork more rapidly in more subjects and make a higher average of marks than any of them; although each of them may have far more real knowledge of certain of the

¹ Of course it will be understood that I am leaving out of sight the endless minor applications of mathematics, from which the progress of other sciences is perpetually opening up new

demands. These, for the most part, do not require the exceptional mathematical ability which is here in question.

subjects suited to his own special genius. This sort of examination test, persisted in for generations, must tend to encourage the development of clever, ready and shallow wits at the expense of real original talent and self-reliant brains. It will produce a feminine, rather than a masculine, kind of intellect. The brains of our boys will, educationally, be moulded towards the type of, say, the clever, versatile American lady, and so far the chances of their growing up into really great men, such as those mentioned above, will tend to diminish.

It must be borne in mind that to make a really great man we require the cultivation of originality, and of a certain abstraction and devotion to an independent line of thought, fully as much as, if not more than, the general all-round development of brain power. Thus, take the case of Darwin, who may probably go down to history as the greatest man that Britain produced in the Nineteenth Century, the apostle of a new era. It is no discredit to Darwin, rather the reverse, when I say that I think his brains naturally were not a whit better than scores of hundreds of others all around him. It was his steady independent devotion to his own chosen line of research and inquiry, and not any marked pre-eminence of brain power, which was at the bottom of his success.

III.

The mental impatience of the age, due largely to overpressure and nerve strain, is, as I think, a still greater evil in the same direction. This nervous impatience is the sworn foe of all real serious thought, and deep study of any subject. It is growing very rapidly upon us and shows itself in innumerable ways.

Take first the case of sermons. I well remember as a boy "sitting un-

der" a parson at Woolwich who used to preach sermons lasting from an hour to an hour and a quarter, and he would get as far as "eighthly" and "ninthly" in his division of his subject, each heading containing matter enough for a short modern sermon. Nowadays, of course, he would empty his church at once. But if we go back to the time of the Commonwealth, we find that in that age, my Woolwich pastor would have been entirely in his right place. A majority of the House of Commons would then pass a resolution devoting a whole day to sermonizing, to the exclusion of all other business. The House would thereupon sit on the appointed day for say five or six hours, with a mid-day interval, to listen to relays of sermons from different preachers, who were allowed an hour each for their discourses! This shows clearly enough that men's brains in those days were capable of sustained attention to reasoned and argumentative discourses, prolonged to a duration which at present would be altogether out of the question.

The degeneracy is just as marked in the case of newspaper reading as in that of sermons. Tid-Bits, and a whole flood of similar papers following on the marked success of Tid-Bits, are a symptom and outgrowth of this mental impatience and unrest, which again they tend strongly to aggravate or to produce. The root idea of all these journals appears to be that the mind of the reader must not be occupied and his attention strained over any subject for more than one minute, or at the outside say a minute and a quarter. The flood of this pernicious hop-skip-and-jump style of literature is increasing to a most lamentable extent. I need not insult any intelligent reader by arguing at length that the net result and outcome of this style of reading is destructive of all real brain power, for which the habit of steady

and sustained thought is a fundamental requisite.

Apart from extreme types, such as *Tid-Bits* and *Company*, we see marked symptoms of the same growing habit of mental impatience and unrest in the comparatively small sale of serious and solid books upon almost any subject. People tend to confine their reading more and more in practice to newspapers, reviews and magazines. The sale of popular magazines containing short and telling stories, and short popular articles on all manner of subjects, is continually on the increase. This indicates a general leaning towards the same discursive mental habit which, carried to an extreme, has produced *Tid-Bits*.

No doubt all this is largely due to a natural reaction of the mind from mental strain and brain fatigue due to the pressure and worry of life. The tired man, after hours of hard work in his business or his profession, has not brain energy left for serious and solid reading. He naturally takes refuge and rest in a newspaper. But this only brings us to the fact that worry and overpressure in modern life are very destructive agents, largely responsible for this mental impatience.

A cardinal point for my general argument is this, that whereas newspapers, journals, magazines, and novels constitute nearly the entire pabulum for the minds of a very large proportion of our population, these, one and all, tend to encourage a purely receptive habit of mind, to the exclusion of all real thought, study, or reflection. Especially is this the case in novel reading. Thousands of readers run through a novel in such a careless and slipshod way that they never get any real grasp of the book, for what it may be worth, and would be unable when they have finished it to write down the story in any detail. They merely titillate the surface of the mind with it as

they read, and waste brain energy which might be devoted to some good purpose. This habit of mental impatience, combined with unthinking receptivity, is growing fast, and threatens to become universal. It crowds the mind and occupies its energies with a constant stream of transitory impressions, no one of which is properly digested, examined and made food for any independent and original thought. It must involve a progressive deterioration of all real brain power.

Both the impatience and the mental habit of mere receptivity are partly, as has been said, due to a reaction from brain worry and overpressure. They are partly also, as I think, due to mental idleness, especially among Britons. The Anglo-Saxon race is emphatically a race of workers rather than thinkers. We now find ourselves confronted everywhere with vast masses of literature and potential food for thought in every direction. In this situation our minds, and especially the more idle and undisciplined minds among us, tend naturally to choose the line of least resistance and minimum fatigue. This line is clearly that of a discursive and purely receptive attitude. For we should spend more brain energy in ten minutes in really studying and thinking out any one subject, so as to come to an independent judgment upon it, than in running rapidly over a dozen different subjects for an hour, without stopping to consider or to come to any conclusion of our own upon any one of them.

Lastly, any real brain work is largely a matter of habit. Probably 99 per cent. of our population do not cultivate the mental habit of sustained thought and resist the continually besetting temptation to mere brain dissipation afforded by novels, *Tid-Bits*, etc. Consequently they tend to become incapable of independent thought and independent judgment upon any given

question, for more at all events than the briefest possible period.

To summarize this whole matter briefly, the besetting tendency of the day, whether arising from growing mental impatience, from the neurotic modern constitution, or from whatever cause, is towards *dispersion* and dissipation of brain energy. This is diametrically opposed to that steady *concentration* of mind and purpose which is required for the production of any really eminent and original work.

IV.

The levelling and democratic spirit of the age is again, as I think, a powerful agency tending indirectly, but very effectually, to brain deterioration. The levelling down of the best brains and the levelling up of the worst brains is part and parcel of the general levelling tendency. But the process is not at first sight very obvious, and we must look a little closely into the matter before we can see how it works out in practice. This levelling tendency, then, affects us all, from the highest to the lowest.

Let us begin at the very top of the social ladder. The tendency of the age is to level down all the crowned heads in Europe, to curtail their power in many directions, to oblige them to lean more upon their Ministers and their people. They cannot order things in their own way as formerly they did.

Under these conditions these rulers as a body must tend in the long run to lose independence, initiative and force of character. Any brain power they may possess will not be exercised and brought out by the overruling necessities of their position as it used to be. Luckily, however, the process is slow; it does not as yet seem to have affected the German Emperor very appreciably.

Again, our British Ministers are in-

creasingly trammelled and hampered by the perpetual necessity for reckoning with the votes and opinion of a badly enlightened democracy, which they tend more and more to follow rather than to lead. Originality, independent thought and force of character are discouraged among them by these conditions which must tend to produce shrewd and clever opportunists rather than really great and original men.

Our Members of Parliament are being bound to a caucus, and tied down to hustings' pledges and party leadership. All independence and originality of thinking and voting tend to die out in the House of Commons. Personal judgment and individual opinion are at a discount.

Our commercial and manufacturing firms are weighed down by the competition of a few large houses. These tend to crush out all the smaller firms or to hold them in tight leading strings.

Again, the large firms themselves are coming under the influence of rings and trusts. If they wish to carry on their business in their own way, and refuse to join the ring, they must reckon with it and be greatly hampered by its operations. If they join it they lose independence, and must perpetually consult their partners in the ring. The important point here is that all the heads of firms, whether small or large, are losing scope for individual initiative and individual brain power. We tend towards joint-stock brains as well as joint-stock capital; and the shrewd mediocre opportunists hold the field.

Our professional men are coming under the same centralizing influence, whereby they are being differentiated into classes and professional types. There is a lessening scope for independent volition and original brains.

Our workmen are the slaves of machinery which drives on hour after

hour at one uniform speed, turning out every kind of article by the thousand, and all to one precise uniform pattern, crushing out thereby all independence and originality in the workmen. These have less and less scope for their development of the individual brain.

Our artists are trammelled by hard conditions of hurry, worry, competition and overpressure. Nowhere is there much scope for individuality. The development of a great original School of Art among us is apparently an impossibility; unless perchance we could catch a few talented artists very young and shut them up in a monastery, far from the madding crowd, there to meditate over art at their leisure, and evolve, it may be, out of their own inner artistic consciousness, some work of noble note, worthy to be set beside the masterpieces produced in calmer and more leisurely ages, when men had time to study art quietly for its own sake.

Finally, the hurry of life leaves us all little time for calm study and independent thought. We are all led more and more by the newspapers, which again in their turn conform to a few well-established types. A constant reader of any one of them can predict in advance what it will be likely to say on any given question.

On a broad view the general tendency of the age is to reduce us all to one monotonous dead level of uniform mediocrity. As applied to brain power the tendency is to level down the highest and best brains, by putting an increasing discount on originality and independence of thought. Meanwhile the lowest brains, among the masses of the population, are being levelled up by the universal spread of primary education, and the increasing demand for a certain moderate average of intelligence everywhere. The net result is unfavorable to the production of really commanding and original talent any-

where. The stream of human knowledge is growing broader and broader no doubt, but at the same time it tends to run shallower.

V.

Lastly, the steadily increasing mammon-worship of the age, and the growing love of luxury and opulent ease which largely gives rise to it, are very unfavorable to the production of master minds. The vast majority of our best educated and most promising young men have their energies and brains directed early towards securing a competence for themselves. In this the competition is severe, and increasing. Once they are fairly embarked in the arduous struggle, their time and energies are so largely swallowed up by it that only a very few have surplus energy and surplus brain power left enough to enable them to make a mark for themselves outside the money-getting mill which must inevitably receive their first and chief attention.

This is the root cause, as I venture to think, of the phenomenon presented by the scanty development of really first-rate and commanding intellect on the other side of the Atlantic, among 60,000,000 of our educated and intelligent American cousins. There is too much devotion to the almighty dollar among them to admit of it. We, in the British world, cannot, however, afford to throw stones at them for this, as the same gigantic evil prevails largely among us; although perhaps we are not altogether carried away by it to the same extent. The emergence of the United States from their past seclusion, and their appearance in the world-arena as a great first-class Power, may tend to supply a wholesome corrective by giving Americans higher and worthier ideals to follow than the cult of the dollar.

VI.

So far my arguments have pointed in a somewhat pessimist direction. They tend to show that our brains are deteriorating and likely to deteriorate further in originality and power, and that the development of really first-rate and commanding intellects among us will tend to grow rarer, spite of the continual numerical increase in the populations. But on a broad view, in looking to the future, we must make a very large allowance for the unknown and inscrutable workings of that Almighty Power which presides over the destinies of men. Historically, the rise of great men has generally synchronized with and has been part and parcel of wide, popular movements among mankind generally or among the people concerned. The ideals, aspirations, and necessities of the age have evoked the great men as their proper exponents and interpreters. Thus, among the ancient Greeks their general devotion to the sublime, the lofty, and the ideal showed itself in the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, and the dialogues of Plato. Their cult of the heroic found expression equally in the poetry of Homer and on the battle-fields of Marathon and Thermopylæ. Their devotion to the artis-

tic created the Parthenon and the sculpture of Phœdrias. Similarly, the British poets and great men in the reign of Queen Elizabeth represented the result of a general awakening of men's minds in that age, and a reaction against the trammels of the worn-out mediæval system. This, on the religious side, created Luther and the Reformation.

Very possibly, or even probably, there are great world movements even now in full progress under the surface, and hidden from the eyes of all which will eventuate in a new order of things with a corresponding production of great men to meet it. Great wars may come upon us like a refiner's fire, and set up worthier national ideals of patriotism, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty, in place of the mammon-worship, the luxury, sloth, and selfish ease which now prevail among us. We may depend upon it that those worthier ideals will find worthy interpreters, framed in as heroic a mould as any recorded in history. The Spirit will then move upon the face of the now somewhat dull and stagnant waters, and perhaps with storm and stress, or with mighty waves and tumult, will inaugurate the new order, with a new race of greater men as its exponents and apostles.

The Nineteenth Century.

H. Eldsle.

 IN THE NATIONAL LIBRARY AT MADRID.*

Madrid possesses a national library. This library is situated in the street of the same name which terminates on one side in the Plaza de la Encarnacion and on the other in that of Isabella II. The edifice is easily recognized. In the

suburb of Salamanca there are the foundations of a new library, most elegantly constructed, perfectly guarded from the inclemency of the weather, and surrounded by a pretty grating.

With such means at hand, it may easily be seen that the capital of Spain is not lacking in mediums of instruction,

*Translated for *The Eclectic Magazine* by Jean Raymond Bidwell.

and that all who wish to study may do so. Nevertheless, one thing has always caused me surprise, and that is that the national library is not so much frequented as one would suppose it to be, considering the number of people in Madrid, and their well-known fondness for getting into places free of charge. But perhaps that is because it is closed the greater part of the day and evening, and as for the foundations of the new library, in spite of their being so beautiful and solid, they are always deserted, which gives them somewhat the aspect of a pagan necropolis, not in accordance with the purpose of the institute, as Pavia said on the third of January, when speaking of the Civil Guard.

But, putting aside the foundations, the importance of which I am pleased to recognize, and of which this will not be the last word that I shall speak, and returning to the old library where his Majesty's Government distributes science by the *dosimetrico* system, that is, in small and repeated doses, I shall say first that it has a portico very much like that of a warehouse, where, of a morning, students wait, shivering and vainly trying to warm their feet by stamping them upon the flags, until the door is opened.

Cold is in its very nature opposed to science, and from the most remote times has always waged war with the savants. Hence the chilblains so characteristic of scientific men.

There is a moderately wide stairway leading from the portico, carefully covered with dust—which is to be expected in this sort of an establishment—and terminating in a sort of office where are generally seated six or eight gentlemen, whose occupation seems to consist in gazing at those who come in and those who go out. They chat and discuss their affairs in a loud voice, so that those who are studying within may become accustomed to concentrate their

attention, as Archimedes did in old times.

"Will you be so kind as to give me a slip of paper?" asks a scholar meekly.

The man in charge turns his head and gives him a cold and hostile look, then quietly continues his interrupted conversation: "How much did your ticket cost you?"

"Just what it cost in the office. My master got three from a member of the board, and I got one from him."

"All rogues have luck!"

Then follows much laughter and joking. The conversation turns upon the coming bullfight: the bulls are from Veraguas, they will fight well and without risk.

"Will you do me the favor to give me a slip of paper?" repeats the scholar in a little louder tone.

The porter casts a more chilling glance at him, if such a thing is possible, gets up slowly, wets his finger to take a paper from the pile, and says:

"Well, I assure you I shan't pay any premium. At the last moment the prices will drop."

"Will you give me a slip," says the scholar impatiently.

"You are in a hurry, indeed, sir," responds the clerk with a faint disrespectful smile.

In silence the scholar writes upon the slip the title of a famous although recent book, and enters the principal hall of the library. At each end there is a group of gentlemen conveniently separated from those who are reading at the tables.

The scholar hesitates between the group at the right and the group at the left, but finally decides to march towards the first, proceeding logically. One of the gentlemen takes the slip, but before reading it examines him carefully from head to foot as if he were trying to ascertain, by means of his stare, what perverse motive had moved the scholar to come here for a

book. After he understands what the poor man is asking for, his suspicions evidently increase and he casts piercing glances at the supposed scholar, who hangs his head in shame, as if he were a smuggler of science. The attendant, without removing his gaze, passes the slip to another, who, in his turn, gives a scrutinizing glance, and passes the slip to another, and thus it goes the rounds until it comes again to the first one, who returns it, saying:

"Go up there in front."

And our scholar crosses the hall to the opposite group where he undergoes the same examination, while the same scene is repeated. When the slip is returned he is again told to

"Go over there in front."

"But I have been there."

"Then go to the catalogue-room—the first door on the right."

In the catalogue-room an attendant calmly reads the slip, and, without saying a word, disappears with it in the background.

Our scholar waits for a good half hour, playing the tambourine upon the grating with the tips of his fingers. From time to time, he turns his glance towards the book shelves where long rows of plain, ragged, badly bound books inspire him with respect. In this world the things of little use are always the most respectable: the senators, the captain, the generals, the academicians, the canons. Almost all the books bear upon their backs in fat letters the word *opera*. One could not see anything but operas, operas above and operas below, operas in front, and operas behind.

Here the clerk employed in the catalogue-room returns, as silent as a fish, and instead of the book he again returns the slip. The scholar, who is almost turned into a chrysalis, does not know what that means and keeps twisting the paper between his fingers until he sees the two words, *No Consta*, clear-

ly written below his own writing. The scholar, who is really very clever, understands directly that there is no such book.

The same thing has happened to all the students who have wished to read in the national library. There is no recent book. And why should there be a recent book? Does not this library lose much of its prestige by admitting without opposition, any new books? The national library is not like a private library; in order that a book may have the honor to enter its halls, it must be guaranteed by time. Until now no better guarantee for science is known than a term of years, the longer the better. A new book, well-printed, clean and shining, would be out of place among so many grave and dignified operas, filled to overflowing with Greek and Latin.

Our scholar turns to the ante-room and writes upon another slip the title of a work upon the philosophy of the thirteenth century. The paper again passes through the hands of the two groups of gentlemen, but this time they look at each other in consternation, the scholar being unable to guess the reason. Finally one says in a humble tone:

"Sir, the book that you ask for is on one of the highest book shelves, and it is a little dangerous climbing to look for it. If it does not matter, would you kindly ask for another?"

"Oh, no, it does not matter!" Scholars are always kind and humane. "Do not trouble yourself."

Not for anything in the world would our scholar expose to danger the precious life of any one employed by the government.

So, very softly, he retraces his steps to the ante-room, racking his brains for a book, no matter what, that might be easily obtained. He can find nothing better to ask for than "*Don Quixote*."

"What edition do you wish?"

"Whatever you like."

"Oh, no, sir, pardon me. We can only give the special edition that you ask for."

"Well, then, bring me that of the Academy."

"Will you have the kindness to write it on a slip?"

Back again to the office. Finally after a long and tiresome interval, he has the pleasure of receiving the "Quixote" from the hands of the attendant. The scholar gives a deep sigh of contentment. He walks towards one of the tables scattered about the room, upon which, in order that the attention should not be diverted, there is neither pen, paper nor ink, nothing but the smooth bare wood. As he is about to sit down on one of the chairs, he observes with pain that it is covered with dust and grease spots.

After all what does it signify? Science and dirt are not declared enemies: on the contrary, it would seem that they are on friendly terms.

Theology, especially, has always had a marked predilection for dirt. In olden times the wisdom of a theologian was measured by the quantity of grease which had adhered to his cassock. Literature has always showed very pronounced tendencies in this matter, and it is a proverb, especially in the provinces, that our writers are only washed when it rains, and there are those who shed tears of enthusiasm

over the filthiness of Carlos Rubio or the manner in which Marcos Lapata lived. But in this, I say, there is exaggeration. Nevertheless, his Majesty's government has tried to make of the national library a convenient pigpen, for the care of which many poorly paid boys are hired.

Our scientist, who has not yet reached the lofty regions of science and therefore does not comprehend the powerful assistance which the true investigation of those grease spots might be to him, draws his handkerchief from his pocket, and carefully placing it upon the chair, sits down. He blows the dust from the table and places his hat upon it, half pulls off a boot that is hurting his chilblains, coughs, draws the book towards him, looks with curiosity at the seal of the Academy which is stamped upon the first page, and then begins to read:

"In a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to call to mind, there lived not long since one of those gentlemen who keep a lance in the lance-rack, an old buckle, a lean hack . . ."

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling. "What is that?" he asks in surprise of the gentleman beside him.

"Oh, nothing; it is time to close," answers his neighbor, rising.

The scholar rises also, returns the book to the attendant, and goes home.

Armando Palacio Valdés.

THE REVISED VERSION.

When is the nation going to make up its mind about the Revised Version of the Bible? That of the New Testament is close on nineteen years old, that of the Old Testament just fifteen. We must applaud, of course, the wisdom which forbids haste in deciding a

question so tremendously important. At the same time it seems only sensible to put some limit to the delay, and I should have thought 1900 or 1901 not too early a date. But let the date be as distant within moderation as we please; only let it be fixed, and let the nation

meanwhile have a fair opportunity of making trial and passing judgment on the Revisers' labors. Merely to throw the book down to be read or neglected as A, B or C may choose is not (I submit) to provide this fair opportunity. While this course is followed, their *vis inertiae* may safely be counted on to save men from the labor of making up their minds. They will shelve the question while they can; and the suspicion grows that they are being encouraged to shelve it. But the simple fact that Convocation ordered Revision is sufficient evidence that, so long ago as 1870, a large body of respectable opinion held the time to be ripe for improving the Authorized Version. The urgency of this has not diminished in the meanwhile, whatever else may have happened. And one would suppose the natural course to take, as soon as the Revisers had finished their work, or soon after, would have been to appoint the two versions, old and new, to be read in our churches side by side, so that men might be given frequent and familiar occasions to compare them, and by degrees come to the deliberate decision.

The impression seems to prevail that the whole question is being quietly shelved—and wisely, since it is better to endure the version we have than to fly to another which has generally disappointed expectation. To dismiss the Revised Version as a failure would (I hear it argued) hurt the Revisers' feelings unnecessarily when, by delaying decision, we may count on Time to remove the Revisers themselves with their troublesome *amour-propre*. Well, I do not know, and have no means of discovering, how high the popular expectation, or that of scholars, may have been set; but having with some care read the bulk of the Revised side by side with the Authorized Version, I suppose that, so far as an ordinary man of letters with no knowledge of He-

brew may have an opinion, I have a right to mine. And it does seem to me—speaking merely as one who has from week to week to read English prose and label it good English or bad—that the common attitude towards the Revised Version is a grossly unjust one. I believe it, indeed, to proceed from the public's easy tendency to accept the first opinion that comes handy without taking the trouble to examine for itself. There was every reason to discount first opinions on a work which by its conditions could not avoid offending the most amiable of all prejudices. And it was unfortunate, to say the least of it, that the Revised Version of the New Testament came first on the field. Although it deserved, perhaps, less than half of the abuse it had to meet, I do not see how any careful reader can avoid comparing it unfavorably with the Revised Version of the Old Testament. It is not only less tactfully conservative. Its English lacks the quality of the other. And we are unjust if we lump them together in one condemnation. Yet that (if I mistake not) is what public opinion has been doing. We have never given to either its chance; and it would surely have been the merest prudence—in face of a certainty of sharp criticism—to give a full chance and an extended trial to each.

It is (I submit) only by testing the Revisers' work over long stretches, and frequently, that we give it a fair trial and ourselves a chance of getting outside our prejudices. One's instinct is, of course, to turn to the purple patches—to the glorious heart of the book which lies between the beginning of Job and the end of Isaiah. But even here the Revisers have so risen to their task that if you tabulate their alterations carefully, you will be forced to own that two out of three are decided improvements; and a word should be said for the good sense of many of the

suggestions of the American Old Testament Revision Company, although their squeamishness has brought them to grief in the Song of Solomon, wherein their short list of emendations suggests (I grieve to say) the alleged national practice of draping the legs of the piano.

On disputed readings and questions of authentic or corrupt text the lay critic has of course no opinion to offer. These matters have been decided by a competent band of scholars, and until their decisions are challenged by scholars equally competent we must take what we are given. But there remains (as any man may discover for himself) a very large number of emendations on the justice or beauty of which all who have a sense of style may form an opinion for themselves. And it is on these, I take it, that the accepting or rejecting of the Revised Version will depend. I hope in some future papers to tabulate many of these, and give reasons for my own belief, (which has grown as I have read and overcome some private prejudice) that the Revised Version is on the whole not only more lucid than the Authorized Version, but cast into better English. This opinion, though I dare to claim it has been honestly, carefully and even unwillingly arrived at, may be utterly wrong; may even be absurdly wrong. But the point on which I would insist is, that the nation ought to make up its mind, and that men who profess to be critics should help it to do so. Suppose for a moment that the Revisers have utterly muddled their work, Even so it is better to reject that work,

alleging good reasons, than to let the matter go in mere laziness.

We sedulously review the least important experiments in poetry, fiction, biography. But here is a work which at least aims to provide many generations to come with the authentic language of revealed religion. In comparison with the Revisers' task ours is, to be sure, a very humble one. But I cannot see that it is the less imperative: while that it has been neglected admits of no dispute. Had the Revision been but an academic exercise, instead of an attempt to provide men with a better household Bible, it could hardly have been treated more incuriously by the critics.

The excuse I suppose to be that such work can only be judged by the scholars in certain languages. Up to a limit this is true; beyond it, entirely false; and the limit will be found quite easily observable in practice. The Revisers had a function to perform, and that function was to revise, not to translate or even to retranslate. Revision implies the duty of keeping a constant eye on the previous version and treating it with a respect only second to that due to the original text. Had the business been for scholars only it would have been put wholly into their hands, and the result authorized at once. As it is, it has had (most properly) to wait for acceptance. But on what does that acceptance depend? On whom? When is it to come? Time may guarantee it a trial of a sort; but something more than mere lapse of time is needed to guarantee it a fair one.

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

LORD ROSEBERY'S ADDRESSES.*

Lord Rosebery, like other prominent statesmen, is in constant request at functions like the unveiling of statues or the opening of public libraries and at public dinners. To some of these he goes, and when he does he is called upon to make a speech appropriate to the occasion; which also, as is well known, he accomplishes with considerable grace. In the last five years, indeed, he has, it appears, attended about eighteen of these ceremonies, and has delivered a corresponding number of speeches of a non-political character, on topics as varied as Burns and Burke, horse-racing and golf, town councils, Eton and Scottish history; and now the enthusiastic Mr. Geake has had the idea of collecting all these speeches in the present little volume.

Among the speeches here contained are several which attracted some attention at the time of their delivery. That on Mr. Gladstone, for example, made in the House of Lords on the day after his death, was by many considered the most finished and stately eulogy pronounced in either House on the great liberal leader; that on Eton would have been remarkable, if for nothing else, for the occasion of its delivery on the departure from England of three such old Etonians as Dr. Well-don, Lord Minto, and Lord Curzon of Kedleston; and the speech dealing with sport revives memories of the victory so distressing to the consciences of some of his lordship's most ardent supporters.

Others are not so well remembered, but deal with subjects of the highest interest, such as the two on Burke, the two on Burns, and those on the Eng-

lish-speaking brotherhood and the duty of public service. Certainly no cavil can be made at the dignity and value of the topics discoursed upon; whether, even with the limitations necessitated by most of the occasions for the speeches, they satisfy the high standard required of their author remains to be considered. The editor, an enthusiast for the statesman whose utterances he punctuates with notes of admiration, claims for him, with pardonable zeal, that this volume exhibits a many-sidedness comparable almost to Mr. Gladstone's. Such praise is high indeed, for Mr. Gladstone, by the strenuous earnestness with which he approached every one of the many subjects which he touched, imparted to each a flavor of original thought which gave value to his utterances. Whenever Mr. Gladstone had spoken, whether it were on the Home Rule Bill, on Homer, on the Bible or even on "Robert Elsmere," one felt that, however much the mere knowledge displayed was second-hand, a point of view had been suggested which made even his mistakes memorable. And after all it is only this saving unity of the personal element which gives any value to many-sidedness; otherwise it degenerates into mere *εισπραπέλεια*.

In this volume the speech to which one naturally turns first to gauge Lord Rosebery's quality is the funeral oration on Mr. Gladstone. It was delivered after due time for meditation, the occasion was great, and it was spoken to an august assembly, which, though often justly accused of listlessness, is well qualified to appreciate a stately panegyric. But a certain feeling of disappointment comes in reading this speech over again. If one were not inclined to judge it by the highest stan-

* Appreciations and Addresses. Delivered by Lord Rosebery. Edited by Charles Geake. (Lane.)

dard it would be a fine performance: the language is dignified and the sentiments are noble; there is a fine insistence on the national pride with which we look to Mr. Gladstone as a great Englishman; and the trio of qualities which distinguished him—faith, manhood and sympathy—are admirably named and eulogized; but nevertheless there is a want somewhere which just saves it from being a really great funeral oration. It is difficult to put that want into words, but it is a want that is felt in nearly all these speeches of Lord Rosebery's—a want of the human flush which touches up the perfectly moulded statue to life. To those who heard it, Mr. Balfour's speech on the same occasion—hesitating as it sometimes was in phraseology and far less perfectly finished—will always remain a far profounder eulogy of Mr. Gladstone, for the impassioned and heartfelt passage in which the orator developed Mr. Gladstone's single eye to the highest standard in political life as a truthful and a great gentleman, and for the passage in which he showed that the just pride with which we regard our political life is due to the tradition of such men and such qualities.

The best speeches printed here are undoubtedly the two panegyrics on Burns, delivered on July 21st, 1896, the centenary of his death. In these performances more of the real Lord Rosebery appears than in all the rest of the book. Lord Rosebery is above all things an enthusiastic Scotchman. He loves the country, he loves the people and all their characteristics, and, beyond all, he loves and glories in Scotland's great poet; and on this subject Lord Rosebery appears exultant on his native heath. The enthusiasm he feels for the glorious ploughman he expresses with such true feeling and with such eloquence as to make it contagious. He does not look on him as a saint—who could?—but he explains

with extraordinary sympathy how inseparable his weakness was from his genius, and when he speaks about his poetry he rises to a felicity of language and a joy in his subject which are all the more delightful from the rareness of their conjunction in these pages. "Try and reconstruct Burns as he was," says the speaker,

"a peasant, born in a cottage that no sanitary inspector in these days would tolerate for a moment; struggling with desperate effort against pauperism, almost in vain; snatching at scraps of learning in the intervals of toil, as it were with his teeth; a heavy silent lad, proud of his ploughing. All of a sudden, without preface or warning, he breaks out into exquisite song, like a nightingale from the brushwood, and continues singing as sweetly—with nightingale pauses—till he dies. A nightingale sings because he cannot help it; he can only sing exquisitely, because he knows no other. So it was with Burns. What is this but inspiration? One can no more measure or reason about it than measure or reason about Niagara."

And again, in a second speech, he says:—

"He has bequeathed to his country the most exquisite casket of songs in the world; primarily to his country, though others cannot be denied their share . . . We must remember, too, that there is more than this to be said. Many of Burns's songs were already in existence in the lips and minds of the people—rough and coarse and obscene. Our benefactor takes them, and with a touch of inspired alchemy transmutes them and leaves them pure gold. He loved the old catches and the old tunes, and into these gracious worlds he poured his exquisite gifts of thought and expression. But for him, those ancient airs, often wedded to words which no decent man could recite, would have perished from that corruption if not from neglect. He rescued them for us by his songs, and in doing so he hallowed the life and sweetened the breath of Scotland."

These passages are excellent criticism because they reveal and explain the charm of Burns's poetry by the expression of a reasoned enthusiasm for it.

It is a pity that there is so very little more in this volume so good and so truly felt as this. The eulogistic editor, alluding to the critics who talk of the "mystery called Rosebery," declares that there is "little that is mysterious about these 'Appreciations and Addresses,' unless, indeed, it be the fact that they are all so uniformly interesting." Now this is exactly the complaint that we have against most of these speeches. Lord Rosebery is just as much a mystery as ever after we have read them. It is perfectly true that they are all interesting, but they have the interest of an anonymous newspaper article. The subjects are excellently mastered as far as is necessary for a graceful speech, which shall show a superficial interest in the topic proposed; a good deal of pleasant business is introduced in the form of preliminary irony and diffidence; and the severity of every subject is relieved by apt stories and illustrations. But the general impression derived is that Lord Rosebery—or, for the matter of that, any good speaker—could make equally charming speeches on any possible subject which could be suggested. Except, perhaps, in the case of Burns, they do not reveal a personality. You know that Lord Rosebery can take a courteous interest in a great many subjects; but what he takes an interest in himself when nobody suggests to him a subject is not so apparent. There is no trace of great original thinking

The Athenaeum.

such as one certainly has no right to expect on the occasions when most of these speeches were delivered, but which one might hope for from the speaker. Burke's self-sacrifice and patriotism, his oratory, and his unpopularity are smoothly told; but you get nothing new in the way of an illuminating phrase or a far-reaching deduction to realize him better. You get wise advice about the deadening effect on judgment of reading too much ephemeral literature; but one heard just the same sentiments—less gracefully expressed, indeed—in the debating societies of Oxford several years ago. The two addresses on golf are excellent examples of the art of saying nothing pleasantly, and they are so far interesting as revealing a subject in which Lord Rosebery frankly declares that he does not take an interest; and, like all politicians, he pays some agreeable compliments to the Civil Service.

We do not know whether Lord Rosebery is personally responsible for the publication of this volume; the enthusiastic Mr. Geake is rather cryptic on the matter. On the whole, we must express a hope that he is not. The speeches on Burns, on Mr. Gladstone, and perhaps on Burke, are worth preserving, but the rest, though pleasant trifles tossed off to meet a graceful occasion, are speeches such as countless other speakers could have made. To have desired their publication would have shown an undue appreciation of himself in the author, for, on the whole, the most favorable verdict on them must be that they are the speeches of a post-prandial orator of exceptional charm.

THE PERPLEXITIES OF THE NATIONS.

The present time must be rather a trying one for the theorists in politics. They have been accustomed to assert, and probably to believe, that if education were more widely diffused and human intelligence were a little developed, wars would become infrequent, the masses of mankind would be more contented, and the work of government would become indefinitely easier. That education has been diffused is certain, and that intelligence has increased is at least probable, yet no one of these results has followed. Peace, it is true, is preserved, but that is mainly due, as Mr. Sidney Low has shown in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month, to the immense magnitude of modern armies, which makes Governments, and peoples, and even generals afraid of using them. They shrink from testing some of the new explosives which science places at their disposal. The internal unrest of the nations, arising from economic causes, was never greater, and the perplexities of Governments, mainly from what must be called the perversity of mankind, were never more complex or more absorbing.

Great Britain, which is, on the whole, the most prosperous of the States, is plagued with the prospect of a difficult war, about which her people are not united, and which, if it comes, will arise from the cause we have mentioned. In France the nation is shaken to pieces and in positive danger of revolution or civil war from the Dreyfus case, which ought to be an ordinary trial for treason, but which has revealed so many faults in military administration, has stirred up so many and such fierce prejudices, and has so excited the mass of Frenchmen, that reason can no longer be heard, and an

operation may be necessary to restore the body politic to sanity. No nation in modern times has ever been so sunk in perplexity as the French now is, a perplexity due almost entirely to the action and the faults of comparatively educated men. In Austria the very existence of the Empire is imperilled by racial contests, which may fairly be said to be without an object. The different provinces included within the Hapsburg Dominion know that they cannot separate, and that the races inhabiting them must consent to live together, whether they like such close contact or not, yet so envenomed has racial feeling become, mainly from race sensitiveness as to the comparative claims of particular languages, that the nations are only kept from civil war by the strength and obedience of the common army. The Austrian Emperor, who has composed so many differences, is now visibly at his wit's end. In Germany, the Royal authority is shaking because the rural constituencies are satisfied that the enrichment of the whole Empire will not benefit them, and are menacing the Throne from which they derive most of their power to rule. The agrarian party of Prussia is risking civil war, or a constitutional contest akin to it, from sheer temper, and inability to comprehend the conditions of the age in which they live. They think they can heavily tax food and still have a contented population. In Russia, where all seems so smooth and so silent, the Government has on hand a deadly quarrel with the great province of Finland, whence the population is emigrating in disgust. They have half-a-dozen quarrels in sight with England and Japan in the Far East, quarrels due almost entirely to want of intelli-

gence, both England and Japan being perfectly ready for compromise. There is no rest in Russia, even if we assume that the dynasty is undisturbed and is not threatened by its family differences and the reported troubles as to the succession. In Italy the whole land is seething with excitement, due principally to perversely severe measures of repression, while in Spain public order is menaced every day by the reflex effect of a defeat due in the first instance to official corruption and pig-headedness. There is nothing in Spain which could not be put right if the parties were not so angry with one another. Even in the smaller States we witness the same spectacle, Scandinavia being shaken by a quarrel between Sweden and Norway, due to the aggressive pride of the latter, while in Denmark there is a kind of deadlock, produced by a general strike among workmen, who have been offered two or three compromises and rejected them all. Finally, even the Americans, believed to be so exempt from European foibles, are distracted with doubts as to what to do with two sets of powerless islands, not because they are unable to hold them, but because the parties at home have grown so furious over the question whether they ought to be held or not.

The truth seems to be that culture and intelligence do not diminish perversity in anything like the degree that is supposed. They are excellent things, but they do not affect race hatreds, which are often keenest, as we see in the quarrels between Germany and France, among the highly educated.

The Economist.

Nor do they smooth away internal problems, the difference in degree of culture in different classes often producing most violent differences not only of opinion, but of aspiration. If all were equally stupid all would have the same ideal, but there are degrees of stupidity, and the fact greatly embarrasses statesmen, who have to devise, for instance, in France, some plan for ending the Dreyfus affair which will not render the intelligent furious, nor induce the ignorant to descend into the streets. Above all, culture and intelligence in no degree diminish the baleful effect of temper. We all recognize that in private life, cultivated men being as hasty and bitter as the uncultivated, though they are rarely so vindictive, and it is equally true of nations. They can still occasionally become semi-lunatic, and this very often when their interests are not concerned, but only their sentiments or their pride. We must, in fact, moderate our expectations. There probably is true progress of a kind, but changes in the dispositions of men are very slow, and it is on men's dispositions rather than on men's thoughts that politics depend. If the great war, which has been so long expected, ever comes, it will much more probably begin because some nation has been affronted than because any nation has made up its mind that it would be to its interests to go to war. "Man does not live by bread alone," and neither does he fight because he thinks himself strong, but because, from causes with which cool reason has little to do, his blood has gone to his head.

WEST AFRICAN FETISH.*

For the last three years Miss Kingsley has been known to the scientific world as a careful collector of facts relating to West Africa, while to the unscientific public interested in works of exploration and travel she is known as a writer with an original and very entertaining manner. Her book entitled "Travels in West Africa," which was published in 1896, was the result of two journeys to West Africa, where she had devoted herself to the study of fetish and fresh-water fishes. In the preface to her present volume she tells us that her previous work, which she rather unjustly refers to as "a word-swamp of a book," was of the nature of an interim report. She there confined herself to facts, and eliminated as far as possible any inferences that might be drawn from them, distrusting at the time her own ability to make theories, and intending that ethnologists should draw from her collections of material such facts as they might care to select. The use that has been made of the volume since its appearance has certainly justified Miss Kingsley's method of publication. But there was obviously room for another work on the same subject from her pen. No one was better qualified than herself to form opinions with regard to the beliefs and practices she studied, and we are glad to find that in the present work she had formulated the conclusions at which she has arrived. We welcome the book as a valuable supplement to the first volume of her travels.

The book contains a good deal of very varied information, and while some portions of it appeal to the anthropologist and student of religion, others deal with purely scientific obser-

vations, and others again are of a political nature. Miss Kingsley's criticism of the Crown Colony system will doubtless receive the attention it deserves at the hands of those who are responsible for the methods we adopt as a nation in dealing with our tropical possessions. Her chapter entitled "Fishing in West Africa," which has already appeared in the *National Review*, explains the means by which she was enabled to form the collections which won Dr. Gunther's admiration; while in the same connection we have an interesting account of the little fishes (*Alestis Kingsleyae*) which have the honor to bear their discoverer's name. The most interesting part of the book, however, which Miss Kingsley herself regards as of greatest importance, is the section which deals with the subject of fetish in West Africa. The word fetish is used by Miss Kingsley in a much wider sense than that in which it is generally employed at the present day. The word was adopted into scientific literature from the writings of the old Portuguese navigators, who were the modern discoverers of West Africa. These men noticed the veneration paid by Africans to inanimate objects, and called these things *Fetico*, a term they applied to their own talismans and charms. The word is nowadays generally employed in a rather similar sense as a general term for the doctrine of spirits embodied in, or conveying influence through, material objects. Miss Kingsley, however, in spite of a protest from Prof. Tylor, has thrown over this established usage and employs the word as a convenient synonym for the religion of the natives of the West Coast of Africa where they have not been influenced either by Christianity or Mohammedanism. Using the term with this extended appli-

* West African Studies. By Mary H. Kingsley. With illustrations and maps. Pp. xxiv, 639. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1899.)

cation, Miss Kingsley classifies West Africa fetish into four main schools: the Tshi and Ewe school, which is mainly concerned with the preservation of life; the Calabar school, which attempts to enable the soul to pass successfully through death; the Mpongwe school, which aims at the attainment of material prosperity; and the school of Nkissi, which chiefly concerns itself with the worship of the power of the earth. These schools of fetish are not sharply defined, and many of the same things are worshipped indiscriminately in each; but Miss Kingsley has shown that in certain schools certain ideas are predominant, and her classification is based on a general survey which can afford to ignore minor inconsistencies. It is interesting to note that, according to Miss Kingsley's observations, the African, to whatever school of fetish he may belong, con-

Nature.

ceives of a great over-God, who has below him lesser spirits including man. This fact does not necessarily support Mr. Andrew Lang's recently promulgated theory as to the original purity and elevation of the religious beliefs of primitive races, though Miss Kingsley herself is inclined to identify her own conception of things with that she found current among the peoples she studied. We have merely touched on the principal sections of Miss Kingsley's very interesting work, and have not space to do more than recommend its perusal to all those interested in the religions of the undeveloped races of mankind. The reader will find in it much material of the greatest scientific importance, while its anecdotes and lively style render it one of the most entertaining books of travel and observation that has appeared for many years.

HOROSCOPES.

From the French of François Coppée.

Before the sibyl with her haunted eyes
Two sisters sat with delicate arms enlaced;
Watched as she dealt the cards, and, without haste,
Spelt out the rune of their two destinies.

Brown-haired and gold-haired, fresher than the dawn,
Poppy and white anemone were they,
A flower of autumn and a flower of May,
They watched to see their fates from darkness drawn.

"Life will be sad for you and yours, helgho!"
The sibyl told the autumn-colored maid.
"But will my lover love me?" "Ay," she said.
"Why, then, I shall be all too happy so."

"With earthly love you never shall be fed,"
The sibyl told the lady white as snow.
"But shall I love at all?" "Ay, even so."
"Then happy I shall live and die," she said.

The Academy.

Nora Hopper.

